

When would he think to give the best of
What is the street-door like a barrel of beer?—Be-
I to discover how many idle men there are in a place,
When does a man ever treat a man

100
290

1852

At Newson Centre, 24th Dist. A. V.
ter of P. V. and Mary C. Gooding.



SKETCH OF THE JURY IN A RECENT TRIAL FOR CAPITAL CRIME.

Yes, prate as we may
Of our wealth and our sway,
We know but too well,
Dear Gotham, trust us,
That you've law by the ell
To each inch of justice;
Except for the poor,
To whom justice is sure.

For them—God help them! [error,
We have dungeons at hand for each hunger-bred
And wolf-hearted jailors to keep them in terror,
And whips to skelp them.
O why will they stay,
Without comfort or pity,
Grim poverty's prey
In the stews of the city?

Where, boast as we will,
For all their toiling,
They can scarce get their fill,
Or keep the pot boiling.
A garret like this,
With its ragged attire,
Is the greatest bliss
They can hope to acquire.

[Continued on next page.]

ADVICE TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN
OUT FOR A WIFE

If you, my friend, would have a wife
To cheer the gloomy hours of life,
And give you constant pleasure;
The following useful maxims mind,
And you in time may hope to find
This dear delightful treasure.

First look for one that's young and fit
With countenance devoid of care,
And foolish affectation;
For one whose face displays a gloom,
Will make you angry with your doom,
And give you sad vexation.

Be not, like common lovers, blind,
But all her words, and actions mind,
And judge of them sincerely;
For if you form your choice at once,
And she should prove a slut or dunce,
You will repent severely.

Let solid sense her mind inform,
Let gentle love her bosom warm,
Yes, let her love you truly;
Let her be void of foolish pride,
Let modesty her actions guide,
Or else she'll prove unruly.

Her temper should be all serene,
Free from extremes of mirth or spleen,
With no wild flights incumber'd
For one that now is mad with joy,
Then sad or sullen, will destroy
Your peace with pangs unnumber'd.

Watch how her leisure hours she spends,
And if with wise and virtuous friends
In cheerful conversation;
If at due times the instructive page,
In search of truth her thoughts engage,
She merits approbation.

Sharon," paraphrased and addressed
a young lady.
Yes, I've beheld the flowers decay,
Beauteous features fade away;
I've beheld the lily bloom
But to find an early tomb;
While nature sigh'd, and dropt apart,
The "Rose of Sharon" lingered ear



SANT NICHOLAS! thrice jolly St. Nicholas! Bacchus of Christian Dutchmen, King of good Fellows, Patron of Holiday Fare, inspirer of simple
Frolic and unsophisticated Happiness, Saint of all Saints that deck the glorious Calendar! thou that first awakenest the Hopes of the prattling
Infant; dawnest anticipated Happiness on the Schoolboy, and brightenest the wintry hours of Manhood; if we forget thee—whatever betide,
or whatever fantastic, heartless Follies may usurp the place of simple Celebration,—may we lose, with the Recollection of past Pleasures,
the Anticipations of Pleasure to come; yawn at a Tea-party; petrify at a Soiree; and perish, finally overwhelmed, in a Deluge of Whiff-ylabub
and Floating-islands! Thrice, and three times thrice, jolly St. Nicholas! on this, the First Day of the New Year 1845, with an honest Reverence and a full Bumper
of Cherry-bounce, we salute thee! —To ST. NICHOLAS! ESTO PERPETUA!



SANTA CLAUS, OR ST. NICHOLAS, IN THE ACT OF DESCENDING A CHIMNEY ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro'
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with
care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there,
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced through their
heads;
And I, in my cap,
Had just settled my brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
To the window I flew like a flash,
Opened the shutter and threw up the sash.
On the breast of the new-fallen snow,
The light of yule-day to objects below;

When, what to my wandering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now
Vixen!
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blixen—
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,
So, up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too—

And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a
bound;
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples, how
merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow;
And his beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,

And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of
jelly.
He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

LORD BROUGHAM.



“Well, that is a **DISCOVERY**. Mrs. Partington, smilingly, met, with a small pitcher in her right hand, left resting upon her table, and in haste, fixed upon the flame of a glass lamp, spattered a moment, and then shot the light that revealed the portrait of Paul Revere on the wall, and like asleep by the fire. She spoke to herself—it was a way she had, she met with no contradiction from her quarter. “This is a discovery! What Tom Paine and his gas now, I should not know? Here I’ve been and filled the lamp up with water, and it burns just well as the real oil.” The experiment was perfectly triumphant—the problem of light from water was demonstrated—and yet with this vast fact revealed to her, Mrs. Partington, with a modesty equal to that of the great philosopher who picked up his pocket full of rocks on the shore of the great ocean of truth, smiled with delight at her discovery, nor once thought of getting out a patent or selling rights.—*Pathfinder*.

The following Hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. N. P. Willis, was sung at the Park street Church, Boston, on the 14th inst.

Joy to the pleasant land we love,
The land our fathers trod!
Joy to the land for which they won
“Freedom to worship God.”

For peace on all its sunny hills
On every mountain brood,
And sleeps by all its gushing rills,
And all its mighty floods.

The wife sits meekly by the hearth,
Her infant child beside;
The father on his noble boy
Looks with a fearless pride.

The grey old man beneath the tree,
Tales of his childhood tells;
And sweetly in the hush of morn
Feels out the Sabbath bells.

And we are free—but is there not
One blot upon our name?
Is our proud record written fair
Upon the scroll of fame?

What would be likely to give the best report of a fire?—A powder magazine.

Why is the street-door like a barrel of beer?—Because it is frequently tapped.

To discover how many idle men there are in a place, all that is necessary is to set two dogs a fighting.

When does a man treat a woman with severity?—When he says to her, “You are a good girl.”



FRENCH VINTAGE.

Come!—O'er the hills the moon is glancing!
Now's the time for dancing, dancing!
Now's the time, Now's the time,
The merry, merry vintage-time!

O the merry vintage-time!
The merry, matchless vintage-time
What can vie
Beneath the sky
With the merry merry vintage-time?

What, though summer birds have fled,
Singing to some other clime;
We have tongues that music shed
Still, and a song for vintage-time!

Come!—O'er the hills the moon is glancing!
Now's the time for dancing, dancing!
Now's the time, Now's the time,
The merry merry vintage-time!

Now's the happy vintage-time,
The happy honor'd vintage-time!
E'en great Earth
Doth mix in mirth

With us, her sons, at vintage-time,
Not a storm doth vex her brow,
Flooding rain, nor frosty rime;
But the sunny Autumn now

Laugheth out—“Tis vintage-time.”—Come &c.

Praise, then, all the vintage-time,
Children of the vintage-time!
Girls and boys
Who know the joys

Of the merry fruitful vintage-time!
Leave to Spring the love sweet flowers;
Winter still its song and rhyme;
Summer all her balmy hours;

Still we've our dance at vintage-time!—Come &c.

TO HER WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

There's a sweet pretty damsel who trips round the street
With a lip that at sorrow seems always a mocking;
Any bright, sunny day, if this fair one you meet,
You will know by the hole in the heel of her stocking.

Her locks are the raven's—her eyes the gazelle's,
And her foot is so short that it does not need docking;
Her bust is perfection—but—shoulder ye belles!—
There's a frightful great hole in the heel of her stocking.

When I saw her first at Miss Fitzmaurice's rout,
Like a patent trip hammer my heart was a knocking;
But when I turn'd round as she pass'd, I cried out,
Ye Gods on Olympus!—a hole in her stocking!!

The next time I met her, the sweet little dear
On her lover's arm was leaning, their arms interlocking
I was chaff'd to the heart, and shed many a tear,
For that horrid great hole in the heel of her stocking.

Oh, would she were mine! if it made me a corse,
I would buy me a bundle of green or gray stocking;—
I'd sit cross leg'd a month, or I'd ride the Bronze Horse
Till I botch'd up that hole in the heel of her stocking.

Ah, sweetest! enough are the woes of each day
To stir up this noddle, and set it a rocking;
But if not for my sake, for charity's pray
Buy a needle, and darn up that hole in your stocking.

An old lady, not remarkable for the clearness of ideas, describing a fine summer evening, said—“It was beautiful, a bright night—the moon made everything light as a feather!”

MAN.

There are who say that woman loves
With ardor, constancy, and truth,
To life's last day—whilst man but proves
Such passion, in the flower of youth.

It may be thus, with those who own
Ambition's proud and feverish joys;
Who sigh for splendor and renown,
And prize alone life's gaudy toys.

It may be thus with sordid souls,
Wrapt in the search of shining pelf,
Or those whose wish for all things rolls
On that one centre—self, dear self.

But men there are with hearts as kind,
True, tender, constant and sincere,
As dwells in woman's softer mind,
Or melts with woman's frequent tear.

Man mingles with the busy train
Of action, passion, business, strife,
He scales the mountain—tempts the main,
And mingles in the war of life.

Yet midst the busy scene, his heart
Hath hours of happier feeling given;
And owns the charm that can impart,
All earth can ever know of heaven.

SINGULAR WILL.

An English miser, John Pleech, lately died in London, leaving the following will: “I give and bequeath to my nephew, my old black coat; I give and bequeath to my niece the flannel waistcoat I now wear; I give and bequeath to

each of my sister's grand-children, one of the little earthen pots on the top of my wardrobe; finally, I give and bequeath to my sister, as a last token of the affection I have always felt for her, the brown stone jug at the head of my bed.” The disappointment of the legatees, when this strange will was read, may easily be imagined. The deceased was spoken of by all in a way by no means flattering to him, and his sister, in a fit of anger, gave the brown stone jug, her legacy, a kick, which broke it in pieces, when lo! a complete stream of guineas poured out of it, and the general disappointment gave way to joy. Each hurried to examine his or her legacy, and the flannel waistcoat and little earthen pots were found equally well filled, the testator having only wished to cause them an agreeable surprise.

“That was a ‘bit of a wag’ who said, ‘When my wife was very sick, I called an Allopathic physician—she got no better. I then called an Homoeopathic, and she mended a little.’ One day he broke his leg, and could not come at all—then she got well!”

COMFORT.

I'd like to have a little farm,
And leave such scenes as these,
Where I could live without a care,
Completely at my ease.
I'd like to have a pleasant house
Upon my little farm,
All an' cool in summertime—
In winter close and warm.
I'd like to have a little wife—
I reckon I know who—
I'd like to have a little son—
A little daughter too;
And when they climb upon my knee
I'd take a little toy
To give my pretty little girl—
Another to my boy.
I'd like to have a little chaise,
That we might take a ride,
I'd like a little pony for
My boy to jog beside.
I'd like to have a little cash,
And owe no little debts;
There's nothing in this world so much
An easy temper frets.
I should not like my wife to shake
A broomstick at my head—
For then I might begin to think
She did not love me, Ned;
But I should always like to see
Her gentle as a dove;
I should not like to have her scold—
But be all joy and love.
If I had these, I would not ask
For any thing beside,
I'd be content thus snugly through
The tedious world to glide.
My little wife and I would then
No earthly trouble see—
Surrounded by our little ones,
How happy would we be!

Violate Man's Agency.

It is told that God will not violate man's free moral being—that God will make him so, and God will give him that freedom. We acknowledge that freedom man has, God has given him; and because he judged it for the best to do so; wise and benevolent purpose in it, and that will surely be executed. And no freedom as to the question whether he be born. It was God alone that gave man God foreknew all things; he knew what would befall man, in every stage of his being; and in all, he resolved to create. He accordingly created man, and breathed into him the breath of life and he became a living soul.

It is equally true, that God made man to be possessed of appetites and passions; and these are theulsive forces that carry him into sin. God foreknew (or he was not a perfect being) all the tendencies, operations and results of these appetites and passions. Whether they would cause man to be a sinner, he knew; and he resolved that man should be created subject to these passions and appetites, and man was so created. Man had no choice in this matter. He had no freedom as to the fact of being created with appetites and passions. That he has freedom to resist their influence, we do not deny; but we are speaking now of the fact of being created possessed of such appetites and passions.

Again, man has no freedom in regard to the fact of his being admitted to the future state. He must die; and if he be raised from the dead, it cannot be by his own act, but by the will and power of God. A certain writer has said,—

Now one of the facts which revelation announces to man, is that of a future existence for the human race. We know not that our scrupulous accusers will object to having this future or resurrection life forced upon men, irrespective of their previous views and feelings on the subject. We used to hear a good old lady, a Baptist professor, exclaim that she wished she had been an insect or reptile, or any thing else, rather than a human being, destined to exist in eternity. Her doctrine presented to her mind the vision of such a horrid doom for the human race as a whole hereafter, that she wished she might never awake from the dead to the realities of eternity. We know not that our friends referred to will have it, that if that lady should continue in such a state of mind until death, she will be permitted to lie in eternal sleep, and not have a future life forced upon her against her wish and will. Thousands of others undoubtedly die in the exercise of such wishes, and thousands with out a belief in God or a future life. We think, however, our captious friends will admit that they will all be raised from the dead, and that they would deem it irreverent to talk about God's forcing the life immortal upon them by a resurrection from the dead.

What is the change which the resurrection will produce upon man? Does any person believe that men are to be in the same situation in eternity, in which they are in the present life? Is the same body that dies to be raised? and if so, is it to be raised in the condition it bears in this world? or will it be like the glorious body of the Lord Jesus Christ? It cannot be, that man will have the same appetites and passions in eternity that he has here, for they are essential to flesh and blood, and 'flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God.' If then men are raised into the future state, without the appetites and passions of earth, will not the sources of sin be dried up? It will be true in the future world that man has been a sinner; but if it be true that he will be a sinner there, it must be for sins he committed before he went into that state, for he cannot commit sin in that state, unless he shall be raised from the dead with the appetites and passions about him still.

But if man shall be introduced into the immediate presence of the Lord Jesus, can he remain in unbelief? can atheists remain such in the presence of God and the Lamb? Their conversion to God will not be forced. There will be no more violence done to the moral powers of men in such a process, than is done to the powers of the eye when we behold, with the aid of a telescope, things we could not distinguish without it. The same writer from whom we have before quoted says—(we believe it is Rev. S. Cobb)—

We now ask the reader to let his mind follow these unbelievers, who were without God and without hope in the world, through death and the resurrection. Will they there, in the light of the resurrection morn disbelieve the existence of God, and the life from the dead? Surely not. Their unbelief is destroyed by the light of knowledge. Will not this development constitute a great change? Do not hold back, and mutter about forcing this conviction and this knowledge upon them. You know that the transition of the mind from hopeless atheism into the veritable knowledge of God and immortality, will constitute a great change—and that this change will involve tremendous emotions of mind, and moral influence. And even to believers, who had seen as through a glass darkly, it will be a rapturous and thrilling change, when their faith is swallowed up in the fruition of the fact. It must be so if you allow man to be a free moral agent, and let moral causes operate upon him by their natural and legitimate influence. Let the spiritual mathematician get his philosophical scales and dividers, and measure off his thousands of inches and hairs breadths for the gradation of human progress even from world to world, but that step will be a long step onward and upward, despite all your mathematical solutions, the law of human freedom, and the philoso-

phy of causes and effects in the moral system insure it. By the law of moral freedom man will feel and act according to the light of moral truth and influence now shining in him, irrespective of the light or darkness of gone-by days.

Saul of Tarsus was raving on the way, with a wish to destroy the cause of Christ from earth. But when it was evinced to his mind that Jesus, whose name he hated, was the Lord's Christ alive from the dead, all the affections of his soul were immediately transferred to the dear Redeemer, he exclaimed in the fulness of his desire, 'Lord what wilt thou have me to do?' The purpose of his whole soul was devoted to Christ and his service, while life and being should last.

Now may we not suppose that the old apostle Peter, when he heard his new brother Paul's faith, and love, and praises, and heavenly joys, should have come to him with reproach as follows:—

Br. Paul, what right have you, who were till just now a hater and persecutor of Jesus, to love him so much, and praise him so fervently, and serve him so faithfully, and enjoy him so supremely? Why, you confound all our philosophy of gradual progress. You seem to love and enjoy Christ as much as we who have loved and enjoyed him so long. The idea is repulsive to all well constituted minds. You must go back Br. Paul, go back and exemplify our philosophy. You must love Christ but little now, esteem his religion but lightly, and enjoy him but poorly. Then one of these years we will permit you to love as much as we.

'Ah,' says Paul, 'you make an impracticable requisition. Your orders would do violence to all the laws of moral freedom. How can I diminish my love for so much loveliness as shines upon me from the Savior's countenance? How can I refrain from praising so much and so excellent grace as has abounded over my sin? How can I cease to rejoice in the prospect so glorious, which I see in the Savior's mission. Let me be free, Br. Peter, to love, obey and enjoy this great light of goodness and truth.—Know ye not that our Master said, 'He unto whom much is forgiven, will love much?'

Yet, dear reader, we hold and appreciate the general law of gradual human progress, intellectual and spiritual. Nor do we deny that man will derive an advantage on the commencement of the future life, from spiritual culture and improvement in this. Only we would not have you oppose the law of progress to great revealed facts. There are some great changes suddenly wrought in the present life. And the passage through death and the resurrection must constitute, as we have said, a long step onward and upward with all men. It must demonstrate to all minds the principle truths of present Christian faith; and it must also place all men in a state of freedom from those passions of the flesh, and trying wants and fears of life, which constitute the temptations and occasions of so large a portion of the wrongs of earth. Indeed there is nothing unphilosophical in the doctrine of revelation, that on the entrance of man into the resurrection state, they become subject to Christ, as he is subject to the Father. (1 Cor. xv: 22—28.) Yet in that heavenly kingdom there will undoubtedly be great and endless progress, in the knowledge and application of countless relations, principles and operations and ever increasing developments of spiritual beauties and glories. And, while all experience a great and blessed change by the resurrection from the dead, those who have greatly cultivated and improved the moral nature here, may derive advantage hence in their future work of progress.

Thus do we give our philosophic brethren all the scope they may desire for their spiritual improvement here and hereafter, in the kingdom of Christ, while we repel their charge upon us that we violate the laws of moral freedom and progress, by our faith in the subjection of all men to Christ's kingdom, by the resurrection from the dead.

AN AFFLICTED PARENT.

The loss of a good son! What an affliction to a loving parent. The following letter from a gentleman who, we think, until a few years since, was a Baptist preacher, will be read with much interest by our readers. No remarks of our own, will make it more effective.

DEAR BR. WHITEMORE.—On the evening of the 15th of this month, my oldest son, Josiah Bailey Graves, aged 17 years and 9 months, was accidentally drowned whilst bathing in the Connecticut River at the city of Middletown.

His funeral was attended on the following Sabbath by a vast concourse of people who seemed to sympathize with me deeply in my loss, and a brother from New Haven, who that day exchanged with Br. Abell, performed the services in a most solemn, appropriate and comforting manner; and though my heart was crushed, and my spirit bowed to the dust, my faith in the 'everlasting covenant' that secures the eternal redemption of all our race, did not fail; no, glory to God in the highest, I never in my life felt such entire reconciliation to the divine will, and my soul was lifted up, and my views of the manner in which God governs and sustains the universe, and moves on the vast and complicated machinery of his providential government in perfect harmony with fixed and unchanging laws, were greatly strengthened.

I can truly say God stood by me, and the angel of the covenant greatly strengthened me, and what I dreaded the most in that crushing ordeal, to wit: the committing of my son to the earth, was really the least trial of all. As I laid him down by the side of his young mother and sister, I felt that he had got home with his own, and that he was in greeting and rejoicing with them forever. O how consolatory the glorious doctrine of Universal Grace and Redemption. Here in this glorious haven, the 'weary are truly forever at rest.' My conversion a few years since from the soul-chilling and God-dishonoring doctrine of 'endless misery, to the blessed doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind, has continued clear and unwavering from the first, and I desire to say for the comfort of our brethren in Christ, that my religion did not forsake me in this hour of my trial, and that my faith in the promises of God, grows stronger and stronger. If you think these few lines will be read with any interest by the friends of the 'Trumpet,' you can make such use of them as you may see fit. I attend Br. Eaton's Church in this city, and am now located here in the practice of Medicine. Br. Eaton is greatly beloved and highly respected by our people here as a finished gentleman, and a most sympathizing, refined and polished preacher.

From your afflicted brother, J. M. GRAVES.
Providence, July 26, 1852.

THE RESURRECTION STATE.

Br. WHITEMORE:—You will greatly oblige the writer of this, by giving your views on the resurrection state. Will it be a state which is deposited in the grave, at some appointed day in the future, he raised up and made immortal? or does the return of the spirit to God constitute a proper resurrection? Will it be simultaneous or progressive? I am led to hope, from the well known reputation which you possess of being an able and efficient teacher of the great salvation, that you will notice the above inquiries, for in so doing you may be able to throw much light upon a subject which has doubtless deeply interested many minds beside that of the writer. Pardon me for this intrusion on your time and attention.

I am with much respect, yours, F. M. W.
Newburyport, June 5, 1852.

There is one sentence in the above quoted letter, which we have no doubt is true, viz. 'The subject has doubtless interested many minds besides that of the writer.' But what can we say on a subject so stupendous? Who can understand it in all its forms? We believe in the resurrection of the dead. We believe that the future state will be a happy one—an angelic state—a state in which men shall be as the angels of God in heaven—incomparable, immortal, glorious and heavenly. Can we go farther than this with any tolerable degree of certainty? Under the Old Testament, men learned, that 'the dust should return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.' The New Testament speaks of the resurrection. Jesus, although he said but little of the resurrection, so far as we can judge from the four Gospels, did explicitly allow that doctrine, and explain it, in his conversation with the Sadducees.—Matt. xxii. 29, 30; Luke xx. 35, 36. The New Testament explicitly declares the resurrection of Christ. This seems to have been the resurrection of his body. His body was called back again to life. He had flesh and bones after his resurrection. It was the body of Lazarus undoubtedly that rose from the dead. Christ rose in his actual body; but we do not suppose that the same body ascended into glory; neither do we suppose that the same body which men possess on earth, will be raised up into glory.—Jesus 'shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.' Phil. iii. 21. It seems to us, therefore, that the body, in some changed and glorified form, prepared for the heavenly world, will be raised, and the immortal spirit shall be re-united therewith and possess it forever.

In regard to the other question, will the resurrection be simultaneous or progressive? It seems to us, if we examine the sacred writers, we shall find it somewhat difficult to decide, what were their precise views on that exact point. It seems to be a matter which is not determined with perfect definiteness by revelation. On some occasions the sacred writers seem to speak as though all the dead shall be raised at one and the same time: on others, they use language which is very difficult to reconcile with such a supposition. They speak of being absent from the body only that they may be present with the Lord, as if absence from the body led men immediately into the divine presence. Paul says, 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.' 2 Cor. v. 1—4. One would think, that Paul did not contemplate the intervention of long years between the leaving of the earthly and the entrance into the heavenly house.

Suppose that mankind are continually entering into glory, to be carried on from glory to glory, there may come a time when all shall be brought simultaneously, in the twinkling of an eye, and as with the sound of a trumpet, into the highest glory of the immortal state of which we can now conceive. And yet there may be increasing glory beyond. On this view, men will enter the heavenly, as they leave the earthly house; but, at last, there shall be so great and glorious an exaltation of all into a higher life, that the language of Paul, 1 Cor. xv., will be more than realized.

We present the above thoughts as suggestions merely, on points concerning which revelation does not seem to be definite. Let them be received with all proper caution. We do not desire to go beyond the word of God. The word of God explicitly asserts the doctrine of the future state, and that said state shall be incorruptible, glorious and heavenly.

Here stop my soul
No further seek to go,
What God reveals
Is full enough to know.

Miss H. F. Gould, the well known poetess of Newburyport, once hit off the ambition of Mr. Cushing in the following epitaph, among many others which she wrote for some of the distinguished citizens of Newburyport and vicinity:—

"Lay aside all ye dead,
For in the next bed
Reposes the body of Cushing;
He has crowded his way
Through the world as they say,
And now, though he's dead, may be pushing."

Mr. Cushing, however, returned the compliment of the maiden poetess, and replied as follows:—

"Here lies one whose wit
Without wounding could hit;
And green be the turf that's above her,
Having sent every beau
To the regions below,
She has gone down herself—for a lover."

Sumhal.

WHO THE TAX PAYERS ARE. We have received from John H. Eastburn, city printer, a copy of pamphlet entitled "List of Persons, Copartnerships and Corporations who were taxed on all thousands dollars and upwards, in the city of Boston, for 1844." This is a useful and interesting annual. We all like to know who our rich men are, and how much taxes they pay. But it should be recollected that men who are put down as paying thousands a year for real estate taxes do not, in reality, pay anything. They make their tenants foot the bill. The middle classes and small tradesmen, mechanics and laboring men are, after all, the persons upon whom the great burden falls of supporting the municipal government, and they should have credit for it. The rich men are not the principal support of the city administration, nor of the water tax.—Tenants, in a majority of cases, are made to pay both.

The largest individual tax is assessed to Ebenezer Francis, \$11,493 50. Abbott Lawrence is next on the list, \$10,644 40, and A. & A. Lawrence & Co. \$7,860; David Sears pays \$8,806 24; John D. Williams, heirs, \$3,165; Thomas Wigglesworth, \$7,740; Jonathan Phillips, \$7,208 02; James Parker, \$6,066 68; John Wells, \$5,104 68; J. W. T. \$3,310 38; Thomas Thompson, \$3,025 88; John Bryant, \$5,856 72; Augustus Hemenway, \$5,104 68; John C. Gray, \$4,712 64; Henry Gardner, \$3,644; and a large number who are assessed from \$1000 to \$3000.

The rate of taxation is \$9 20 on \$1000. This publication is useful to adventurers, committees of benevolent societies, trustees for the erection of new churches, and Jeremy Diddler who, with this list before them, know who in the city to 'spot' and who to avoid. It will be remembered that a rogue was arrested a short time ago who had a list of wealthy men in his pocket. Some of whom had been called upon and begged while others were marked 'to be called upon.' The pamphlet is issued in Mr. Eastburn's subscription style.

WINTHROP SCHOOL, No. 1, Charlestown. The public exhibition of this school, which took place Thursday afternoon, was highly creditable to the teacher, B. F. S. Griffin, Esq., and very satisfactory to the large audience present. In the various branches of mathematics, history, geography, and the scholars showed great proficiency; while in declamation and recitation, they acquitted themselves admirably. The pieces were well selected, carefully committed, and delivered with 'good emphasis' and distinct enunciation. We have paid some attention for a number of years to this difficult branch of instruction, and we give as our opinion that it is a very rare case to find any of our schools better speakers, or so good, as the boys who declaimed Thursday afternoon, at the Winthrop. The fact is one that, in our estimation bears strong evidence of the superior capabilities of Mr. Griffin as a teacher, and in connection with his other requirements, has secured for him the esteem and approbation of our citizens for the great success of the Winthrop School, while it has been under his superintendence. A SPECTATOR.

DESTRUCTION OF ANTS. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger says:—

"We give a sure remedy—procure a large sponge, wash it well, press it very dry; by so doing it will leave the small cells open—lay it on the shelf where they are most troublesome, sprinkle some fine white sugar on the sponge (lightly over it) two or three times a day, take a bucket of hot water to where the sponge is, carefully drop the sponge in the scalding water, and you will slay them by the thousands, and soon rid the house of these troublesome insects. When you squeeze the sponge, you will be astonished at the number that had gone in the cells."

On the 4th inst., Mrs. Edward Thomson of Lottsville, Loudon county, Va., fell dead while sitting in her chair. Her husband's brother, Nimrod, ran to her assistance, and before reaching her, fell on the floor a corpse. Their deaths were not two minutes apart.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A CHILD. An incident occurred a day or two since upon the Boston and Worcester Railroad, at Newton Corner, which shows presence of mind in a remarkable degree in a young child. A boy of about six years attempted to cross the track, just as an outward and inward train was approaching. He had crossed one track, and had placed one foot upon the other, but being a little lame, perceived that he could not cross in safety, as the engine was close upon him. In an instant he stepped back, turned round and placed himself sideways in the narrow space between the two tracks. Both trains rushed past him, the cars of one grazing his clothes, but he escaped without injury. A person who was once placed in a similar position, said that no sum, however great, would in the least influence him to repeat the experiment.—Traveller.

ADVERTISEMENT, from the first New Bedford paper ever printed. Date, "April 26, 1794."

"Lost, on Monday evening last, from the house-yard of the late Mr. Daniel Smith, a large

BRASS KETTLE with a crack in the bottom and a patch thereon. Whoever will give information, so that the Kettle may be found, will greatly assist distressed family."

Not having any intimation that the kettle has been found, we give the "distressed family" the benefit of another insertion, "gratis for nothing." In some subsequent advertisements, which may be found in to-day's issue, the distressed family will find what they can best repair their loss by the purchase of a new one.—New Bedford Mercury.

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION. A gentleman in Keloschoo, Ark., was married to a young woman, and after four months conjugal felicity, was presented with a black baby. He called on his lawyer, related the circumstance, and asked his advice. "All right," said the man of the law, "let me have the papers, and you shall have a divorce instant." "Oh, hang a divorce," replied the gentleman, "I only want to know if I can sell the cursed nigger!"

Mary Snow. Where glory crowns Monadnock's brow,
The sun in splendor fast was setting,
When plump and pretty Mary Snow
Jumped a puddle to keep from wetting.
Shrewd Mary Snow! to save her clothes
From the unpleasant stain of mire,
Next morning, sweet and fresh she rose
As any person could desire.
Good! Good! Run come!



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEMOURS.

The Duchess de Nemours, who is first cousin of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, being the daughter of the Duke Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg Gotha, the brother of the reigning Duke, was married to the Duke de Nemours, the eldest surviving son of the King of the French, in April, 1840.

The following is the thrilling and effective song which was given with such splendid effect by Mr. Russell, at his Concert. It is the production of Dr. Coates!

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

Dark is the night! How dark! No light! No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle-side
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'tis past—'tis gone!
Tick—tick!—'How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 't would last—how mad!—how blind!"

"Rest thee, my babe! Rest on! 'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep—for there is no food! The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break! And thou—' The clock strikes one!"

"Hush! 'Tis the dice box. Yes, he's there! He's there!
For this—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love, leaves truth—his wife—his love! for what!
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!"

Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again:
And I could starve and bless him but for you,
My child—his child! Oh, hush!—the clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks—the wind howls by;
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock!—he comes!—he comes once more!"
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no fear!
No! no—it cannot be! He will be here!"

Nestle more closely, dear one to my heart;
Thou'rt cold—thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband, I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh, God, protect my child!—The clock strikes three.

In addition to the above, the following concluding stanza, from the pen of another gentleman, himself the author of some fine songs, was sung by Mr. Russell:
They're gone, they're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled;
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay frozen on its mother's breast;
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around—the clock struck four.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me piece of poetry we have never heard—perhaps!
Watch my sleep till morning light.
Guardian angels hovering by me,
Let me in my dreams behold
Your bright faces beaming o'er me,
As you touch your harps of gold.
Of Our Father, sing ye to me,
Sweetly sing angelic band;
Sing of heav'nly joys unto me,
Tell me of the Spirit-land.
Now my sleepy eyes are closing,
Angels, leave me not, I pray,
Close beside me, wait my waking,
Angels, sweetest spirits, stay.
Bend and kiss me—angels kiss me,
O, I feel that I am blest;
Spirits, in my sleep caress me,
Whilst I take my quiet rest.

INFANT FAITH.

BY H. F. GOULD.

Radiant with his spirit's light,
Was the little beauteous child,
Sporting round a fountain bright—
Playing through the flowerets wild.

Where they grow he lightly stepped,
Cautious not a leaf to crush;
Then about the fount he leaped,
Shouting at its merry gush.

While the sparkling waters swelled,
Laughing as they bubbled up,
In his lily hands he held
Closely clasped, a silver cup.

Now he put it forth to fill;
Then he bore it to the flowers,
Through his fingers there to spill
What it held, in mimic showers.

"Open, pretty buds," said he,
"Open to the air and sun;
So, to-morrow I may see
What my rain to-day has done."

"Yes, you will, I know,
For the drink I give you now,
Burst your little cups, and blow,
When I'm gone, and can't tell how!"

"Oh! I wish I could but see
How Good's finger touches you,
When your sides unclasp and free,
Let your leaves and odors through."

"I would watch you all the night,
Nor in darkness be afraid,
Only once to see aright
How a beauteous flower is made."

"Now remember I shall come
In the morning from my bed,
Here to find among you, some
With your brightest colors spread!"

To his buds he hastened out,
At the dewy morning hour,
Crying, with a joyous shout,
"God has made of each a flower!"

Precious must the ready faith
Of the little children be,
In the sight of Him who saith
"Suffer them to come to me."

Answered by the smile of heaven,
Is the infant's offering found,
Though "a cup of water given,"
Even to the thirsty ground.

[From Friendship's Offering for 1836.]

HOPE.

BY T. K. HEAVEY.

Again—again she comes!—methinks, I hear
Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings!
My heart goes forth to meet her—with a tear,
And welcome sends—from all its broken strings.
It was not thus—not thus—we met of yore,
When my plumed soul went half way to the sky
To greet her; and the joyous song she bore
Was scarce more tuneless than its glad reply:
The wings are fettered by the weight of years,
And grief has spoilt the music with her tears!

She comes!—I know her by her starry eyes,—
I know her by the rainbow in her hair,—
Her vesture of the light of summer skies,—
But gone the girdle which she used to wear
Of summer roses, and the sandal flowers
That hung, enamored, round her fairy feet,
When, in her youth, she haunted earthly bowers,
And culled from all their beautiful and sweet:
No more she mocks me with the voice of mirth,
Nor offers, now, the garlands of the earth!

Come back! come back!—thou hast been absent long
Oh! welcome back the sybil of the soul,—
Who comes, and comes again, with pleading strong,
To offer to the heart her mystic scroll:
Though every year she wears a sadder look,
And sings a sadder song,—and, every year,
Some further leaves are torn from out her book,
And fewer than she brings, and far more dear:
As, once, she came, oh! might she come again,
With all the perished volumes offered then!

But come!—thy coming is a gladness, yet,—
Light from the present o'er the future cast,
That makes the present bright,—but oh! re-act
Is present sorrow while it mourns the past.
And memory speaks, as speaks the curfew bell,
To tell the daylight of the heart is done,
Come like the seed of old, and, with thy spell,
Put back the shadow of that setting sun
On my soul's dial; and, with new-born light,
Hush the wild tolling of that voice of night!

Bright spirit, come!—the mystic rod is thine
That shows the hidden fountains of the breast,
And turns, with point unerring, to divine
The places where thy buried treasures rest.
The hoards of thought and feeling,—at that spell,
Methinks, I feel its long lost wealth revealed,—
And ancient springs within my spirit well,
That grieve had checked, and ruins had concealed,
And sweetly spreading, where their waters play,
The tints and freshness of its early day!

She comes! she comes!—her voice is in mine ear,
Her mild, sweet voice, that sings and sings forever,
Whose streams of song sweet thoughts awake to her
Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river,
(Flowers that, like lovers, only speak in sighs,
Whose thoughts are hues, whose voices are their hear)

She comes!—I know her by her radiant eyes,
Before whose smile, the long dim cloud departs:
And if a darker shade be on her brow,—
And if her tones be sadder than of yore,—
And if she sings more solemn music now,
And bears another harp than erst she bore,—
And if around her form no longer glow
The earthly flowers that in her youth she wore,—
That look is holier, and that song more sweet,
And heaven's flowers—the stars—at her feet!

Epitaph on a Kitten.

'Requies-cat in pace.'

Here lies, by death smitten,
A hapless young kitten,
To moulder away in the dust:
Oh, had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,
And died somewhat older, we trust.
Had it grown up to cat-hood,
Then many a rat would
Have mourned in the deepest of woe:
Let the curtain be drawn to,
We hope it has gone to,
That land to which other cats go.

THE QUILTING.

The day is set, the ladies met,
And at the frames are seated,
In order placed, they work in haste,
To get the quilt completed.
While fingers fly, their tongues they ply,
And animate their labors,
By counting beaux, discussing clothes,
Or talking of their neighbors.

"Dear, what a pretty frock you've on!"
"I'm very glad you like it."
"I'm told that Miss Micomicon
Don't speak to Mr Micate,"
"I saw Miss Bell the other day
Young Brown's new gig adorning"—
"What keeps your sister Ann away?"
"She went to Troy this morning."

"'Tis time to roll—my needle's broke"—
"So Tabor's stock is selling;"
"Abby's wedding gown's bespoke,"
"Lend me your scissors, Ellen."
"That match will never come about"—
"Now don't fly in a passion."
"Corsets, they say, are going out"—
"Yes, busks are all the fashion."

The quilt is done, the tea begun—
The beaux are all collected;
The table's clear'd—the music heard,
His partner each selecting.
The merry band, in order stand
The dance begins with vigor—
And rapid feet, the measures beat,
And trip the mazy figure.

Unheeded by, the moments fly,
Old Time himself seems dancing,
Till night's dull eye is op'd to spy
The steps of morn advancing.
Then closely stow'd, to each abode,
The carriages go tilting,
And many a dream has for its theme,
The pleasures of the quilt!

THE PIOUS RUM SELLER'S SOLILOQUY.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

'Tis so—He that made the good creature for use,
Judges not on account of its ill or abuse,
For this, and all gifts, I am thankful, 'tis soon,
From its evils—if any—I wash my hands clean.
Many years, thank the Lord! I've been prospered, 'tis true,
His blessing has fallen, refreshing as dew,
On my basket and store; and an unctious doth dwell
With every good glass that I swallow or sell.
Oh, how my full heart with due gratitude thrills,
As I think of the quantities—made up of gills—
The thousands of gallons of Brandy and Rum
I've sold; and the dollars that make up the sum!
I began with slight means, and the Helper of prayer,
Though I dealt by the small, shed his benison there.
I had crowds in the morning who called for their dram;
Distinguishing favor! Unworthy I am!
Every intemperate drunkard who wanted a drop,
All praise to my Maker, would come to my shop;
As I gave him the potion and took his last cent,
How pure my thanksgivings to heaven! that went!
Though his wife was in grief, yet for her I'd no fears,
I trusted that Mercy would dry up her tears.
Yea, sometimes, when counting my gains up at night,
I have felt to ask God for his blessing, to fight
On her poor starving children; and while at the throne
For relief to her bosom, found joy in my own!

But, O, times are altered—I know to his saint's
God graciously harkens, nor chides their complaints:
I would lean on him, therefore, in confident trust,
That he yet will uphold and will strengthen the just.
'Tis true, to make money, my cares and my pains
Are not very trifling, nor small are my gains:
Yet neighbors reprove me—to them I am dumb,
Forgive as I ought, and invite all to come;
And live in meek hope that these matters may mend:
Here and there in our churches, good Rum has a friend;
Some too, that on Sundays will serve and look civil—
God's cup, and six days give the cup of the devil.
Yet I mourn in my soul that I've fallen on times,
When buying and selling are counted as crimes;
When of dear reputation no man is secure,
Though there's some solace left, if of cash he is sure.
Alas, for the profits of honest trade gone—
The days when ruin dealers sat under their vine
Distilling and selling, while none made afraid,
Except scoundrels who died ere their dues had been paid.
When holy men openly bought by the keg,
Nor a tongue for the traffic against them would wag;
When times of refreshing the Sabbath we'd bring,
In the shape of hot toddy, or tumbler of sling,
And when our good parson, not fearing ill tongues,
Took a glass after sermon, to strengthen his lungs.

They tell me of Dobbins, now dead in his grave,
Who perished in shame, to my liquor a slave.
True, he mortgaged to me, in his troubles, his farm;
'Twas spent at my counter—yet where was the harm?
A mite of the profits I gave to the poor;
For hoarding each penny I cannot endure.

Then there was young Richard, the carpenter's son,
Stout, happy and good, till his custom I won;
Sure enough he would drink, and if he would say,
Some one must sell to him; if so, why not I?
If I had not sold it, my neighbor Smith would;
His use of the money might not have been good.
Yet sometimes it grieves me, I freely confess,
To think of his family, steep'd in distress;
I've almost regretted I've figured his cash,
Drink made him, poor fellow! so crazy and rash;
For when the last glass I had urged, he went wild,
And bathed his own hands in the blood of his child.

Is the Lord indeed angry?—will he His wrath urge?
He sendeth against us the Temperance scourge!
And lo, how its doing do trouble the saints!
The soul of the dealer is heavy and faints.
If Abstinence thrives—hateful scent of ill—
How soon may be strangled the Worm of the Still!
Come Famine! come Fever! with pestilential breath;
Come War! and lead men, by whole kingdoms, to death;
But spare us, of judgments, the last and the worst—
Let not our dear land be, with Temperance cursed.
Confound, Lord, its schemes—for thy servant would dwell
In Tophet, as soon as a Temperance Hotel.
Its agents, its tracts, and its abstinence ships—
Could a word blast them all, it would rush to my lips.
Its warnings to me of eternity ring,
My conscience that's troubled, yet writhes with the sting
Destroy, Lord!—its refuge—its entering wedge
To mischief, that's known as the Cold Water Pledge;
Oh, frown on their plans who forsake the old ways,
And I'll drink to their ruin, and give Thee the praise!

Mr. Dear, said an affectionate spouse to her husband, 'am I not your treasure?' 'Oh, yes,' was the cool reply, 'and I would willingly lay it up in Heaven.'—
What an insulting wretch!

A Mrs. Hoger, of Fulton county, recently gave birth to three little boys! Bless her soul!
A Huge Throat.—A letter written from Naples, says: "Standing on the castle of St. Elmo, I drank in the whole sweep of the bay."

A Boston clerical gentleman, on hearing of a friend's marriage to Goldsmith, exclaimed, "She stoops to conquer—Goldsmith!"
FUSILLADE FOR A.—The French are so prone both to revolutions and capers, that it is expected they will shortly introduce ball-carriage into the mazes of the dance.

The ass, in Europe, is a byword for all that is obstinate, and stupid. Very different is the ass in the East; and not unnaturally so, seeing that the animal, under the more genial skies of Oriental climates, is as remarkable for docility, activity, and swiftness, as well as for elegance of form, as its European congener is for tardiness of step and meanness of aspect. The Egyptian Arabs give the ass the precedence over all other four-footed creatures for intelligence and sagacity, and their story-tellers bring forward as many stories in support of this opinion as would have kept Scheherazade from the block or the bowstring for another month or two. Our young readers may be pleased with a sample of these tales, and we select for their amusement one which we find contributed to a recent French periodical by M. E. Granal, a writer who has personally visited the East, and who by other compositions, has proved himself to be thoroughly conversant with its fictions and customs. He describes himself as having heard the story from the lips of his temporary attendant in Egypt, a professed narrator of such matters.]

Rajeb was a young man of Cairo who had been left by his father with a fortune of about 2000 piastres. Had he embarked this little fortune in trade, and been industrious, he might have lived very comfortably; but he fell in love soon after his father died, and could think of nothing but the fair object of his passion. She was a young girl, whose countenance he had first seen for a moment, when by chance she put aside her veil to drink at the fountain of a mosque. She was very plainly dressed, and appeared to belong to some humble but decent family. But she was rich in beauty, at least, and in modesty, for she hastily replaced her veil on seeing a young man looking at her, and walked away without turning to the right or the left, or looking back as coquettes do. Rajeb followed her, and saw her enter a plain house, of the kind inhabited by the middle orders. From this time forward, Rajeb was consumed by the passion which had sprung up in his breast. Of the object of it he could learn no more, than that she was as virtuous and well behaved as she was beautiful. At length he went to the parents of his mistress, and asked her hand in marriage. They received him very kindly; but when he came to speak of the dowry which they expected to be given by their daughter's husband, they demanded the sum of 5000 piastres. This was above the lover's means, and he exclaimed loudly against the enormity of the sum; but they were obstinate, and Rajeb could only prevail on them to give him a few days to reflect, and to look about him for means. If he did not appear at the end of the stated time, they would hold themselves at liberty, they told him, to accept of other offers.

Rajeb returned home lamenting and reproaching himself with having idled away his past time. 'Ah! if I had worked hard,' said he, 'I might have increased my fortune, and might now have been happy!' He took out his money, and counted it several times, but he could not thus make it more than it was—2000 piastres. He lay on his bed, and tried to sleep, but his mind was too much occupied with projects for procuring the required dowry to permit him to rest. At last, he bethought him of a maternal uncle at Tintah, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, and who was said to be rich. Rajeb had no sooner thought of this person than he resolved to visit him. He would borrow the 3000 piastres: a rich relation could not refuse such a sum. The young man longed for the coming of day to set out on this hopeful errand.

Morning at length dawned, and Rajeb started on his journey. In order to save money he went on foot, hoping also to interest his uncle the more by this economy. When he reached the first houses of Tintah, he inquired for his uncle Jousoff, 'the rich Jousoff,' of several boys whom he met.

'The rich Jousoff!' cried they; 'say rather the old beggarly miser Jousoff, who regrets to throw away a bone when he has picked it white!'

One of the boys, however, conducted Rajeb to his uncle's house. The man entered it trembling, for the description which he had heard was by no means encouraging. When his uncle came to him, Rajeb saw an old, withered, ragged, dirty being, who cried: 'What do you want?' in a rough voice.

'Ah, my dear uncle!' cried Rajeb, throwing his arms about the old man, 'do you not remember me? I am Rajeb, the son of your sister—little Rajeb, whom you loved when a boy. I am come, dear uncle, to see if you are well.'

'Very well,' said Jousoff; 'I am very well, but very poor. I shall not be able to show you very splendid hospitality.'

'What then?' said Rajeb cheerfully: 'riches and poverty come from God.'

At these words, they entered the old man's apartment, dark and dingy, without any other furniture than an old mat and a jar of water;—neither pipes nor coffee was to be seen. Rajeb, however, was patient, and showed no ill-humor. That evening they feasted upon a crust of wretched cheese, and some crumbs of black, detestable bread. The cheese, such as it was, was a novelty in that place, and the neighbors, who saw the old man buy it, could scarcely believe their eyes.

Rajeb was not accustomed to rich fare; but after his journey, he stood really in need of soup and roast, or something else that was good. But he ate the bread and cheese and said nothing. When they had done, he tried to lead the conversation by degrees to the object of his journey. The old man, however, anticipated his purpose, and cried: 'I am poor, a beggar: no dervish is poorer than I am; I am ruined: all the world robs me. I have spent my last *pora* upon a dinner for you.'

Rajeb perceived that he had to deal with a heart of marble; so, after trying in vain to soften the old man by descriptions of his mistress's beauty and his own passion, the youth rose, and, under pretence of taking the air, went out to conceal his bitter disappointment and vexation.

Troubled as he was with his own matters, Rajeb could not look without pity on a poor ass which he saw on going out of doors, and which was lying in a little shed, munching some morsels of straw that lay within its reach. Rajeb, who loved animals, approached to caress the poor, lean starved creature, which was all hide and bone; and the ass seemed sensible of the affection shown to it. Prompted by his natural benevolence, Rajeb then went away, and bought a measure of barley, and almost forgot his own griefs in the pleasure of seeing the ass fall to its food with the liveliest marks of joy. After bringing it water to complete its meal, the youth went back to his uncle. It is needless to say that Rajeb passed an unhappy night: he lay on the floor, and the vermin infesting the place were sufficient of themselves to banish sleep. In the morning, the two relations breakfasted on the relics of yesterday's meal, and then the nephew was about to take his leave. But his uncle stopped him, and said: 'I have an ass which is of no use to me. It is all that remains to me of my substance, and if you wish'—Rajeb thought his uncle was about to make him a present of the ass, but he was in error, for the old man proceeded—'if you wish you may go with me to the market, and see me sell him.'

Rajeb consented, and when they went to the stall of the ass, the young man caressed the poor animal. In return, it looked at him with eyes full of intelligence, and struck the ground several times with its foot. Rajeb even thought he heard it say: 'Buy me.' Its looks at least, he thought, said so.

On the way to the market, Rajeb reflected on the subject, and felt himself impelled to purchase the ass by some involuntary feeling, which most people would have been disposed merely to call good-nature or pity. As the ass was young, and had no faults but those arising from starvation, several purchasers came forward. One offered 200 piastres, another 300, and at last the price mounted to 500. When Rajeb saw that his uncle was willing to take this, he offered a few piastres more, assured that he would get the ass. 'What do you want with the ass?' said the old man.

'I am resolved upon having it,' was all that the nephew answered.

'Ah, well,' said Jousoff, with a smile of greedy pleasure, 'you must give me 1000 piastres, and then it shall be yours.'

Rajeb was shocked at the miser's demand; but the old man, seeing his nephew's anxiety, would not bate of his exorbitant request; and the youth at last agreed, and a bargain was struck.

As Rajeb had left all his money at Cairo, it was agreed that Jousoff should go back with his nephew to that city, and there receive the purchase money. Accordingly, they set out, the ass with them. By the way, the creature seemed inspired with fresh life, and gambolled and danced, as if to please its new master. Arrived at Cairo, Rajeb gave his uncle the promised sum, and entertained him handsomely. After a few days, Jousoff departed, and left his nephew alone. The latter occupied himself in making a good stall for his ass, and in tending and cleaning it, by which means it soon became quite a new creature. As for the mistress of his heart, Rajeb had almost given up all hope of her. The interval allowed him by the parents had expired, and the youth now poorer than before, did not dare to present himself before them. Whilst matters stood thus, information was brought to him that his uncle had been found dead by the road-side, having been plundered and killed by robbers. The young man shed a tear from the sudden end of the miser, and then made preparations to go to Tintah, to take up the deceased's inheritance, though there seemed little hope of its proving great, notwithstanding the reputation which Jousoff had once acquired for being rich.

Mounting his ass, Rajeb proceeded to Tintah. He put up the ass in its old stall, and went into the house to search it. As he had almost expected, not a para was to be found: not a vestige of anything valuable was visible in any corner of the wretched abode. While Rajeb was prosecuting his examination, he was surprised by the continued whining and braying of his ass. Thinking he had neglected its wants, he went out several times, and put barley, straw, and water before it: but the animal would not touch them, and continued to stamp on the floor of its stall with its foot. Rajeb's attention was at length attracted to this movement, and the ass seeing this, repeated it with increased vehemence. Its master, seizing a bar of rusty iron which stood by, then commenced to turn up the ground where the ass struck. As he did this, the animal looked on with eyes glistening with eager pleasure, and seemed as if it would fain say: 'Go on, go on: it is there!' At last, Rajeb came to a coffer. He turned it out, and, behold! it was filled to overflowing with doubloons, sequins, and all sorts of precious coins. The youth hugged his treasure, but the ass would not let him rest. It struck the ground in another spot with its feet; and Rajeb, on digging anew, found a second coffer, filled with pearls, rubies, emeralds, and other valuable gems.

The ass stamped no more, and Rajeb hastened to secure his treasures, and to get them transported to Cairo. He put them into two panniers, and although they were very heavy, the ass never slackened its speed, nor gave any signs of weariness, until it brought its burden to its master's door. On the night of his arrival, Rajeb hastened to the house of his mistress.

He was just in the nick of time, for an old Turk had seen her, and offered the 5000 piastres to the parents. Rajeb, however, took the father home with him, and showed a part of his treasures, when the marriage was at once agreed on. The young bride proved to be really as virtuous as she was beautiful, and made Rajeb happy. He gave large donations to the poor on the occasion of his wedding. As for the ass, it had the place of honor, during its life, in the stable and was never doomed to any other toil than that of bearing its mistress and her children. Its master visited the stable every day, and spoke with it as with an old friend.

Behold, in this story, a lesson never to despise animals, but always to be gentle and compassionate to them, for they may often repay a hundredfold the little kindnesses which we do to them.—*Chambers' Pocket Miscellany.*

Vegetable Gardening.

Season has so far advanced, preparation for planting may be hastened. The first business to be attended to is to see the condition of the soil, that it is well spaded, the larger stones removed, and that the surface lies light and mellow. Nothing is lost by careful attention to the condition of the plots or beds intended for planting to vegetables. Nature is bountiful, but that bounty is yielded only on certain conditions of care, cleanliness and culture. No man ever did or ever can succeed in drawing profitable returns from the teeming earth unless he proves himself worthy by the labor he bestows upon it.

In all the towns around Boston there are thousands of cottages with from 6000 to 20,000 feet of land attached. The smallest lot is large enough to make a good garden which will yield of all the lighter vegetables enough to supply a family of moderate size through the season, while the larger lots will yield enough to supply a winter's stock of such vegetables.

It is the bounden duty of all occupiers of such lots to improve them for garden spots. There is healthy exercise and economy in it, to say nothing of the luxury of eating, fresh from your garden, the succulent fruits of the earth, which your own hands have raised.

We will now give a few general directions for the management of a small kitchen garden. After preparing the land by thorough spading and pulverization—making it mellow, and in a somewhat dry condition, proceed to lay it out in beds not too wide, but as long as the nature of your grounds will admit of. With few exceptions all crops are improved by a dressing of rotten manure; there is no exception in the benefit derived by watering growing crops, in hot dry weather, with weak liquid manure, and in stirring the ground with a hoe frequently to keep down weeds.

A good liquid manure may be made by mixing one pound of guano with one gallon of water.

There is a prevailing error among amateur gardeners and they will persist in it, frequently, against all advice, to the utter destruction of their hopes of obtaining a crop. We mean the tendency of sowing too thickly and the unwillingness to thin out the rows, to give the remaining plants room to grow. A plant needs room to secure its healthy growth and development, as much as a child does. But how often do we see sickly rows of vegetables crowded together thicker than three in a bed. Such gardening is the merest burlesque in the world. It is time and money thrown away and patience lost.

Peas. As a general rule have your rows as far apart as the usual height of the Peas; the intervening space may be sown to spinach, cress, &c. Peas should be sown in drills about 2 inches deep, and 1 1/2 to 2 inches apart in the drills.

Beans should never be planted until settled warm weather—after the 1st of May. Sowing and distance the same as Peas. It is a common practice to plant Beans in rows alternate with a cabbage or a potato.

Bees. Sow in May in drills 18 inches apart; thin the plants to 9 inches of each other. The soil should be dug very deeply and no manure given. As manure is apt to make the roots forked and irregular, great caution must be used in taking up the crop, for if the roots are bruised or the fibres injured, they will lose much of their rich color in boiling.

Cabbage should be planted in drills made three inches deep, to allow for a plentiful earthing up when the plants require it. The different varieties are all fond of sunny, open situations, and the soil can scarcely be made too rich. They should be watered with lime occasionally, to destroy worms and slugs, and also to nourish the crop, as all the tribe are fond of lime, and the original species being maritime, a little salt put in the water will be found beneficial. They should be planted in rows 1 1/2 feet apart by 1 foot.

But we can go no further at this time. We will finish the article at an early day. Meanwhile, reader, get your land in good order and your beds ready.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN paid his addresses to a young lady, by whose mother he was unfavorably received. "How hard," said he to the young lady, "to separate those whom love has united!"

"Very hard indeed," replied she, with great innocence, at the same time throwing her arms around his neck, "and so mother will find it."

"MOTHER, are there any mosquitoes in Heaven?" asked our little Frank, the other morning, as he waked up, scratching the blotches on his temples.

"I presume not, my boy,—but why do you ask such a question?"

"Why, you told me yesterday to be careful and not get run over, when I was out playing for I should get killed. If there are no mosquitoes in Heaven, I'll get ran over the very first time I go out!" exclaimed the little fellow, as he jumped out of bed with a determination, apparently, to put his threat into immediate execution.

On the chamber wall about I crawl,
Till the landlord goes to bed;
Then my bugle I blow, and down I go
To light upon his head.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

It is astonishing that God should have set such an example before us, and provided such wondrous abundance of air, and men take no hint from it of the prime necessity of this substance for health, brightness, and enjoyment. Almost without a single exception, new halls and old ones are unventilated. The committee will point you to an auger hole in some corner of the ceiling, and tell you that arrangements have been made for ventilation! You might as well insert a goose quill in a dam to supply all Lowell with water for its mills! These contemptible little holes, hardly big enough for a rat to run in without displaying his sleek fur, are hardly enough for one breather, and they are set to do the work of a thousand people! Besides, no provision is made for the introduction of fresh air from below, to supply the place of that which is supposed to pass off. The air trunk of furnaces ought to be double the usual size, and the hot-air trunks that lead from the furnace-chamber to the room should be four times as large as is usual, so that large volumes of mild air can come in, instead of fierce currents of intensely hot air out of which the moisture has been dried, and the oxygen burnt by contact with a red hot furnace.

A room that will seat a thousand persons should have not less than four ventilators, each one of them larger than a man's whole body. They can be placed at the four corners of the building, or they may be arranged along the sides of the wall—the number being increased as the diameter of each is diminished. But the square inches of the mouths of the ventilators should be at least one-third greater than of the mouths of the heat trunks which come from the furnace.

As soon as a speaker begins he usually finds his cheek flushed, his head full and throbbing—bad air is at work with him. The blood that is going to his brain has not been purified in his lungs by contact with good air. It has a diminished stimulating power. It is the first stage of suffocation. For all that is done when a man is hung, is to prevent the passage of air down his windpipe. And if you corrupt the air till it ceases to perform a vital function, it is the same thing in effect; so that a public speaker in a tainted atmosphere, is going through a prolonged process of atmospheric hanging.

The people, too, instantly show signs of distress. Women begin to fan themselves; children grow sleep; and well-fed men grow red and somnolent. How people can consent to breathe each other's breath over and over again, we never could imagine. They would never return to a hotel where they were put into a bed between sheets that had been used by travellers before them—no, they must have fresh sheets. They would go without food rather than eat off a plate used by several parties before them—clean plates are indispensable. But while so delicate of their outside skin and their mouth, they will take air into their lungs that has been breathed over twenty times, by all sorts of persons, and that fairly reeks with feculence; and nothing disgusts them but a proposal to open a window and let in clean, fresh air. That brings up coat collars, and brings down scowls, and amiable lips pout, and kind tongues declare that they will not go to such a place again if they do not have these matters regulated better for the health!

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE. The following bit of romance appears in the St. Louis Intelligence:—

Some years ago a very beautiful young lady was the ward of a person in Louisiana, who defrauded her out of quite a large fortune. This lady came to this city, where she married, but not living on good terms with her husband, finally obtained a divorce from him and retired to a convent. While she was there she received a letter from the son of her former guardian, informing her of his father's death, and that himself had inherited all his vast property, but that he could not consent to retain that which had been treacherously taken from another, and offering to make restitution. The lady immediately proceeded to Louisiana, had an interview with the heir, and received back, both principal and interest, all that she had been wronged out of. The strangest part of the story remains behind. No sooner had she got possession of her fortune than she returned to this city, sought out her former husband, and in a few days was re-married to him. Verily, the love of woman passeth understanding. The parties are now living in St. Louis, and it is to be hoped will agree better than formerly.

SAD SIGHT. In one of our streets, yesterday, we saw an old man some 70 years of age, literally so drunk, that he had to be conveyed in the officers arms, to the watch-house.—*Worcester Transcript.*

"Why, dear me, Mr. Longswallow," said a good old lady, "how can you drink a whole quart of that hard cider at a single draught?"

As soon as the man could breathe again, he replied:—

"I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul, it was so hard I couldn't bite it off."

"Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with that brick-bat, did he?"

"No, but I wish he had."

"What for?"

"So I could see him hung, the villain."

A LAMENT OCCASIONED BY THE PERSAL OF A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

Sure this Temp'rance society has cast a sad blight
O'er the joys of the cup and the bowl;
If a poor fellow's thirsty, he's in a sad plight—
For to drink would be "death to his soul."
No more is my table surrounded by friends,
Hush'd now is the jest and the song—
To jest is "profane," and a song surely tends
To recall "those sad times" that have flown.

Oh! I mourn for the days when the punch was made
strong.

And to drink it, was not deemed a crime.
When the theme of the Poet's inspiring song
Was not clear "cold water," but wine!
Oh, when will old Time my lost pleasures restore?
This punch—must I drink it alone?
And without a companion, forever deplore
The spree of the times that are flown.

B. C.

SO SWEET WAS HER SMILE AS SHE SAID TO ME, SIGHING.

TUNE—Ergo Bragh.

So sweet was her smile as she said to me, sighing,
Oh! do not forget me when I am no more!
I spoke not a word, for I knew she was dying,
And I loved her as never I loved her before.
She slept, but I knew she would never awaken;
Yet I shed not a tear, though my heart it was break-

ing
To think I was left all alone and forsaken.
I shall never forget thee, my Julia no more.

They have laid here where lilies are waving around
her,

The violet and many a delicate flower:
She loved them while living, and now they surround
her,

Adorning her grave, as they sweetened her bower;
The bright hollyhock and the hawthorn are springing,
All nature is glad and the sweet birds are singing,
No joy to the bosom of him are they bringing
Who mourns for his Julia—his Julia no more!

Oh! her's was affection that knew no declining,
But still in my sorrows the warmer it glowed,
Like some star through the darkness the brighter is
shining,

To cheer the lone wand'rer on life's weary road;
And mine is the grief that can never be spoken,
My flowers are all faded, my hopes are all broken,
And the fires that are wasting my bosom betoken
I shall soon be with Julia, my Julia no more.

J. C.

BLOWING AN EAR TRUMPET

It's not a thing for me—I know it—
To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it.

There was Mrs F.

So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion cap,
And knock'd on the head without hearing it snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!

THOMAS HOOD.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

BY R. H. WILDE.

There's a tuneful river,
In Erin's isle,
Where the sun-beams quiver
In silvery smile;
Where the leaves that fall
'Neath the autumn sky,
Grow gem-like all,
And never die;

And such is the stream, by Truth enlightened,
That laves the breast, by Wisdom brightened,
Where even the joys that storms dis sever
Are turned to gems that glow forever.

There's a darkling tide
In the Indian clime,
By whose herbless side
There's a sulphury slime—
To the flowers that it touches,
A scorching wave—
To the bird that approaches,
A weltering grave;

And such are the waters of bitterness rising,
In the desert bosom of dark disguising;
And the birds of joys and the flowers of feeling,
Must perish where'er that wave is stealing.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY M. J. M.

The delicate rose from her cheek has faded,
The light of her eye is sad and dim,
And the pure, pale brow, by dark hair shaded,
Shows the depth of thought within.
Those silent thoughts that are withering up
The flowers that crown existence' cup.

And why?—Oh, know you not that woman's heart
Is a passionate moulded thing?
That to LOVE, is written is every part,
To BE LOVED, or its depths will fling
Such a flood of sorrow, that a life must pay
For the wasted urn thus thrown away.

Her cheek is pale, she has loved in vain,
And quenched is her dark eye's fire.
Comfort her not—it is not pain—
She will pass, as the winds expire—
The soft low winds that stir the trees
Yet mark no decay on their bright leaves.

Comfort!—It hath a mocking sound,
And falls on a listless ear—
Her grief is not for the empty word,
Or idly falling tear,
Comfort the dead, but oh, to cheer
To strive with the unloved heart's despair.



PAUL AND VIRGINIA—[From a Painting by Schopin.]

This is one of the most exquisite productions that ever came from the pencil of pictorial imagination. The ornamented foot
Virginia, contrasted to the naked one of Paul—showing that she was about to depart

"From simple climes to where they live on dress"—

is in the highest degree artistical—nay, poetical.

"To be more happy than you have been here,
Where would you fly?
Whoe'er could kiss from that sweet cheek a tear,
Or fondly dry
Its melancholy moisture like a mother's?"
"Alas! I know not," said Virginia, weeping,

"My friends will have me go—
But something here more strong than tie of brother
My heart is keeping,
What 'tis I do not know!
We have been children here together
In summer—ay! and winter weather;

And 'tis not easy to forego
A thing we've known long, long ago!"
"More difficult," said Paul, "I'll prove
To part from what we dearly love!"
The maiden blush'd!—(Cupid's transgression
To cause her face make such confession.)

MARRIED:

In this city, by Rev. S. Streeter, Mr. John Peter Hartz to Mrs. Mary Ann Silver. Mr. Peter Hunt to Miss Elizabeth A. Tyler. Mr. William Smith to Miss Ann E. Brackett.

In Cambridgeport, Rev. L. J. Fletcher to Miss L. C. Whittemore.

In Brattleboro', Vt. by Rev. J. H. Willis, Mr. George K. Smith to Miss Melvina P. Webster, of Gilsun, N.H. Mr. Rufus N. C. Pickering, of Royalston, to Miss Julia Ann Gipson, of Ashburnham, Mass. Mr. Henry O. Dudley, of Mount-Holly, to Miss Lucy A. Wilson, of Marlboro', N.H. Mr. Jonathan F. Wheeler to Miss Mary Ann Brown, of Chesterfield, N.H. Mr. Asa Wyman to Miss Hannah Mills, of Warwick, Mass. Mr. Katsell Purple to Miss Jane Battles, of Gill, Mass.

In Hartford, Ct. by Rev. H. B. Soule, Mr. Henry S. Barnes, of Meriden, to Miss Sarah A. Porter.
In Waterville, Me., Mr. Oliver Briard, merchant of this city, to Miss Helen Maria Chase, daughter of Dr. Hall Chase.

DIED:

In this city, Mr. Cyrus W. Brewer, 25. Mr. Jona. Wentworth, 19. Mr. John Bean, 43. Mr. David Parsons, 22. Mr. Edward Haynes, 79. Mr. Nathaniel F. Thayer, 29. Mr. Oscar R. Stone, 35. Mr. Timothy Gerrish, 50. Mr. William H. Gulliver, 42.

Aug. 22d, John B., son of Charles and Henrietta Caverly, aged 22½ months.

"It died before the infant soul
Had ever burned with wrong desire,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fire.

It died to sin, to woe and care;
Yet for a moment felt the rod;
Then, springing on the viewless air,
Spread its light wings and soared to God."

Aug. 25th, Henry Loring, youngest child of Levi A. aged 15 months and 14 days.

"Happy soul thy days are ended,
All thy sufferings here below:
Go: by angel guards attended,
To the breast of Jesus, go."

LEFT TOWN.—We understand that Hon. Geo. Morey, Col. Ezra Lincoln, Lt. Col. William Schouler, William Blake, Moses Kimball and Harvey Jewell, Esqrs., left town early yesterday morning for Salt River, for the purpose of assisting General Winfield Scott to locate an hospital forty miles above tide water, at the head of the Lake. The occasion will be one of peculiar interest. An address on "availability" will be delivered by Hon. W. H. Seward of New York. Hon. John M. Botts will read the famous "letter of acceptance" and exhibit the identical coat-pocket which contained it. Hon. Geo. Evans will aid a chorus of Germans in a "delightful melody," and Hon. John M. Clayton and Hon. Horace Greeley will keep up General Winfield Scott's "breeches" while he chants "the rich old brogue."

ANOTHER INVITATION.—Hon. Rufus Choate has been invited to deliver a eulogy on the death of Webster, before the Faculty and students of Dartmouth College. It is probable that the same eulogy pronounced in Boston, will be given at Dartmouth.

ACQUITTED.—We are pleased to learn that the man at the South end, who was charged with electricity, has been fully and honorably acquitted.

WEBSTER'S TOMB.—Daniel Webster's tomb in the hearts of the American people; his Monument is in their affections; his Biography is in their household words; his History, their past, present, and future; his Fame reflects where the sun gives light; and his Works will cope with destiny. Such a man, though dead, may well say, "I am alive."

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.
"You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home
and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And, tell me, have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk
in woe?
No; I would rather share your tear than any other's glee.
For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL THIS
WORLD TO ME.
You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a
throne;
There's sun-light for me in your smiles, and music in your
tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears
grow dim;
I cry, 'O Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on
him;—
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and
soul;
O, look in mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him
whole!"
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smil'd,
How oft are they forborne to close in slumber by our child;
I take the little murmur that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it as a part of thee I hush upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave—I may not need it long—
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel
no wrong.
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind;
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not:
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs
bestow.
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not some-
thing know?
Subtract from meetings amongst men, each eve, an hour
for me;
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.
If you will read, I'll sit and work, then think when you're
away;
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your
stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for even your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage
flowers.
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and
kind;
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind
your mind."

THE tears we shed for those we love, are the streams
hich water the garden of the heart, and without them
would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of
fection would perish.

midnight, the iron tongues which told the tale of twelve o'clock, rang the requiem of old and advent of the New Year. We are now commencing a new period of our existence. The experiences of the last twelve months, whether bright or gloomy, have left their imprint upon us, and here we are, from those lessons, to take another start on the voyage of life. Whatever our joys or sorrows may have been in our past career, they are of but little consequence, provided we still possess energy to accomplish the good which lies in our respective spheres, and that our determination is unbroken to do all we can for the advance of our common humanity.

This is the day of the year when every one takes a retrospective view of the past, and resolves to avoid in future the errors he has heretofore committed. And yet, such is human nature, that the close of each successive year shows that, in the words of the great English poet, man but "resolves and re-resolves, and then dies the same." On this account, however, we would not discourage these retrospective views, nor are we disposed to deny that any good comes from such resolutions. If they do not perform all they promise, they may prevent a more rapid descent in the paths of vice, or perchance be the determining point where the individual passes from the downward to the upward road.

We are greeted on all hands with a "Happy New Year." It comes from the old and the young, and we respond fully to it from our hearts and as fully as we are able from our scantily supplied pockets. To our thousands and tens of thousands of readers we heartily wish a "Happy New Year." We have endeavored to give them such suggestions during the year which has just closed as we thought would contribute to their happiness. We hope they have followed those suggestions, and if so, they will have formed within themselves sources of happiness which will make the New Year a happy one to them, irrespective of the wishes of others.

Still, with all our wishes, we cannot make others happy. That must be done by themselves. This way is perfectly plain and yet very few discover it. It is but to live for others, and lose even the consciousness of our own identity in our efforts for the welfare of those around us. This, to many, will be difficult, but our friends may rely upon it that it is only, as the French say, "the first step that counts." An abnegation of self is never easy until it has become habitual; but when once a habit, it is not only easy but productive of the highest happiness of which human nature is capable; whereas, on the other hand, every direct effort which any one makes for the achievement of his own personal happiness either defeats its end, or proves that the benefit attained scarcely compensates the trouble encountered in its attainment.

Let us then make this first day of January in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-five, a happy New Year, not merely by resolving to perform our duties, but by performing them. The multitudes of suffering poor who are all around us, deprived of employment, food, shelter and clothing, are objects which the Almighty has permitted to remain in our midst to elicit our sympathies, and call forth our efforts. Here then is a point whence we may take a practical start upon the road to happiness. While there is an individual who is suffering for want of the aid which you, reader, are able to bestow, you are not in the line of your duty, nor have you done that which is indispensable to your own happiness. Go and relieve that suffering at once. Have you no money? You know those who have; go and solicit aid for those whom you know, who are more indigent than yourself. Have you no time to attend to the poor of your acquaintance? Then send your wife or sister, and if you cannot afford the money, use your influence with those who can.

Thus will you make the New Year a happy one to those whom you can relieve either by your money or your influence, and the reflex action of your efforts will cause a satisfaction and serenity which is sought in vain in any other way. Do this and it will not be necessary to wish you a happy New Year, for a New Year is ushered in by efforts for the welfare of others cannot be otherwise than happy. We recommend, and having experienced the business which will result, you will find that the year, that which the first of January was but the occasion of a rich and certain will confer great benefit upon you. You cannot fail of reaping a rich harvest from your own, we bespeak attention to our suggestion, and we close by expressing our wish that each and all of you may experience a happy New Year.

A TRAVELLER in England, observing a peasant at work, and seeing that he was taking it remarkably easy, said to him:—"My friend, you don't appear to sweat any."

"Why, no, master, six shillings ain't sweat-ing wages."

A MAN was arrested in Schenectady, on Wednesday, for "making faces at the railroad depot." Stringent place that, Schenectady.—Dutchman.

The First Assembly of the Almacks—Beacon Hill not affected by the financial pressure.

There is one spot in our broad country, which, as yet, thank heaven! unmoved by the commotions and disasters of the times, and that favored spot is in our own beloved city. While Europe is marching to the greatest contest in modern history, while those awful exhalations are rising from the shrine of Moloch lately set up in the Crimea, while financial troubles afflict our land from Texas to Maine, Beacon Hill remains calm and undisturbed—enveloped in an atmosphere as serene as that which pervaded Eden before the fall. Commercial disasters have not shaken it, and it still shines a beacon-light to the world of fashion, of refinement, and wealth. If the floods of bankruptcy should finally sweep over us like the deluge of old, the sun of prosperity will linger latest upon Beacon Hill and revisit it earliest upon the subsidence of the bitter waters. When the deluge comes, that favored mount shall be our Ararat—from it we will take our last look at the desolated world, and there shall our ark rest when the restoration is at hand.

We are extremely happy in being able to assert this continued prosperity in our fashionable quarter. Where wealth, refinement and luxury have reigned so long, they should continue to reign. Broad street may groan and blaspheme, Commercial street and Dock Square may toil and moil, but they can better afford to howl and swear, and work, and drudge, than Beacon Hill to forego its japonicas and rose-water. Broad street has got used to misery, and other quarters to hard labor—Japonica-dom is accustomed to luxury as well, and long may they enjoy it.

A conclusive evidence that the world goes well with Beacon Hill was furnished us on Thursday evening last, when the first Assembly of the Almacks took place, under the most brilliant auspices. According to their usual custom the gentlemanly managers favored us with a card of invitation, and in pursuance of our invariable practice, we availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded to witness the unequalled display of beauty and fashion. The Almacks add our paper the court journal, and we feel bound to second their efforts in placing before the world a faithful report of their brilliant assemblies.

At eight o'clock, precisely, we were set down at Union Hall, and upon ascending to the third heaven, encountered the gentlemanly door keepers, the Messrs. Peck, who received our cards of admission with a benignant smile, and waved us onward toward the *salon de danse*. The grand staircase was newly covered for the occasion, the carpet extending into the street as far as the curbstone.

Upon entering the principal saloon we found that it had been decorated, tastefully and simply, but without regard to cost. The balconies were festooned with evergreen wreaths looped up with japonicas. The chandeliers, which are unequalled for brilliancy in this city, were decorated with evergreen and japonicas. The great mirror in the centre of the hall on the south side, was surrounded by evergreens and japonicas, white and red. The entrances of the hall were ornamented in a similar manner.

Upon the dais, south side of the hall, between the mirrors, were placed two large flower stands, trimmed with evergreens, which were loaded down a precious burden of red and white camellias, in pots, forming a rich and splendid feature of the scene. The japonicas, used in great numbers, were grown expressly for the occasion, and the cost of the decorations throughout amounted to several thousand dollars. The effect of the whole, when brilliantly lighted, was pleasing in the extreme.

The drawing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen were fitted up in a comfortable and luxurious style, with a profusion of mirrors, sofas and every convenience which could be desired. Opposite the large saloon is a smaller hall, which, on this occasion, was used as a supper room. The tables were loaded down with gilded porcelain, cut glass of the costliest description, and silver plate. The feast—but we will speak of this in a more appropriate place.

We next took a look at the orchestra, and found there assembled the Germania Serenade Cotillion Band, assisted by several members of the Orchestral Union, forming a band twenty-four in number, conducted by Carl Zerrahn. J. H. White, Esq., of the Germania Serenade Band, officiated as prompter.

The order of dancing was printed upon a folio card of plain paste board. Enamelled cards were ignored by Beacon street sometime since. They are liable to be broken and defaced, easily, and, besides, mechanics had got into the habit of using them.—The Almack cards contained the following inscriptions:—

FIRST ASSEMBLY.		
Thursday, December 14th, 1851.		
UNION HALL.		
1 March,	Vorwärts,	Johann Gung'l.
2 Quadrille,	Janet,	Strauss.
3 Quadrille,	Satanelle,	Strauss.
4 Polka,	Morning,	Bergmann.
5 Quadrille,	Newport Season,	Zerrahn.
6 Waltz,	Loreley Rhein,	Strauss.
7 Quadrille,	Haute Voix,	Strauss.
8 Redowa Polka,	Evening,	Bergmann.
9 Quadrille,	Martha,	Strauss.
10 Waltz,	Mein Lebewohl,	Lumbye.
11 Quadrille,	Mode,	Strauss.
12 Schottisch,	Anna,	Bergmann.
13 Quadrille,	Amack,	Strauss.
14 Redowa Polka,	Mathilde,	Strauss.
15 Quadrille,	Ethiopian,	Schulze.
16 Waltz,	Kroll's Ball,	Josef Gung'l.
17 Quadrille,	Redoute,	Lumbye.

GERMAN COTILLION.

DAVID SEARS,
WILLIAM P. MASON,
JAMES W. FAIG,
CHARLES AMORY,
Managers.

MONTGOMERY RITCHIE,
FRANCIS W. PALFREY,
KNYET W. SEARS,
RICHARD S. PAY, JR.

The managers were designated by a white camellia worn in the button hole.

At half past eight o'clock the company began to arrive and the orchestra struck up the spirited march by Gung'l set down in the programme. The beautiful dances and demijoules were escorted into the hall by their gallant cavaliers and the sets were formed for the first quadrille. As the hall was gradually filled by the fresh arrivals, it soon became evident that the magnificent decorations of the grand saloon would be eclipsed by the brilliancy and beauty of the fair ones there assembled. The

brilliance of the chandeliers grew dim in comparison with the ladies' eyes, and the camellias were shaded by the natural roses and lilies of their cheeks.

Coach after coach rolled up to the door of Union Hall, and came after came swept up the grand staircase, arrayed in a style of elegance such as Solomon in all his glory never dreamed of.

When the party were all assembled they numbered upwards of four hundred and fifty, and if the Grand Sultan of the Sublime Porte could have gazed into the hall, when the revelry was at its height, he would have forgotten the contest now going on for his crown, or even the existence of Nicholas himself.

The dresses of the ladies exceeded in their richness and tasteful arrangement anything we have before seen, familiar as we have been with the Almacks of Boston; showing that in that important branch of the fine arts,—the adornment of the female form,—the progress of the world has been onward.

The apparel of the fair creatures was admirably designed to set off charms which it would have been a sin to conceal. Some prudes among the Puritans who once inhabited this city might have insinuated that they had been present, that the mantua-makers of this day have acquired a marvellous dexterity in running their scissors along the edge of decorum, but we of this age like to see proper respect paid to the God of nature. In regard to this matter, we observed that the beauties which had been so freely bestowed were gratefully displayed. We will maintain it against any odds that high necked dresses upon beautiful busts are a grievous sin, and have only to add that on this occasion the ladies of the Almacks gave no cause of offence to the powers above or below.

There was but little jewelry worn except some very costly sets of diamond ornaments, among which the diamond coronal of Madame Decon shone conspicuously. But in floral ornaments the display was very fine. The flowers which ornamented the skirts, and were worn in bouquets, upon the bosom, or which formed coiffures, were of the rarest description and were arranged with exquisite taste. And, by the way, commend us to the aristocracy that wear floral ornaments, which have some

affinity to humanity, inasmuch as they grow up and fade and die, rather than one which decks itself with cold, glittering gems, that do not typify any human feeling or emotion.

Among the varieties of camellias worn we noticed the Camelia Donclerli, light red with white spots; the Humeli, a beautiful bluish white, one of the most delicately shaded flowers in existence; the Feastli Wilderli, double white, full blooming; and the Albal Plena Major, very large and full blooming white camellia.

In some of the bead-dresses we noticed very delicate and beautiful flowers, among which were sprigs of Diosma, Erica, Eupatorium, Alyssum, Aloia, Citrodora, and Orange blossoms, arranged with exquisite taste. Some plumes were worn with good effect, and we observed a few very beautiful head-dresses of velvet and chenille. It would require more space than we can afford to describe the different dresses in detail, and we have resolved not to gratify idle curiosity by giving names or initials. We learn that the effect of singling out and naming young ladies in our previous reports of the Almack parties has been to excite envy and jealousy to a considerable extent among those who were not thus honored, and as we most earnestly deprecate any such result, we have determined to give no occasion for it in this instance. We may, however, particularize a few of the dresses worn, without ruffling the fair bosom of any lady in attendance. One of those which struck us by its peculiar neatness and its harmony with the complexion of the wearer, was a white muslin, with flounces, trimmed with three green leaves, at intervals, set in triangular form, with a white flower in the centre. A delicate green wreath around the shoulders, with a heavy sprig of the same worn on the bosom, and a handsome coiffure of similar hue completed an attire which was at once simple but extremely tasteful, as all present acknowledged.

We noticed a brunette, whose dress of lemon-colored silk covered with flounces and a bertha of black lace, gave her fine figure the appearance of an Andalusian beauty of the finest mould. Her dancing was spirited and graceful.

A young lady of a tall and graceful figure dressed in a flounced muslin trimmed rather profusely with pink satin and flowers, attracted much notice by her spirited waltzing with Mr. Palfrey, one of the managers of the Assembly. They seemed to fly rather than step as they whirled swiftly along in the gyrations of the waltz.

Another young lady whose dancing was admirable, shone resplendent in a dress of white silk flounced with crimson or cherry-colored silk. She was a "bright particular star."

Madame Decon, dressed in a white silk brocade, with a rich lace mantilla, and her brow adorned with a splendid coronal of diamonds, was much observed.

Mrs. —, but stop;—we are breaking our resolution not to mention names.

Some rich silks, covered with fine laces, excited the admiration of those acquainted with their cost and value. A great number of dresses were adorned with brilliant colored trimmings, generally harmonious in their arrangement.

As the music swelled forth from the powerful orchestra the dancing went on with much spirit. Indeed it would have been a surprising revelation to those who imagine that Beacon Hill is cold and inanimate could they have looked down upon the scene. Never have we seen dancing executed with more spirit and abandon, never have we witnessed more sociality in a similar company. As the many twinkling feet beat time to the measures of the quadrille, a continual fire of conversation was kept up, the artillery of the eyes being seconded by witty and eloquent sallies of the tongue, and the skeptics alluded to would have acknowledged that Beacon street possesses a soul.

The sets were very promptly formed, and at 12 o'clock, the supper hour, the programme of dances was nearly finished, with the exception of the labyrinthine, interminable "never ending still beginning" German Cotillion. At the hour when grave yards yawn, supper was announced, and the gallant cavaliers escorted their fair partners to the banquet hall, where was revealed to them a perfect triumph

of Gori's art. Since Sig. Gori prepared a banquet for the late Thomas S. Perkins, on the occasion of a ball given by him at Papanti's Hall, Beacon Hill has patronized Gori, who has from that time been acknowledged to be the prince of cooks. Sig. Gori is now regularly employed by Mr. Bailey, lessee of Union Hall, and, with *carré blanche* for extras he could not fail to cook a feast fit for the gods, or even the beautiful ladies of Beacon street.

No printed bill of fare was furnished, but we are able to testify to the following dishes:—Grouse, Partridge, and Quail, larded; Roasted Canvas back Ducks; boned Turkeys and Ducks in gelatine; Sweet-breads larded, in jelly; breast of chicken larded, in jelly; oysters also in gelatine, garnished with truffles; Bouillon Soup, Salads, etc. The ices and confectionary, gotten up in splendid style, were furnished by Philip J. Mayer, Tremont street.—Hock and Cabinet, washed down the feast when coffee was found unequal to the task.

We noticed that the belles of the evening did not hesitate to eat like other mortals. Refinement does not dull the appetites of the body, but gives them a finer and keener edge, and when Beacon street is as hungry as cats.

Smith, the celebrated caterer, and his battalion of assistants, served the banquet, which received full justice at the hands of the gay revellers.

At length the delicate morsels were all despatched, and dancing was renewed by the younger members of the company. The grey-headed gentlemen, several of whom were present, took leave with their partners soon after supper, leaving the hall less crowded and giving freer scope to the waltzers. The German Cotillion was now danced with unflagging spirit until nearly three o'clock, when the signal was given to close the festivities.

We can safely aver that Union Hall never witnessed a more brilliant assemblage than this, and we repeat that we take great pleasure in recording the success of the Almacks, proving as it does that our monetary affairs are not desperate, but that there is hope of a return to the days of confidence and peace. One crushed japonica, which we picked up the feet of a beautiful young lady, is now lying before us—may her heart never become like the lacerated flower, and may she nor any of that bright assemblage ever see the hour when they would fain recall the costly flowers so freely wasted that evening, and give them in exchange for a loaf of bread.

In conclusion, we return our heartfelt thanks to the managers of this pleasant festival for their attentions, and we trust that the parties yet to take place during this season may be as entirely successful as the first.

A Lawsuit about a Sausage.

About a hundred years ago, a young lady of Rotterdam, named Wilhelmina Terscheeling, was riding on horseback through the village of Boxmeer when her horse became frightened and ran away with her. The young man who accompanied her, and to whom she was betrothed, cried out that he would give a hundred ducats to any one that would stop the runaway horse.

The young villagers, who were playing ball upon the green near by, seeing a woman in danger, threw themselves before the furious animal. One of them was thrown down and wounded; two others received contusions; the horse fell, and the beautiful Wilhelmina rolled in the dust. A young man who was passing immediately threw his cloak over the lady, before any one else had time to perceive a finely turned leg and a pretty garter.

Mademoiselle Terscheeling, on being carried home, had time to reflect, and the result of her reflections was, that there must never be two men in the world who had seen her garter.—She accordingly sent for her betrothed and said, "Will you kill the man who threw his cloak over me?"

"Who, I? What an enormity!"

"I thought you would refuse. Then I shall marry him. When my life was in danger, you offered one hundred ducats to save me. This is the price you set upon my hand. Here are twenty-five hundred. You have made a good bargain."

She then sent for the stranger. "Monsieur," said she, "I am rich and young, and (she blushed prodigiously while adding one of these hypocritical paraphrases by which women speak of their beauty) I am not considered repulsive. I wish to marry immediately. I see that you are surprised. I will be frank with you. I have sent for you because you have seen my garter. You have rendered me a great service, Monsieur. Without you, all the young men of Boxmeer would have seen it, and, as I could not have married them all, I should have killed myself. But if you are not free, or I am not so happy as to please you, I shall give my hand and my fortune to a man who will kill you. Do you accept, yes or no?"

"Yes, a thousand times yes! a hundred thousand times, yes!"

The marriage took place, and was like all other marriages probably; we have no particulars on the subject. All the young men of Boxmeer were invited to the nuptials and sumptuously feasted.

At her death, which took place in the course of time, the following codicil was found to her will.

"My farm, situated on the borders of the Meuse will remain forever, whoever may be the proprietor of it, subject to the following condition. Every year, under penalty of forfeiture, on the 13th of May, tables shall be prepared, and a ton of strong beer, and twenty ells of the best sausage in Rotterdam, shall be served to the young men of Boxmeer, as a token of gratitude that they saved my life, and of rejoicing that they did not see my garter, the 13th of May, 1756."

Until the present time, that is, during a hundred years, the wishes of the testatrix have been punctiliously executed. But the present heir, on the 13th of last May, attempted to elude them. Under pretext of conforming to the decimal system he gave twenty meters of sausage, instead of twenty ells, which made a difference of four meters to the detriment of the youth of Boxmeer.

Not to lose their fete, they devoured the twenty meters, "under protest," but this year they have brought a suit against the heir and demand that the case shall be decided before the 12th of May.

They tell me that life hath a stormy sea
Dare I trust my bark on its waves with thee?
Dare I trust thee hope of a sunny youth,
And venture my all on the words of truth.

They tell me that love is a word for pain
For an aching heart and a throbbing brain;
They tell me that trust is a word for tears
For a waking dream of tempestuous fears.

Yet I hear thee talk—with a pleasant smile,
And thy dear hand clasping my own the while—
Of a love that the fondest and truest will be,
When the dark storm of wo, sweeps over life's sea.

With thee—with thee! Thou hast won the prize
I have read thy heart through thy fond blue eyes,
My soul has drunk deep of thy passion breath,
My spirit is won—I am thine till death.

When twilight dews are falling fast,
Upon the rosy sea;
I watch that star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee;

And lo! too on that orb so dear,
Ah! dost thou gaze at even,
And think that lost forever here,
Thou'lt yet be mine in heaven?

But a
lorn



A FIRE-SIDE SCENE IN NEW-YORK ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

READING THE PICTORIAL BROTHER JONATHAN—A SONG FOR THE OCCASION.

A happy year! Oh! father dear!
(Happy as we are now!)
To shed its sunshine o'er thy head,
Its bliss upon thy brow!
Your honored love upon your child
Still fondly lavished be,
For that is bliss—oh! father dear!
And sunshine too to me!
And let me pour some tender strain
Of joy upon thine ear,
And wish thee, o'er and o'er again,
A happy, happy year!

A happy year! Oh! mother dear!
Happy as you are kind—
My foolish eyes in that fond wish
With trembling tears grow blind!
For as the sweet past bids my heart
With grateful memories thrill,
Mother! I weep for very joy
Because I have you still!

But tears can never dim the love
I warmly cherish here,
While praying for you, from above,
A happy, happy year!
A happy year! Oh! brother dear!
Happy as you are bold—
Brave heart!—bright youth!—we used to be
Glad play-fellows of old!
Now you are grown a father's hope,
Mother's and sister's pride,
And when kind Heaven may bless you
In the beauty of your bride,
May her pure, warm, enduring love,
Than outward charm more dear,
Wish thee—like me—from day to day,
A happy, happy year!
A happy year! Oh! Sister dear!
Happy as you are fair;
Take, sweetest girl, affection's gift,
Tho' neither rich nor rare.

A watch!—to tell what hours are worth
As old Time runs his tether,
All valued by the happy ones
That we have passed together!
And, Sister! let us near forget,
As o'er Life's sea we steer,
To wish each other, near or far,
A happy, happy year!

A happy, happy, happy year.
To one who, though away,
Fills all my dreaming heart by night,
And all my thoughts by day!
As faithful now they cling to him
As when he came to woo,
Oh! Father dear! you gave me leave
To love him—and I do!
My lover!—speed him safely home!
Thank Heaven he is so dear!
His coming will make this indeed
A happy, happy year!

'Come here, Pat, you truant, and tell me why you come to school so late this morning,' said an Irish school-master to a ragged and shoeless urchin, whose 'young idea' he had undertaken, for a penny a week, to teach 'how to shoot.'

'Please your honour,' replied the ready-witted scholar, 'the frost made the way so slippery, that for every step forward I took two steps backward.'

'Don't you see, Pat,' was the rejoinder of the pedagogue, 'that at that rate ye would never have reached school at all?'

'Just what I thought to myself, yer honour,' replied the boy, 'and so I turned to go home, and after a time I found myself at school.'

A CANDID WITNESS.—At a late examination of witnesses, a man, on being bound over to appear against the prisoner, had the recognizances read over to him by the clerk:—

'You—acknowledge to owe to our Sovereign Lady the Queen 25l., on which he exclaimed,—

'No, sir, I don't, for I never zeed her in 'my life.'

On being explained to him, he consented; but the same being read over to him again for the appearance of his wife in another 25l., he replied,—

'I can't pay at all, sir; I beant worth 50l. if you sell every dish and spoon I've got.'

Yes, I trust my heart hath felt
Deep repentance for my guilt,
And, like Mary, I have fled
To that God who for us bled.
Surely none could calm each fear,
Save the "Rose of Sharon" near.



THE BLIND BOY AT ONE OF HIS PRANKS.

When Love came first to earth, the Spring
Spread rose beds to receive him,
But according to our artist it was a love-
lorn swain who sent him on his first voy-

age. In this picture, "the gallant boy, who loves all times and seasons," is seen floating in his bed of roses down the glad-
some current of a stream, till, like a second

Moses, he is by "an undesigned coincidence" stopped in his career by a fair maid-
en, who, coming to the water-side, plucks the charmed flowers from the river's bo-

som, and planting them in her own, be-
comes an easy victim of the insidious foe.
The figure of the urchin boy is beautiful in
conception.

Poetry.

Written for the Freeman and Visiter.

LINES,

On the death of Miss Hellen A. Starkweather, who died
February 18th, aged 18 years. Respectfully
inscribed to her mourning friends.

BY A FRIEND.

Again 'tis mine to sing a mournful lay;
Again that awful monster, Death, has come
To earth, and torn a lovely flower away,
Which in the sunbeams gay did brightly bloom,
And now within that sweet celestial home
In living garbs of sweetest verdure drest,
That lies beyond the star-bespangled dome,
Where weary souls may find a heavenly rest,
She helps to swell the glorious anthems of the blest.

O! 'tis a sad and solemn sight to see
The beauteous form of buoyant youth laid low,
When life doth onward lure entrancingly,
And span the future's sky with pleasure's bow,
And spread sweet charms around, above, below,—
By death, and wrapt in everlasting gloom!
How fast the scalding tears of anguish flow,
When low we lay them in the chilling tomb,
Although beyond it fadeless flowers of beauty bloom.

Scarce had the brilliant morn of lifetime fled,
Scarce had the dawn of womanhood begun,
When fell consumption, that destroyer dread,
With swift and devastating strides came on,
Nor ceased his work until the deed was done!
The bloom of youth, the glance of beauty's eye,
The golden beam of intellect's bright sun,
The hand of death could not deter. On high
She dwelleth now in joy where pleasures never die.

The joys of earth—how quick they pass away!
They disappear as doth the morning dew
Before the rising sun's effulgent ray,
And nought but emptiness then meets the view,
When gazing Hope's enchanting mirror through,
We see sweet fields with pleasure peopled o'er,
Where purest joys our pathway seem to strew,
Which shall be ours, she says, forever more,
And fill our souls with bliss unknown to us before.

But soon some stern reality appears,
And blasts for aye the pleasing prospect fair;
And turns our smiles of joy to sorrow's tears,
Or sinks the soul, perhaps, in deep despair;
Or else that frightful king, with sternest air,
Appears in view and claims us as his own,
Cuts off our hope of joy, and bears us where
Far sweeter joys than we have ever known,
In bright perennial verdure drest forever bloom.

The young, the old, the innocent, the gay,
Fair Virtue's daughters, and the sons of crime,
Alike to Death's relentless scythe are prey;
And all who dwell in this terrestrial clime,
Each in his own, near by, appointed time,
Must at his mandate bow, and bid adieu
To earthly scenes and soar on wings sublime
Away beyond the sky's ethereal blue,
To taste a purer bliss than mortal ever knew.

Since death must come, let us prepare to go,
When we are summoned, to the realms on high,
To sing with her, who's left this world of woe
For fairer climes beyond the azure sky,
A hymn of praise that will not ever die!
She waits us there; and when we seek that shore,
Where heavenly waters most serenely lie,
Then shall we meet the spirit flown before,
And dwell with her in heavenly courts forevermore.
Walpole, H. N.

A Policeman separating two in a fight?—An interjection displacing a conjunction.
A Bachelor?—A personal pronoun without the plural.

What are the regular part of speech? The tongue, palate, and lips.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION; OR, PETER SWEIGHOFFER'S ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.

BY FALCONERIDGE.

People of strong nervous temperaments are great slaves to the whims and caprices of their imaginations; and hence, people of good mental, but of very ordinary physical acquirements, are the most subject to this tyranny of mind over matter. Occasionally, a very ordinary sort of person—that is, an individual of considerable mind, but whose mental capacities are untrained, and so partially undeveloped—suffers from this peculiar fact, in a most distressing degree. No doubt (says the best physical authority), one-half the ills that flesh is heir to, are superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer alone. Hundreds have died by mere symptoms of cholera, yellow fever, and plague, induced by sheer dread and fear of those terrible maladies.

A case is recorded wherein a felon condemned to death by phlebotomy, had his arm laid bare to the shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a partition, while he was fast bound to the opposite side; the hidden executioner, upon the other side, applied the lancet to the arm with a click; the poor culprit heard the muddy stream outpouring, and soon growing weaker and fainter, he fell into a swoon, and died; when the fact was, not a drop of blood had been shed, a surgeon having merely snapped his lancet upon the arm, and continued to pour a small stream of water over the limb and into a basin!

Another case in "pint" was that of a Philadelphia amateur butcher, who in placing his meat upon a hook, slipped, and hung himself, instead of his beef, upon the barbed point. His agony was intense—he was quickly taken down and carried to a physician's office, and so great was his pain (in imagination), that he cried piteously upon every motion made by the doctor, in cutting the coat and shirt-sleeve from about the wounded arm! When at last the arm was bared, not a scratch was there! The hook point had merely grazed along the skin, and torn the—shirt-sleeve!

I will not multiply the various facts extant in proof of the force exercised by a misdirected imagination; but will mention one case so ludicrously imposing as to cause a pretty broad "smile," if not prove otherwise interesting.

Some years ago, near the town of Reading, Berks County, Pennsylvania, there lived a cosy old farmer, named Sweighoffer—of German descent, and accent, too, as his speech will indicate. Old man Sweighoffer had once served as a member of the Legislature, and was therefore, "no fool;" and as he had also long commanded a volunteer corps of rustic militia, he could hardly be supposed inclined to cowardice. His son Peter was his only son, a strapping lad of seventeen; and upon old Peter and young Peter devolved the principal cares and toils of the old gentleman's farm, now and then assisted by the old lady and her two bouncing daughters—for it is very common in that State to see the women and girls at work in the fields—and upon extra occasions by some hired hands.

Well, one warm day, in haying time, old Peter and young Peter were "hard at it," in the meadow, when the old man drops his scythe and bawls out—

"O! mine Gott, Peter!"

"What's de matter, fader?" answers the son, straightening up, and looking towards his sire.

"O! mine Gott, Peter!" again cries the old man.

"Donder!" echoes young Peter, hurrying up to the old man. "Fader, what is de matter?"

"O, mine Gott! Peter, der shnake bite mine leg!"

If anything, in particular, was capable of frightening young Peter, it was snakes; for he had once nearly crippled himself for life by

tramping upon a crooked stick, which clamped his ankle and so horrified the youngster that he liked to have fallen through himself.

At the word *snake*, young Peter fell back, nimbly as a wire-dancer, and bawled in turn—

"Where is de shnake?"

"Aup mine trowsis, Peter—O, mine Gott!"

"O, mine Gott!" echoed Peter, junior, "kill him, fader—kill him!"

"No-a, no-a; he kill me, Peter; come—come quick—git off mine trowsis!"

But Peter the younger's cowardice overcame his filial love, while his fear lent strength to his legs, and he started, like a scared locomotive, to call the old, burly Dutchman, who was in a distant part of the field, to give the father a lift with the snake. Old Jake, the farmer's assistant, came bundling along as soon as he heard the news, and passing along the fence whereon Peter and his boy had hung up their "linsey woolsey" vests, Jake grabbed one of the garments, and hurried to the old man Peter, who still managed to keep on his pins, although he was quaking and fluttering like an aspen leaf in a June gale of wind.

"O, mine Gott! Come—come quick, Yacob!"

"Vot you got, Peter, eh? Shnake?"

"Yaw, yaw. Come, come, Yacob! He bite me all to pieces—here, aup mine leg!"

Old Jake was not particularly sensitive to fear, but few people, young or old, are dead to alarm when a "pizen" reptile is make a *levy*. Gathering up the stiff, dry stalk of a stalwart weed, old Jake told the boss to stand steady, and he would at least stun the snake by a rap or two, if he did not kill it stone dead; and the old man Peter, less loth to have his leg broken than be bitten to death by the viper, designated the spot to strike, and old Jake let him have it.—The first blow broke the weed, and knocked old Sweighoffer off his pegs and into a hay-cock—cobim!

"O!" roared old Peter, "you broke mine leg and de tam shnake's gone!"

"Vere? Vere?" cries old Jake, moving briskly about, and scanning very narrowly the earth he stood upon.

"Never mind him, Yacob; help me aup—I'll go home."

"Put on your vhest, den; here it is," said the old crout-eater, gathering up his boss, and trying to get the garment upon his lumpy back. The moment old Peter made this effort, he grew livid in his face—his hair stood on end, "like squills upon the frightful porkinhine," as Mrs. Partington observes; he shivered—he shook—his teeth chattered, and his knees knocked a *staccato* accompaniment.

"O! Yacob, carry me home! I'm deat as nits!"

"Vat? Ish nodder shnake in your throw-shers?"

"No-a—look! I'm swelt all aup! Mine vhest won't go on my back. O! O! mine Gott!"

"Ton'ner and blixen!" cried old Jake, as he took the same "conclusion," and with might and main the old man, scared into a most wonderful feat of physical activity and strength, lugged and carried the boss some quarter of half a mile to the house.

Young Peter had shinned it for home at the earliest stage of the dire proceedings, and so alarmed the girls that they were in *high-stakes* when they saw the approach of poor old dad and his assistant.

Old man Peter was carried in, and began to die, natural as life, when in comes the old lady, in a great bustle, and wanted to know what was going on? Old Peter, in the last gasp of agony and weakness, opened his eyes and feebly pointed to his leg. The old woman ripped up the pantaloons, and out fell a small thistle top, and at the same time considerable of a *scratch* was made visible!

"Call dis a shnake? Bah!" says the old woman.

"O, but I'm pizhened to death, Molly! See, I'm all pizhen—mine vhest—O, dear—mine vhest not come over mine pody!"

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared the old woman—

"Vat a fool! You got Peter's vhest on—haw! haw! haw!"

"Bosh!" roars old Peter, shaking off Death's icy fetters at one surge, and jumping up—

"Bosh! Yacob, vat a tam ole fool you mush be, to say I vash shnake-bit! Go 'bout your bishness, gals. Peter; bring me some beer."

The old woman saved Peter's life!

EPITAPHS.

An Epitaph, copied from a tombstone in Burbage Churchyard, Leicestershire.

Here lies to babs that we did love
Departed from us like a dove;
The babs that we did much adore
Is gone and cannot come no more.

In Biddeford Church-yard.

The wedding day appointed was
And wedding cloths provided,
But ere that day did come, alas!
He sickened and he—died!

In Kenwyn Church-yard, Cornwall. In memory of Thomas Cornish, who died Jan. 1, 1844, aged 66 years.

My sledge and hammer lie declined,
My bellows pipes have lost their wind;
My fire's extinguished—coal decayed,
And in the dust my voice is laid;
My iron's wrought, my life is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

In Cottisford Church-yard, Oxfordshire.—This man died in the act of tolling the bell.

John Brown at Cottisford town,
The truth as I do tell,
He was eighty-five as I am alive
And he tolled his passing bell.

In Brackley Church-yard, Northamptonshire.

Our lives is nothing but a winter's day.
Some only break their fast and then away,
Other stay dinner and then go well fed,
The deepest age but sups then goes to bed;
He's more in debt that lingers out the day
He who dies soon hath less and less to pay.

In Fritwell Church-yard, Oxfordshire.

Plain was my portion, physic was my food,
Christ was my physician, for drugs did me no good,

In the Church-yard of Enfield Church, on the tomb of Ann Carey.

Here lies interr'd,
One that scarce err'd;
A virgin modest, free from folly;
A virgin knowing, patient, holy;
A virgin blest with beauty here,
A virgin crowned with glory there;
Holy virgins, read and say,
We shall bither all one day,
Live well, you must
Be turned to dust.

In Enfield Church-yard, on the tomb of John White, Surveyor to the New River Company,

Here lies John White, who day by day,
On river works did use much clay,
If not to clay, yet dust will come,
Which to preserve takes little room,
Although enclosed in this great tomb.

Another.

Here lies, aged threescore and ten,
The aged remains of Mr. Woodhen.

N. B. for hen, read cock; cock would not come in rhyme.

What art thou reading o'er my bones,
I've often read on other stones;
And others soon shall read of thee,
What thou art reading now of me.

Here lies, thank God, a woman, who
Quarrell'd and stormed her whole life through.
Tread lightly o'er her mouldering form,
Or else you'll rouse another storm.

Adam's Sleep.

He laid him down and slept; and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charm'd he called that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.

Lola Montez, after bullying a railway conductor, is charming the Buffalo people.

The failures in Melbourne, Australia, for four years, reach £2,827,000.

The streets in the city of Chicago are to be raised from four to six feet.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

BY E. P. CHRISTY.

Waydown upon the Sawney river,
Far, far away,
Dah's whar my heart is turning ever,
Dah's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation,
Sadly I roam—
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the old folks at home.
All the world am sad and dreary,
Every where I roam—
Oh, darlies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

All 'round the little farin I wandered,
When I was young—
Den my happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung;
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I—
Oh, take me back to my kind mudder,
Dah let me live an' die!
All the world am sad and dreary,
Every where I roam—
Oh, darlies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

ANGEL CHARLIE.

BY FANNIE FALES.

From the New Bedford Standard.

Fold his dimpled hands to rest,
Cross them softly on his breast;
O'er his forehead, pure as snow,
Let the golden ringlets flow;
Ten lerly his eyelids close—
Just a line of azure shows,
Press his lips and let him go,
For the angels miss him so!

"Suffer little ones to come—"
The Redeemer calls him home,
Hushed and holy is the air,
Unseen spirits everywhere;
Ere he passed away, he prayed,
In the "Valley," not afraid:
He has left a track of light
That we follow him aright.

Lay him underneath the snow—
Where the violets will blow
And the gentle blue birds sing
When they feel the breath of Spring—
Pure the covering, and meet
For one innocent and sweet,
Though you love him let him go,
Lay him underneath the snow!

Gone the little dancing feet,
Gone the laughter wild and sweet;
Flying curls of golden hue,
Twining arms, and eyes of blue,
Lips of music, lips of love,
Flown our little fluttering dove,
Gone the sunshine from the room,
Gone from rosy life the bloom.

Angel, in thy home on high,
Dost thou hear us sob and sigh:
Not that thou art safe from woe,
But, we miss thee darling, so,
We are bowing 'neath the rod,
Thou art in the arms of God;
Naught is left us but the shell,
Angel Charlie, "It is well."



The following hymns, were written for the obsequies of Rev. J. E. Emerson which took place at the Federal street church, yesterday:

ORIGINAL HYMN.

[By Miss H. F. GOULD.]

To Thee, O Lord, in dust we kneel,
With sorrow-stricken heart,
Which thou alone hast balm to heal,
Whose wisdom sped the dart.

A flock, we mourn our shepherd, here
No more his face to see:
For, while his voice is in our ear,
His spirit dwells with Thee!

Earth saw him, like the sapling green,
That sure support would find,
Against the cross of Jesus lean,
From every adverse wind.

With name and heart so soon among
The friends of Christ enrolled,
A son of man, he was but young,
When one of God, so old!

His wings, beneath their mortal veil
Prepared for early flight,
Wore, shining, through that fabric frail,
And, mounting, soared from sight!

To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
His teachings to apply:
He sweetly told us how to live,
And showed us how to die!

REQUIEM.

[By A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.]

Soldier of Christ, farewell!
Till the last trump shall sound,
Thy soul at rest in heaven, shall dwell,
Thy body, in the ground.

Before thy morning sun
Had reached its noontide height,
Thy service here was nobly done,
And victory crowned the fight.

We witnessed to thy zeal,
In works of faith and love;
When death on these had set its seal,
Thy witness was above.

The standard thou did'st bear,
Is still to view unfurled;
Be it our anxious, ardent care,
To show it to the world.

When our last foe is slain,
We'll lay our armor by;
And hope with thee to meet again,
Mid shining hosts on high.

Our voices joined once more,
Shall mingle with the strains
That saints and angels sweetly pour
Along the heavenly plains.

Death of a Child.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Hither come at close of day,
And o'er this dust, sweet mothers, pray!
A little infant lies within,
Who never knew the name of sin,
Beloved, bright, and all our own;
Like morning fair, and sooner flown!

No leaves or garlands wither here,
Like those in foreign lands;
No marble hides our dear one's bier,
The work of alien hands;
The months it lived, the name it bore,
The silver tethers, nothing more!

No more;—yet silence stalketh round
This vault so dim and deep,
And death keeps watch without a sound,
Where all lie pale and sleep;
But palest here, and latest hid,
Is he—beneath this coffin lid.

How fair he was,—how very fair,—
What dreams we pondered o'er,
Making his life so long and clear,
His fortunes flowing o'er;
Our hopes,—that he would happy be,
When we ourselves were old—
The scenes we saw or hoped to see,—
They're soon and sadly told.
All was a dream!—it came and fled,
And left us here, among the dead!

Did you ever know a rich man that did not want to be a little richer?

Did you ever know a poor man that did not think somebody poorer than himself?

Did you ever know a lady with a handsome set of teeth that did not laugh?

Did you ever know a season when there was not a complaint that the crops would be short?



PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

By the courtesy of his Excellency the Swedish Minister, we are enabled to present to our readers the accompanying portraits; that of Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, being copied from a painting by M. Baugniot, and that of the Queen, Josephine, from a lithograph, a striking likeness.

OSCAR, was born in Paris, in July, 1799, consequently he is now 45 years of age.—The late King, his father, died in May last, and the Coronation of Oscar, took place at Stockholm in July, 1844, with great pomp.

At the time of the birth of Oscar, his father was commanding the army of reserve on the Rhine, and was, in the same year, appointed Minister of War. His mother was Desirée Clary, the sister of Joseph Bonaparte's wife. In 1796, Napoleon had been a suitor for this lady's hand. In one of his letters, he said, "I will insure to you a brilliant lot. Possibly, I may pass away like a meteor; but I venture to predict that my passage will be long remembered." Mademoiselle de Clary's father, a rich merchant at Marseilles, refused Na-

poleon, (then General-in-Chief of the army in Italy), observing that he thought one Buonaparte enough in his family.

In 1804, Oscar, then five years of age, joined his father, who was governor of the kingdom of Hanover. He was placed at a school, where the sons of some of the best families in the country were his companions. His education took a German rather than a French direction, and he imbibed that taste for the literature and the languages of the north which he has constantly retained. The good fruits of education are manifested in his solid and extensive information, and his truly national spirit.

Prince Oscar accompanied his father in the campaign in Norway in the year 1814, and thereby acquired some experience in warlike operations. He has a taste for the military art, though he is not exclusively devoted to it. He can manoeuvre with admiral skill a corps of infantry or cavalry, or both together. His knowledge of artillery is extensive, and perfectly practical. He was, therefore, appropriately created Grand Master of the

Artillery of the two kingdoms (Master General of the Ordnance).

His countenance is handsome, his features regular, his figure noble and well proportioned, and his look is full of amenity. His manner displays more of the calmness of a native of the north than the vivacity which might be expected in one of French extraction.

He married, twenty years ago, Josephine the daughter of Eugene Beauharnois, Duke of Leuchtenberg (one of the great characters of our age), by a Princess of Bavaria, sister of the present King. Four sons and one daughter are the issue of this marriage.

The succession to the throne is the more firmly secured to his family by the descent of his sons from their grandmother, the Princess of Bavaria; a descent which brings them nearer to the ancient house of Vasa than the Prince is who takes that name, and who really is only Prince of Holstein Gottorp.

The Widow's Charge at Her Daughter's Wedding.

Deal gently, thou whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless 'neath a vernal sun
She gaily carol'd day by day;
The haunt is lone—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her, thou art dear
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamb, from fountain clear,
She turns confiding to the fold;
She, round thy sweet domestic bower,
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,
Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay,
The soul of woman lives in love;
And should'st thou, wandering mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and sooth the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven
When judgement wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of Heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

"Speak Not to Him a Bitter Word"

Would'st thou a wanderer reclaim,
A wild and restless spirit tame;
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's wrath be stirred,
Speak not to him a bitter word—
Speak not—that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny.

If widely he hath gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way;
'Tis pitiful—but yet beware,
Reform must come from kindly care.
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
But in the gentle tones of love,
Though sadly his young heart hath err'd,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

The lowering frown he will not bear,
The venom'd chidings will not hear;
The ardent spirit will not brook,
The stinging tooth of sharp rebuke;
Thou would'st not goad the restless steed
To calm his fire or check his speed;
Then let no angry tones be heard—
Speak not to him a bitter word.

Go kindly to him—make him feel
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal,
Tell him the dangers thick that lay
Around his 'widely devious way';
So shalt thou win him, call him back
From pleasure's smooth, seductive track,
And warnings thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven.

The Flowers of Friendship.

Yes, sacred the hour, and dear to my heart,
When I plucked the sweet flow'ret, from which I'll
ne'er part.
'Twas crushed, it was drooping, all faded it lie,
All blighted by frost-chills,—just ready to die.

I knew not that I could again cause to bloom
The delicate blossom prepared for the tomb;
I knew not that mine was the foot that had blighted,
And deemed not that mine was the 'hand that had
slighted.'

But, I paused! and I thought I would cherish the
flower—
I would strive to refresh it in friendship's sweet bower.
And I asked me the cause why the plant should decay,
And I strove to remove the dead branches away.

'Decay! Ah, it will not.'—A sweet voice replied,—
(I turned, and beheld a loved form by my side—)
'Thine own hand hath blighted, thy hand must now
cherish

'The blossom, all drooping, and ready to perish.
Half doubting, half hoping, repressing a sigh,
For that flower which so sweetly had bloomed but to die,
I prayed that my hand might successfully nourish,—
And the beautiful flower again sweetly flourish.

The prayer was answered,—a kind spirit was near
All gloom to disperse, and the sad heart to cheer.
Its smile was assurance, its words breathed of peace,
My faith still to strengthen, my joys to increase.

'If this floweret of friendship, you would strive yet to
rear,
'Then, away with all doubt, and away with all fear.
'Since a plant of such delicate, heavenly hues,
'Must be chilled 'neath the influence of those blighting
dews.

Let the rich dews of confidence ever impart
'A refreshing influence from thy trusting heart.
'And the plant shall bloom sweetly through life's long
weary hours,
'Imparting rich fragrance, though the darkest sky
lowers.'

I believed! and I turned for that low bended flower;—
All brightly 'twas blooming in friendship's gay bower,
A blessing on earth;—in love it is given,
To cheer life's pathway;—a foretaste of Heaven.
S—, April, 1844. H.

Did you ever know a young single lady that did not expect to get married?

Did you ever know a tailor to send home a garment on the day that he promised it should be done?

Did You Ever? Did you ever see a man who as perfectly contented with his situation?
Did you ever know a period when people did not complain of hard times?

THE WAY MR. B. CARRIED HIS TWO BOTTLES. Divers suburbaners were put to their trumps, last Saturday, to devise means whereby they could take home in the cars, (sub rosa,) a bottle or two of the forbidden beverage, ere the new liquor law came into force.

Various and ludicrous were the expedients resorted to, and it was quite worth one's time to stand in the doorway of either of the railroad stations, and note the bundles of all shapes and sizes, borne beneath the arms of the different passengers, as they hurried past you.

There was the bundle carefully tied up in a handkerchief, which you would have supposed contained a new coat, a new pair of "Sunday pants," or something of that sort, had you not seen a cork slyly poking its head out at the end; there was a package that resembled a roll of magazines, (carried by a severely looking literary man,) and the idea that it was a demijohn would never have struck you, had the bearer thought to have removed from the wrapper a card labelled,—"From ——— C. & Co., dealers in wines and liquors, Congress-st.,"—and there was something a lady in black was warmly pressing to her bosom, as she came up the steps,—her last and only babe! you inwardly exclaim, expecting every moment to hear a squall,—but as the good woman steps on her dress, and you see her trip, and fall,—and as you rush forward to assist her to rise, you hear a sudden cracking, and the sound, as it were, of "running waters," and you,—but no matter.

Well, now, how did Mr. B. manage with his two bottles?—our good friend B. of the Plain.

Why, having despatched to Mrs. B., by the express, at her request, a box or so of ale and porter, he bethought him that a trifle of Otard, might not come amiss, during the warm weather.

But how should he take it out? "Carrying bundles" of any kind he detests,—more than all, bundles of bottles.

Presently, his eye fell on a hat box that stood on a shelf in his office. "I have it!" he exclaimed, "I'll take the bottles in that box,—surely there's no harm in one's carrying one's new hat home in one's own hands!"

Accordingly, at about six P. M. on Saturday last, there might have been seen a very respectable middle aged gentleman rapidly walking across the Common, with a large blue hat box under one arm and an umbrella under the other.

Now it is no common affair with Mr. B.—this getting a new hat,—and his Dedham and Jamaica Plains friends know it. He should not have been surprised, therefore, to hear this gentleman and that, as they passed him in the car, whisper in his ear,—“Ah, Mr. B., got a new hat? eh?” “Well, B., I declare you are dashing out!” “Zounds! B., my good fellow! ain't you extravagant, for these times?” “I say, B., who suffers,—Aborn or Buditt?”—and so on.

But Mr. B.'s vexations,—as sorely as these annoyed him,—did not end here.

Not a Jamaica Plain, nor a Dedham gentleman did he meet in town on the following Monday, (whether the thing was preconcerted or no, is neither here nor there,) who failed to button-hole him, and ask,—“Has that hat been wet yet?”

“God bless you!” he would answer, “we can't get anything now, you know.”

“Never mind,” was the universal rejoinder, “a glass of soda will do as well.” And soda it was, pretty much all day.

“Well,” said Mr. B., as he sat down to supper that evening, “what do you suppose those two bottles of Otard, cost me?”

“Why, you told me one dollar and fifty cents each.”

“Yes,” cried Mr. B., bringing his clenched hand down on the table in a way that made everything rattle, “yes, that is what I paid Mr. ———, on Saturday,—but, to-day, they have cost me, in addition, more than fifty of Fred. Brown's and Tompkins's soda tickets!”

BABY POETRY. The following “Baby Poetry” appeared in the Buffalo Republic. It deserves a place in the next volume of nursery rhymes for its faithfulness, if not for its beauty. The author must be fresh from the “baby haunts,” or else he is in possession of an extraordinary memory:

Where is the baby? Bless its heart—
Where is muzzer's darling boy?
Does it hold its little hands apart?
The dearest, bestest toy?
And so it does! And will its little chin
Grow just as fast as butter?
And will it poke its little finger in
Its tummy little mouth, and mutter
Niecey weezy words,
Just like little Yaller Birds?
And so it will! And so it may,
No matter what its pappy, mammy say!
And does it wink its little eye-eyes,
And when it's mad it up and crieses?
And does it squall like chick-a-dees
At every thing it sees?
Well it does! Why not, I pray?
Ain't it muzzer's darlin every day?
Ain't it the image of its pappy—
The sonny of its maw?
Oh! what's the matter? Oh, my! Oh, my!
What makes my sweetest chicken cry?
Oh, nasty, ugly pin, to prick it!—
It's darlin muzzer's darlin cricket!
There! there! she's thrown it in
The fire—the kuel, wicked pin!
There! hush my honey! go to sleep,
Rocked in a kadle of a deep!

The Vows of Men.

Write on the sand when the tide is low,
Seek the spot when the waters flow;
Whisper a name when the storm is heard,
Pause that the echo may catch the word;
If that you write on the sand should last,
If the echo is heard mid the tempest's blast,
Then believe, and not till then,
That there's truth in the vows of men.

Throw a rose on the stream of morn,
Watch at eve for the flower's return;
Drop in the ocean a golden grain,
Hope 'twill shine on the shore again;
If the rose you again behold,
If you gaze on your grain of gold,
Then believe, and not till then,
There's truth in the vows of men.

The Autobiography of the Widow Billings, the Boarding House Keeper.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

At the suggestion of several esteemed friends,—and influenced somewhat, perhaps, by the enviable notoriety so many of my sex have recently attained in the field of letters, as writers and authoresses,—I approach the public to-day, (not without timid misgivings, be assured, dear reader, as my success,) an humble applicant for a small share of the favors it has so liberally bestowed on those who have gone before me.

To some, the autobiography of a simple boarding house keeper may seem, of necessity, tame, dull, and insipid. Others there are, however, (and their name, as I believe, is Legion,) with whom it may possess an ordinary interest, coming in contact, as they do, beneath the roof of their boarding houses, with living, moving representatives of the characters acting as the dramatic personas in the various scenes described.

To the latter class, I mainly dedicate these pages, though I am vain enough to believe that the former will find much in them to amuse, if not instruct. Of my parents, and the early incidents of my life, I say nothing. They would be of no interest to the reader. I may be permitted perhaps, however, to say that the untold luxuries of my happy, blissful childhood, offer a sad contrast, indeed, as I recall reminiscences of those far off days, to the wants and privations that followed, as after years rolled on. They do indeed.

Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the day when C. Augustus Billings, Esq., junior partner of the firm, “———, & Billings Brothers,” No. ——, Milk street, led the writer of these sketches to the altar, and good old Dr. ——, made us twain, one.

Charles was young, fine looking, and full of life and spirit. My father said he was “an exceedingly promising young man,”—mother dearest he was “the best mannered youth she had ever seen,”—and all my school mates vowed it was “really too bad that Kit Carleton should catch such a sweet pretty fellow as ‘Gus’ Billings, she was such a dreadful homely crea-ure!”

Well, we were married, and “settled down.” We lived in what is called “good style.”—I had my three servants, and ‘Gus,’ he kept his buggy and pair of bays.

For ten years everything went on “as merry as a marriage bell.” Upon the beginning of the next, my husband contracted a fever which laid him upon his bed,—from which he was taken, only to be carried to the tomb.

I was left with four children, but it was supposed by everybody that my husband's estate, when settled, would prove amply for our support.

It was soon discovered, however, that the affairs of the house of “Messrs. ——, & Billings Brothers,” were in a sadly complicated state, and, within a few weeks, their failure was publicly announced.

This was a sad blow indeed, and my cup of bitterness was filling fast. But I remembered that Augustus told me, some years ago, that he had effected insurance on his life for \$10,000, for the benefit of his wife and children, and I so formed my father.

He proceeded at once to the office, and was there told by the Secretary, that the policy had expired, in consequence of the non payment of the premium, precisely three months before!

“The careless scamp!” muttered my father to himself, and then quickly added, “No, no! it's too soon for that!” And I don't note a tear stood in the old man's eye, as he recalled the harsh expression,—for he dearly loved my ‘Gus,’ with all his foibles. And so did I!

My parents were rich,—not wealthy, it is true,—and an asylum for me and mine beneath the roof that sheltered me when a child, was freely offered me. But I preferred to earn a support for us all, if possible, with the toiling of my own head and hands, and I opened a boarding-house,—that denizen resort of so many, placed in my unhappy situation.

The characters that follow I intend shall exhibit some incidents in my experience while passing through the “fiery ordeal.” With descriptions of scenes that served but to embitter and make miserable many among those long and dreary days, shall be given none that could but amuse me, albeit for an idle hour only.

Among other characters, to be introduced to the reader, there will appear, as we go along, Mr. Pipa, the quiet boarder;—old Mr. Bunsford, the fidgety boarder; Frank Soper, (Washington street clerk) the wild boarder;—old Mrs. Sinbbs, the nervous boarder;—Mrs. Higginbotham, the boisterous boarder;—Mrs. Smith, the pious boarder;—Hon. Mr. Bank, (member of the Legislature) the demure boarder;—Mr. Waite, the delinquent boarder;—Mrs. Tilton, the unhappy boarder;—Mr. Worth, the prompt-paying boarder;—Captain Brist, the smoking boarder; and young Mr. Frott, the boarder who played on the violin.

May 18th.

Retail Prices at Faneuil Hall Market.

The prices of provisions still rule high, and yet the market appears to be abundantly supplied. It is supposed that fresh meats cannot command the extreme high prices they are now selling for, for any great length of time, because on the approach of warm weather the consumption very sensibly diminishes. As the season advances, the early succulent garden vegetables will rapidly fall in price, and they will be in the market in abundance. A few strawberries and small lots of tomatoes have made their appearance and have been sold at fabulous prices.

The following is a list of prices for the principal articles in Faneuil Hall Market this morning:

- Beef—Roasting pieces, per lb, 12 a 18c; corned, 10 a 12; rump steak, 20 a 22.
- Pork—Roasting pieces, 11c; corned 9.
- Veal—Hind quarters, 8 a 12½; fore quarters, 5 a 8.
- Lamb—Quarters, \$1 50.
- Mutton—One shilling per lb.
- Tripe—10c.
- Hams—11 a 12½c.
- Turkeys—Per piece 1 50 a 32.
- Chickens—One shilling per lb.
- Butter—New tub, 25 a 28; old tub, 20 a 25; new lump, 30 a 32; old lump, none.
- Cheese—10 a 17c.
- Eggs—Per dozen, 18c.
- Fish—Halibut, 8c; salmon, 50; cod, 4; mackerel, per piece, 12½; lobsters, 5c per lb.
- Potatoes—Beachblows, per barrel, \$3; do. per bushel, \$1; Carter, per barrel, 4 50; do. per bushel, 1 50.
- Apples—Russets per barrel, \$5; do. per bushel, \$2; Baldwin, none.
- Green Peas—per bushel, \$8.
- Asparagus—Per dozen bunches, \$1 50.
- Radishes—Per dozen bunches, 75c; do. per bunch, 8.
- Lettuce—Per bunch, 8c.

NOT BAD. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times, from Burlington, Vt, relates the following:—

“I am reminded,—speaking of cheese—of a little anecdote the stage-driver told me yesterday. We were passing an old farm-house with an untidy yard, and dilapidated out-buildings, when he said—

“A Boston man got off a pretty open speech to the owner of that place, t'other day.”

“What was it?” I asked.

“Why, he called at the house to buy cheese, but when he came to look at the lot, he concluded he didn't want ‘em, they were so full of ‘skippers.’ So he made an excuse, and was going away, when the farmer said to him:—

“Look here, Master, how can I get my cheese down to Boston the cheapest?”

The gentleman looked at the stuff a moment and saw the maggots squirming, and said—

“Well, I don't know; let ‘em be a day or two, and you can drive ‘em right down!”

It seems to me the answer was somewhat “pertinent to the occasion.”

DIDN'T GET MARRIED. Less than two years since, a lady and gentlemen, residents of a neighboring town, were engaged to be married. When the time for the union arrived, however, the fair one proved false and refused to fulfil her part of the obligation. Since then they both came to this city, where the engagement was renewed, and the lady was promising herself the bliss of a bride. Last Sunday was the appointed time for the twain to become one flesh; and the church the place of the ceremony. After services in the morning, more than fifty persons waited to witness the scene, and the priest was at the altar, when the man quietly remarking to the lady,—“before, I wanted to get married and you sacked me, and now you want to get married and I do the same,”—left the house, to the no small amazement of all parties, and the great disappointment of the spectators present, to say nothing of the lady.—Newburyport Herald.

RATHER DIE THAN STEAL. A stranger in Lawrence recently applied to an apothecary in that place for a quantity arsenic. The apothecary's suspicions being aroused, he questioned his customer pretty closely, and finally the would-be purchaser confessed that he was out of employment, had traveled from town to town in quest of work, without success; that he had been driven by hunger and despair to the determination to make way with himself. The apothecary dissuaded him from his purpose, took him home to supper, and finally found him employment in one of the mills of that city. The apothecary can now adopt the sign of the good Samaritan without incurring the imputation of sailing under false colors.

CURIOUS INCIDENT. Passing through Merchant's Row, Boston, the other day, we noticed a well-dressed individual who suddenly stopped short, and produced from his coat a pocket pistol, opened his mouth, and deliberately discharged the contents down his throat! No immediate evil effect was apparent, and, strange to say, he scarce attracted the attention of the passing throng.—Exchange.

WHEN Mr. L. was discharged from the pastoral care of his church, an old lady who was very fond of him, in attempting to offer consolation, addressed him as follows: “Ah! Mr. L., they may say what they will, but, but I think as I always did—I think you a good man—not equal to Christ, but fully equal to Antichrist.”

THE WASHINGTON ELM. This tree, sacred, almost, from the associations connected with it, stands on the corner of Garden and Mason streets, Old Cambridge, but is fast going to decay from neglect. Two or three years ago, Rev. Daniel Austin, a patriotic gentleman of Cambridge, caused a neat iron fence to be constructed around the tree, at a cost of \$300, but as no granite posts or other guards were erected, the fence has become injured from carriages striking against it. There is a cavity at the base of this noble elm, where water flows in and remains in a stagnant pool, to the great damage of the trunk. A few months ago a large limb was broken off by the wind.

Not a dollar, we believe, has ever been appropriated by the city to preserve the tree, but we know there are patriotic men in Cambridge who would cheerfully contribute to a fund for that purpose. Beneath the shade of this tree Washington appeared at the head of his army. But its history is well known, and hundreds of strangers visit the spot every summer. By a judicious expenditure of a small sum of money and labor by a competent forester, the tree can be kept in a good state of preservation for many years—but if neglected a few seasons longer, the unsightly and decayed trunk, with withered and broken branches, will be all that will remain.—Chronicle.

LITTLE EVA.

Written after hearing the Play called Uncle Tom's.

BY W. WEBSTER CLAPLIN.

Little Eva! angel Eva!
O'er thy pure and spotless soul,
The dark stream of Sin must never
With its blasting current roll.
Grief must never cause to languish
The kind heart of one like thee;
Sorrow, care, and earthly anguish
Strangers to thee e'er must be.

Earth is not thy home, sweet Eva,
It is far too dark and drear;
Earthly love, though strong, can never
Bind thee to this sin-filled sphere.
Lovely Eva! Christ-like Eva!
Angels call thee from above;
Pain and wrong shall reach thee never,
In those realms of peace and love.

Would to God there were more Evas
In this dreary world of ours;
And that they might never leave us
In our dark, desponding hours;
Then whate'er of ill betide us,
Till the last earth-tie is riven,
Angel spirits e'er would guide us
To their far-off, native Heaven.

DIDN'T KNOW HIMSELF. A few years since a gentleman extensively connected with the wholesale West India trade in this city, and as well known for his many virtues and benevolence as for his independence in the matter of dress, entered the old Exchange Coffee House in Devonshire street, and was astonished to observe that several of his old and intimate friends did not recognize him. He had just donned a new blue coat, with bright brass buttons, and was, in fact, as thoroughly disguised as if he entered the room with mask and domino. Our friend could not imagine the cause of this lack of recognition, and walked up to the mirror which used to overhang the cozy little-hunch table of the Exchange, to see whether he was really himself or somebody else. He looked at his face. “Those are John Goodenow's eyes, those are John Goodenow's cheeks, that is John Goodenow's nose,” exclaimed he, “but damme if this is John Goodenow's coat. Waiter!” he cried. “A waiter was in a moment at his side. “Bring me a flour dredger.” The dredger was brought, and the bean new coat so thoroughly besprinkled with flour that it resembled an old worthless garment. “There,” said uncle John, surveying himself in the glass, “now I'd like to see the man who would intimate that I am not plain John Goodenow.” The first to recognize him in his accustomed habiliments was the venerable and wealthy Joshua Sears, Esq., and after a hearty shake of the hand and a hearty laugh, the two worthy gentlemen took a glass of stone-fence, and then walked on “Charge to give tone and body to the money and molasses market.—Times.

FIRE PREVENTED BY A YOUNGSTER. On Monday evening, the residence of William Barnicoat, Esq., Ex Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, 372 Tremont street, was saved from serious damage, if not total loss by fire, through the instrumentality of his little grandson George, about three years old. The little fellow had been put to bed for the night, and had been absent but a few minutes, when he returned to the room—in which Capt. Barnicoat and family were seated, and in a hurried manner exclaimed, “Gan pa, Dordy fraid to sleep in that room! room burn up, Gan-pa.” Capt. Barnicoat instantly hastened to the room and found one of the window curtains on fire and in a blaze. With his accustomed and well known coolness, he managed to extinguish the fire, but not until the sash and casing of the window was considerably charred. It appears that the servant girl, who put “Dordy” to bed, accidentally set the curtain on fire from her lamp, and left the chamber without perceiving that the lamp had been too near the curtain.—Journal.

ELOQUENT BREVITY. That “brevity is the soul of wit” has been uttered again and again, until it is as “familiar as household words,” and many are the examples given in proof of the assertion. But we heard on Saturday of an instance in which brevity was not only witty but eloquent; if by eloquence we are to understand the accomplishing of the object in view. In this case, the eloquence was the result of accident and not design, but none the less powerful for that—but the story.

Once upon a time, in a certain city, there lived a merchant, whose name is not at all necessary. Times were hard, as they are now, and the merchant had received from one of his customers at a distance, in answer to a previous dun, a letter stating his difficulties, and requesting time.

Agitated, not with that matter only, but many others, the merchant paced the floor of his counting-room, with arms behind his back, and a lowering. Stopping, suddenly, he turned to his clerk and said:

“Mr. ——— write to that man immediately.”

“Yes, sir.”

The paper was ready, and the pen filled with ink; but still the merchant held his peace; his clerk called to him once or twice, and not receiving any answer, left his stool and went to remind him that he was ready.

“Well, write.”

“What shall I write?”

“Something or nothing, and that very quick.”

Back to his desk went the clerk, rapidly moved his fingers over the paper. The letter was sealed, and backed, and sent to the office. By return of mail came a letter from his delinquent customer, inclosing the money in full of his account. The merchant's eyes glistened when he opened his letter, and hastening to his clerk he said:—

“What did you say to ——— when you wrote the other day? Here is the money this morning in full of his account.”

“I wrote just what you told me—and kept a copy of the letter.”

Going to his letter book, and opening, he found the following:—

“DEAR SIR:—Something or nothing, and that very quick.”

“Yours, &c., ———.”

And that letter brought the money.—Louisville Democrat.

“If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty and in autumn no fruit; so if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.”

STEAM BEATEN BY MUSCLE. On Friday, at a trial of a steam fire engine at Philadelphia, the steam squirt was beaten, playing a perpendicular stream, by a hand engine.

ANECDOTE OF MR. CHOATE. At the trial of the savage case of the Bark Missouri, at Boston, last week, (the case in which a part of the cargo was embezzled by the masters of the two vessels on the coast of Sumatra some time since,) one of the masters was examined as a witness, and disclosed the plan of embezzlement, and stated the inducements that were offered to him by the other master. He said that he objected at first, and told his comrade they would be found out and convicted, but was overborne by the assurances given him. Mr. Choate cross examined him strictly and particularly as to what the inducements and assurances were. The witness had the appearance of holding back a little, but at last he said:—“Well, sir, he told me that if we were found out, he would get us off if we were caught with the money in our boots.” It was not five minutes, nor ten minutes, that it required to bring the audience back to a sober countenance. The counsel on the other side paid a tribute, in his closing argument, to the genius of Mr. Choate, the fame of which, extending to the antipodes, was relied upon as stronger than the law and the evidences.—N. Y. Eve. Post.

MOSQUITO SONG.

In a summer's night I take my flight
To where the maidens repose;
And while they are slumbering sweet and sound,
I bite them on the nose!

Honor thee! yes, if thou wilt live
A life of truth and purity;
When I have seen thy worthiness,
I cannot choose but honor thee.

Obedience! when I have fully learned
Each want and wish to understand,
I'll learn the wisdom to obey,
If thou hast wisdom to command.

Love! when I have fully learned
Promises to love! why woman thinks
To love a privilege, not a task;
If thou wilt truly take my heart
And keep it, this is all I ask.

LOVE, HONOR, AND OBEY.

So if I fail to live with thee
In duty, love, and lowliness,
Thine Nature's fault, or time, or both,
The greater must control the less.

“You find your most treasured a great comfort, don't you, Tom?” “Well, yes; but I'm afraid I must cut ‘em, for one's obliged to dress for his my delight to buzz and blear; so doosed expensive to make everything accord.” In the season of the year.

“You find your most treasured a great comfort, don't you, Tom?” “Well, yes; but I'm afraid I must cut ‘em, for one's obliged to dress for his my delight to buzz and blear; so doosed expensive to make everything accord.” In the season of the year.

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When I was in my Prime!

I.

I mind me of a pleasant time,—
A season long ago,—
The pleasantest I've ever known,
Or ever now can know :
Bees, birds and little tinkling rills
So merrily did chime ;
The year was in its sweet spring-tide,
And I was in my prime !

II.

I've never heard such music since,
From every bending spray,"
I've never pulled such primroses,
Set thick on bank and brae,—
I've never smelt such violets,
As, all that pleasant time,
I found by every hawthorn root,
When I was in my prime.

III.

Yon mossy down, so black and bare,
Was gorgeous, then, and gay
With gorse and gowan, blossoming
As none blooms now-a-day :—
The blackbird sings but seldom now,
Up there in the old lime,
Where, hours and hours, he used to sing,
When I was in my prime.

IV.

Such cutting winds came never then,
To pierce one through and through ;
More softly fell the silent shower—
More balmily the dew :
The morning mist and evening haze—
Unlike this cold gray rime—
Seemed woven waves of golden hair
When I was in my prime.

V.

And black-berries—so mawkish now—
Were finely flavored then,
And hazle nuts! such clusters thick
I ne'er shall pull again ;—
Nor straw-berries, blushing wild, as rich
As fruits of sunniest clime ;—
How ALL is altered for the worse,
Since I was in my prime!



WEBSTER ON THE EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.—There are very few, we think, who will not agree with us, after reading the following, in the opinion that Daniel Webster would have been as distinguished in the pulpit as he has been at the bar and in the Senate :—
A few evenings since, sitting by his own fireside, after a day of severe labor in the Supreme Court, Mr. Webster introduced the last Sabbath's sermon, and discoursed in animated and glowing eloquence for an hour on the great truths of the Gospel. I cannot but regard the opinions of such a man in some sense as public property. This is my apology for attempting to recall some of those remarks which were uttered in the privacy of the domestic circle.

Said Mr. Webster :—"Last Sabbath I listened to an able and learned discourse upon the evidences of Christianity. The arguments were drawn from prophecy, history, with internal evidence. They were stated with logical accuracy and force; but, as it seemed to me, the clergyman failed to draw from them the right conclusion. He came so near the truth that I was astonished that he missed it. In summing up his arguments, he said the only alternative presented by these evidences is this : Either Christianity is true, or it is a delusion produced by an excited imagination. Such is not the alternative, said the critic; but it is this : The gospel is either true history, or it is a consummate fraud; it is either a reality, or an imposition. Christ was what he professed to be, or he was an imposter. There is no other alternative. His spotless life in his earnest enforcement of the truth, his suffering in his defence, forbids us to suppose that he was suffering an illusion of a heated brain."

Every act of his pure and holy life shows that he was the author of truth, the advocate of truth, the earnest defender of truth, and the uncompromising sufferer for truth. Now, considering the purity of his doctrine, the simplicity of his life, and the sublimity of his death, is it possible that he would have died for an illusion? In all his preaching the Saviour made no popular appeals. His discourses were all directed to the individual. Christ and his Apostles sought to impress upon every man the conviction that he must stand or fall alone—he must live for himself and die for himself, and give up his account to the omniscient God, as though he were the only dependent creature in the Universe. The gospel leaves the individual sinner alone with himself and his God. To his own master he stands or falls. He has nothing to hope from the aid and sympathy of associates. The deluded advocates of new doctrines do not so preach. Christ and his Apostles, had they been deceivers, would not have so preached.

If clergymen in our days would return to the simplicity of the gospel, and preach more to individuals and less to the crowd, there would not be so much complaint of the decline of true religion. Many of the ministers of the present day take their text from St. Paul, and preach from the newspapers. When they do so, I prefer to enjoy my own thoughts rather than to listen. I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the gospel, saying, "You are mortal! your probation is brief; your work must be done speedily. You are immortal, too. You are hastening to the bar of God! the Judge standeth before the door." When I am thus admonished, I have no disposition to muse or to sleep. "These topics," said Mr. Webster, "have often occupied my thoughts; and if I had time, I would write on them myself."

The above remarks are but a meagre and imperfect abstract, from memory, of one of the most eloquent sermons to which I have listened.—[Congregational Journal.]

THE ACTRESS.

Loud rang the deaf'ning plaudits—there she stood
"Joking" in her magnificence—her eye
Lit with a haughty splendor, and her brow
Beaming with conscious intellect. That form,
That look, that mind placed in another sphere
Had raised contention on the thrones of Kings.
Loud rang the deaf'ning plaudits—there she stood
Her red lips slightly parted, and there came
Sweet breathings through those portals. Oh! she was
Too proud a thing to walk this servile earth,
Too beautiful for this world's gazing on,
And jealousy had marred with lying breath
The lustre of her glory—there had gone
Out from the lips of Envy perjured tales
That spoke of worthlessness—and poisoned words
Had sunk upon her brain—she pondered them ;
And even when the voice of praise was loud
As now it was, it brought no healing balm
Upon its breath—the world was lone and dark
And desolate and false—she loathed the chain
That bowed her down in spirit, and she grew
Mournful and broken-hearted, faint and sick.
She was too proud to show it—may the flame
That burned consumingly within, but lent
A richer crimson to her burning cheek,
A dazzling lustre to her full blue eye,
And pride and majesty to every look,
And every motion.

'Twas the closing scene
Of a deep Tragedy—and she had played
Her part with fearful energy—for truth
Spoke from her burning lips, and the despair
Of fiction, in her living earnestness
Grew real ; and man praised and woman wept,
Unconscious that the bitter, burning drops
Fell at the words of real misery.
Long rang the plaudits—she had played her part
Bravely—the mimic scene was near its close.
And when with deep solemnity she raised
The chalice to her lips, each gazer on
Felt his heart beating and his eye grow wild
With wonder at the fearfulness of truth :
And almost saw the pulse of that bright lip
Beating upon the poison'd goblet's rim.
Long rang the plaudits—she has dropp'd to earth—
The golden cup flung, drained to parching, dry.
Her marble forehead leaned upon her hand,
Reposing with a leaden weight—the curls
Fell unrestrained and motionless about
The ashy hand—the fearful hour come on.
The glazing eye—the pale and quivering lip,
The forehead throbbing with an aching pulse,
The quick decay, the groan, the heavy fall
All—all are past. Why crowd her comrades so
About the fallen figure? There was one,
An aged woman bent above the form—
A heart was breaking in that moistened eye,
Sadly she gazed upon the fallen one.
She placed her trembling hand upon the heart,
No pulse beat there—the lip was damp and wet—
Wet with a deadly poison. Death was there!

Jenny's Husband.

At one of the concerts of Jenny Lind, at Tripler Hall—we forget just how long ago—a newly arrived pianist made his first appearance. There was little curiosity about him. The songstress, whom the thousand present had gone only to hear—sang—lifted all hearts into the air she stirred, to drop back, with an eternal memory of her, when she ceased. And then came, according to programme, "Herr Otto Goldschmidt." He played, and the best educated critic in New York said to a lady beside him, "The audience don't know what that is!" But the audience had another object for their attention. The side door of the stage had opened, and Jenny Lind, breaking through her accustomed rule of reserving her personal presence for her own performances, stood in full view as a listener. The eyes of the audience were on her, but hers were on the player. She listened with absorbed attention, nodding approbation at the points of artistic achievement, and, when he

closed (four thousand people will remember it,) she took a step forward upon the stage, and beat her gloved hands together with enthusiasm unbounded. The audience put it down to her sympathy for a modest young stranger ; and so, perhaps, did the recording angel—with a prophetic smile!—*Home Journal.*

CHEAP MODE OF FILTERING WATER.—Procure a clean flower-pot of the common kind, close the opening in the bottom, by a piece of sponge; then place in the inside a layer of small stones, previously well cleansed by washing; this layer may be about two inches deep, the upper stones being very small. Next procure some freshly-burnt charcoal, which has not been kept in a damp or foul place, as it rapidly absorbs any strong smells, and so becomes tainted and unfit for such purposes; reduce this to powder, and with it, twice its bulk of clear, well-washed, sharp sand; with this mixture, fill the pot to within a short distance of the top, covering it with a layer of small stones, or what is perhaps better, place a piece of thick flannel over it, large enough to tie round the rim of the pot outside, and to form a hollow inside, into which the water to be filtered is to be poured, and which will be found to flow out rapidly, through the sponge, in an excellent pure state.

Letter of Condolence

To Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Stewart, of East Cambridge, on the death of her only child, aged seven years.

BEREAVED FRIENDS,—Prompted by a deep feeling of sympathy which pervades the heart of every bereaved mother who has been called to resign to earth the remains of a darling child, it is with heartfelt satisfaction that I am induced to comply with your request, and offer at this time those words of consolation which your peculiar situation strongly claims. And O, that I could write with the "point of a diamond," kindly directed by some sweet ministering spirit, which would have power to still the upheavings of a heart saddened and bereft, in mercy directing to that great Fount of everlasting love, which chastens only to bless.

When I view that dear picture which was sent for me to look upon, and see there the lively impress of that mother, whose whole nature is sympathy and love; and when I see, too, the perfect features of that precious child, strongly bearing the marks of one more fitted for heaven than earth, I feel that an abler pen than mine should attempt to assuage the grief, and calm the soul that heaves the deep drawn sigh. You need not tell me, my dear sister, that your love was deep, was strong! I see it, I know it! You need not tell me that the object of your love was interesting, was beautiful! for no one could look upon that noble head, and that expressive countenance, without love and admiration. But while we look we see the impress of heaven itself, we see there the lineaments of a mind which earth would fail to satisfy,—

And God, your Father, took him home,
To be with angels blest,
In that pure world of ceaseless joy,
And everlasting rest ;—
Where you shall meet, and with him join
Your heavenly notes to raise,
Uniting in one holy song
Of never ceasing praise!

O! she was a maid of a laughing eye,
And she lived in a garret cold and high ;
And he was a threadbare, whiskered beau,
And he lived in a cellar damp and low.

But the rosy boy of the cherub wing
Hath many a shaft for his slender string,
And the youth below and the maid above
Were touched with the flaming darts of love.



THE FAMOUS CHARTER OAK, HARTFORD, CONN., AS IT APPEARED AT THE TIME OF ITS FALL.

Further Demonstrations

RESPECT TO WEBSTER.

INCIDENTS, ETC.—LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT.

IMPRESSIVE SERMON OF REV. DR. DEWEY, IN WASHINGTON.

The Mercantile Library Association have a special meeting to-night, to take measures to express their sympathy for the loss the nation has sustained in the death of Mr. Webster. The association-rooms have been draped in mourning.

Franklin Pierce has written to the family, claiming the privilege and expressing his intention of being present at the sad solemnities.

He dictated his will himself, with remarkable particularity and precision, and at some length, two days before his death.

His private papers have all been sealed up, and with his will, have been deposited in the vault of one of the Boston banks, where they will remain until after his funeral.

His executors are his widow, Caroline Le Roy Webster, Fletcher Webster, and R. M. Blatchford, of New York.

The following letter has been addressed by President Fillmore to the heads of departments:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Monday morning, Oct. 25, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:—The painful intelligence received yesterday, enforces upon me the sad duty of announcing to the Executive Department the death of the Secretary of State. Daniel Webster died in Marshfield, Mass., on Sunday, the 24th of October, between the hours of 2 and 3 in the morning. Whilst this irreparable loss brings its natural sorrow to every American heart, and will be heard far beyond our borders with mournful respect wherever civilization has nurtured men who find in transcendent intellect and faithful patriotic service a theme for praise, it will visit with still more poignant emotion his colleagues in the administration with whom his relations have been so intimate and cordial.

The fame of our illustrious statesman belongs to his country; the admiration of it to the world. The record of his wisdom will inform future generations, not less than its utterance has enlightened the present. He has bequeathed to posterity the richest fruits of the experience and judgment of a great mind, conversant with the greatest national concerns. In these his memory will endure as long as our country shall continue to be the home and the guardian of freemen.

The people will share with the Executive Department in the common grief which befalls his departure from amongst us. In the expression of individual regret at this affecting event, the Executive Department of the Government will be careful to manifest every observance of honor which custom has established, as appropriate to the memory of one as a public functionary, and so distinguished as a citizen.

The Acting Secretary of State will communicate this intelligence to the diplomatic corps near this Government, and through our Ministers abroad to foreign governments.

The members of the Cabinet are requested, as a further testimony of respect for the deceased, to wear the usual badges of mourning for thirty days. I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,
MILLARD FILLMORE.

To the Acting Secretary of State and the Secretary of the Treasury, Interior, War, and Navy, and the Attorney General and the Postmaster General.

ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE SUFFOLK BAR.—Pursuant to the adjournment of Monday, the members of the Suffolk Bar again met in the room of the Law Library, yesterday morning. In the absence of Mr. Loring, Sidney Bartlett, Esq., was called to the Chair.

It was moved that an addition of four members be made to the committee chosen on Monday, and that a further adjournment be had until Thursday morning, in order to give full opportunity to prepare a full and satisfactory report. These suggestions were agreed to, and on motion of Mr. Choate the gentleman named as follows were added to the committee:

Professor Simon Greenleaf, Judge Warren, Tolman Willey, and John P. Putnam, Esqs.

On motion of Mr. Choate, the meeting then adjourned to meet at half past nine o'clock on Thursday morning, in the Supreme Court Room.

U. S. CIRCUIT COURT.—The United States Marshal read a communication from Judge Curtis, stating that no proceedings would be had by this Court in reference to the deceased until after the action of the Suffolk Bar on Thursday.

At the post mortem examination of the body of Mr. Webster, it was found that he died of disease of the liver. The immediate cause of death was hemorrhage from the stomach and bowels, owing to a morbid state of the blood consequent upon the above disease. There was also dropsy on the abdomen.

At the free soil meeting at South Boston on Monday evening, a letter was read from Hon. J. G. Palfrey, who, it was announced, would speak upon the occasion, stating that in consequence of the relations that had always existed between him and the departed statesman, having been for some time his pastor, his feelings would not permit him to address an assembly where it would be necessary from his position in the opposite party to speak of Mr Webster's public career disparagingly and with censure.

At the meeting of the Mattapan Literary Association, Henry A. Drake, Esq., arose and made a touching and beautiful tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. He then offered a series of resolutions expressive of the honor which they had for Mr. Webster, their appreciation of his eminent public services, and the grief and sorrow with which they learn of his death. The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the Association adjourned in token of respect to his memory.

The Charlestown City Government have voted to attend the funeral, and, also, that the flags on the City Hall be displayed at half-mast, and also that the bells be tolled on the day of the funeral.

A Committee was also appointed to take such other measures as may be deemed expedient.

The Roxbury city government has also passed similar resolutions.

The Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati was also held yesterday, and passed resolutions

of respect to the memory of their deceased honorary member.

In Dorchester, Waltham and New Bedford, similar meetings have been held.

The coffin in which the remains of the lamented Webster are to moulder into dust, is now in course of preparation in New York.—It is composed of metal, is air-tight, is covered with cloth and hair fringe, the lining of white satin. It will be placed in an oaken case with silver handles.

We have already stated that the funeral of Mr. Webster will take place on Friday at 12 o'clock. Those who desire to attend the funeral should go to Marshfield in private carriages. There is no railroad station within ten miles of Mr. Webster's late residence. The distance from this city is about thirty-six miles.

The shortest route to Marshfield, and the one by which Mr. Webster usually travelled, is first to Quincy meeting house, then over Queen Anne's turnpike to Snappet meeting-house; then turn to the left over Union bridge, and keep on to South Marshfield meeting-house, which is about three miles from Mr. Webster's place.

We have been requested to state, that while the grounds about Mr. Webster's house, at Marshfield, have never been kept private, and will not be so kept after the funeral has taken place, it is the wish of the family that until Friday the place should be kept as secluded as possible. A person is accordingly stationed at the gate, with orders to this effect.

PROCEEDINGS IN SALEM.—At a meeting of the City Council of Salem, Monday evening, the following communication was received from the Mayor, and its recommendations were adopted:—

CITY OF SALEM, OCT. 25, 1852.

BOARD OF MAYOR AND ALDERMEN:—Gentlemen:—Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State of the United States, died at his residence in Marshfield, yesterday morning, at 22 minutes before 3 o'clock.

The American Union mourns its most illustrious citizen—the Commonwealth of Massachusetts its chief ornament and glory.

The people of this city participate in the profound sensibility with which the intelligence of his death is every where received.

I respectfully ask your co-operation in placing upon our records an appropriate expression of the estimation in which the citizens of Salem have ever held his great name, and the admiring affection with which they will cherish his undying memory. Yours respectfully,

CHAS. W. UPHAM, Mayor.

Both branches of the City Council voted to attend the funeral of Mr. Webster.

A MONSTER RAILROAD DEPOT.—Some idea of the immense magnitude of the great Central Passenger Depot of Chicago, erected jointly by the Illinois Central and Michigan Central companies, may be obtained from the following description, which we find in the Chicago Democrat.—The building is of Illinois stone. The front on Water street is three stories high, wherein are commodiously arranged all the offices. It is a splendid piece of architecture. The entire length of the building is 694 feet, by 166½ feet in width. The height of the main building is 84 feet. The roof is an arch, supporting itself with a rise of 39 feet. The length of board one foot wide in the roof is 1,126 miles. Thirteen thousand six hundred and eighty-five pounds of iron rods were used in its construction. Length of rafters or chains 5,280 feet; and 682,428 feet of the plate was used in covering the roof. Eight tracks are laid in the building. All trains out leave from the west side, or nearest the street. All in trains arrive by the two outside tracks. The platforms between the tracks and on the sides of the building are wide and commodious. A very tastefully arranged baggage room, 120 feet long, is built on one of the platforms, with offices and rooms above for conductors, baggagemen, brakemen, &c., &c. The ticket office occupies a conspicuous place near the main entrance, in close proximity to both the ladies' and gentlemen's waiting rooms; and directly over it will be the telegraph office of the companies—that over the running of the trains. The building is most admirably lighted, 2,687 feet of gas pipe being used in its arrangement. The trains of the Illinois Central, Michigan

Tremont Temple was crowded Sunday to hear Mr. Kallouch, who it was announced would resume his pulpit ministrations. The pews, the aisles, the halls and the stairways were filled by the weekly worshippers in the Temple and by a gaping crowd who had been attracted by a desire to see the man whose name during the last few weeks has been in every newspaper and upon every tongue. It is easy to draw together a crowd, and the exhibition of pluck—not so rare we trust as might be supposed from the admiration it excites—is particularly attractive to the masses. Anson Burlingame drew even a larger crowd in and about the same edifice when he returned from Washington. He had exhibited pluck. The streets were thronged to see Major Poore wheel his barrel of apples to the Tremont House. He was plucky. Just so it is with Mr. Kallouch. He stands up in the face of public opinion—sustained by his society—and says he shall continue to preach—that it is none of the public's business. It is a matter between him and his society. He is full of courage and determination, and people flock to stare at and to admire a plucky minister. The scene at the Tremont Temple was suggestive. Some of our city clergymen might find in it a subject for a very forcible sermon. As we learn by contrasts, we would suggest for a text Matthew, chap. 11—7th, 8th and 9th verses.

We do not wonder that the continued confidence expressed in Mr. Kallouch by his society, has outweighed his better judgment, and induced him to reconsider a determination which we are assured he avowed towards the close of his trial, to retire from the ministry. Such a testimony would have intoxicated a wiser and more judicious man than Mr. Kallouch has proved himself to be. Were the question merely one between him and his society, as he assumes, we should be the last to express dissent from the propriety of any course which he might see fit to adopt. But is public opinion, as affecting the standing of a minister, of no account? Has the church no interest in the matter? Has it no weight upon the cause of religion and morality, that a man who is believed by a portion of the community to have been guilty of adultery, and whose innocence has not been established in the minds of probably a very large majority of the public, sets himself up as a guide in virtue and religion? Grant that one half of the people are fully convinced of the entire innocence of Mr. Kallouch—are the opinions of the other half not deserving of respect? Grant that there are many who fiendishly exult over the assumed fall of Mr. Kallouch. Is it a matter of indifference that his name is bandied in bar-rooms and brothels, and that it has been given to an intoxicating compound which has suddenly become very popular? Is it not desirable that a minister of the gospel should be above reproach—above even suspicion so far as humanity can attain to so perfect a state? Assuming Mr. Kallouch to be entirely innocent of the grave charge which has been brought against him, is he blameless?

These are inquiries which the members of the religious denomination with which Mr. Kallouch is connected must decide. They are questions for the consideration of the reverend clergy, and of the religious press. The secular press has spoken out, and they have doubtless reflected public sentiment. What that sentiment is there can be no mistaking. We have clipped from our exchanges all the editorial opinions which have come under our notice within the past two or three days, and now have before us articles from twenty-eight New England newspapers. Of these twenty-two assume that Mr. Kallouch has not relieved himself from a suspicion of guilt which must affect his standing, and with great unanimity maintain that his influence as a minister is gone, and that he ought to retire from the ministry. Four of the twenty-eight are non-committal, and only two fully sustain Mr. Kallouch. Mr. Kallouch and his friends may denounce and defy the press. We trust their position will provoke no retaliation. Confident in the belief that their pastor is an injured man and is innocent of the charge upon which he has been tried, his society may disregard public opinion, but we much mistake if calm reflection does not convince the religious community that it is better even that an innocent man should suffer than that the church should endure reproach.

We had hoped there would be no necessity for reverting to this unpleasant case—that Mr. Kallouch, resting on the assurance of the continued confidence of his society, would retire gracefully from the pulpit, and relieve the church from the embarrassment of deciding upon the effects which are likely to result from his continuance in the ministry. We have no personal feeling against Mr. Kallouch, and cheerfully acknowledge the Christian spirit which dictated his advice to his friends to refrain from denunciation of those who have been compelled to express unpleasant opinions. We have not been able to convince ourselves that he is innocent of the charge which has been laid at his door, but we are not prepared to maintain the converse. He may not be guilty—we hope he is not—but only a verdict of entire acquittal, accorded by a great majority of the community, can qualify him again to become a light of the church. This is substantially the opinion which we maintained in our previous article, and which we here repeat. We now leave the subject to the clergy and to the religious press, conscious that we have done our duty as the exponent of public opinion, and prepared to acquiesce cheerfully in the conclusions which, having the interests of religion especially in charge, they may deliberately avow and maintain.

It is said of the celebrated Boerhaave, that he considered heat so prejudicial to human health, that he was never known to permit himself to approach near a fire!



PORTRAIT OF ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES. BORN NOV.

WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

O woman! wert thou
But constant, thou wert perfect: that one error
Fills thee with faults. Shakespeare.

You remember FANNI, Mr. Greene, the same little fairy that struck her harp so delightfully in the Boudoir in olden times.—That phoenix of sylphs and paragons as we fondly thought her; and one that was expected to refine by example the character and manners of our modern damosel. But alas, she has come back from her Portland Boarding School a new fashionable belle, and has cut all her old friends with as little mitigation or remorse as she would raffle in public for a gold pencil case! *Sic transit, &c.* The following is transcribed from the Bachelor's Album.

FANNI—A BALLAD.

Again she turned, and smiled and sighed,
And from her snowy brow,
A fresh-blown rose she tore, and cried,
Farewell sweet rose and thou!

Swift to my lips the flower I prest
And kissed it o'er and o'er;
The rose clung blushing to my breast—
The maid was seen no more.

Full many a weary summer's sun
Sunk in the billowy sea;
And many a toiling wave rolled on—
Still she was far from me.

My heart grew sad—deep sighs would swell,
At her too lengthened stay;
And tears like golden leaflets fell
When autumn steals away.

I hid me to some rural spot
To enjoy its charms again;
But flowrets drooped where she was not,
And warblers sang in vain.

I stole to press the mossgrown seat
That we had loved of yore;
But that, before so calm, so sweet
Entranced my soul no more.

From fashion's throng and festal glare
My listless steps would stray;
For I was sad and silent there,
Where all was bright and gay.

On time's soft wing more grateful hopes
Like glittering dew-drops shone;
My bosom's lord more lightly sat,
On his imperial throne.

She came, again those sparkling eyes
Fixed on me their deep blue;
Like bright stars in a wintry sky—
As cold and distant too.

I saw her in the merry dance—
And flatterers hovering nigh;
No answering fondness met my glance—
No sweet responsive sigh.

On the ignoble crowd around,
That look so prized before,
Was a like rose-leaves o'er the ground—
She tread on me no more.

Jenny Lind and the Blind Boy.

A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talent, and who resides in the northern part of the State of Mississippi, had expressed such great anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city to gratify his wish.

On arriving here, he accidentally took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Kyle, the celebrated flutist. One evening Mr. Kyle, hearing some very wild sweet flute tones, listened for some time in surprise, and as the sound died away, he said to himself, "Well that fellow thinks he can play; but now I'll just show him what I can do." Taking up his flute, he played the air of the "Last Rose of Summer," with variations. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the last note ceased. With a feeling of impulse he could not restrain, he knocked at the door. "Come in," said Mr. Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, he said, "What do you want, sir?" "I am blind," said the boy, "and have been drawn hither by your sweet music. Do tell me who you are." "I am but a poor musician," said Kyle, "and am travelling with Jenny Lind, as flutist." "You are!" exclaimed the lad; "Oh! sir, do take me to hear Jenny Lind; I have come a long way to hear her sing, but the price of tickets is so high that I am too poor to buy one.—Can't you take me to hear her, sir?" he continued, with great feeling; "I have heard she is so good, so generous, so pretty, and sings so sweetly, that I shall never be happy until I hear her."

Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede. Accordingly, he took the blind boy that night and seated him in a chair behind the scenes. The sweet songs of the nightingale affected the lad deeply, and produced upon him varied sensations. But when Jenny sang "Home, Sweet Home," he melted into tears. On her retiring she was attracted by the sound of the boy's sobbings, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the lad in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous songstress one hundred dollars richer than when he reached the city.—N. O. Picayune.



PRINCE ALBERT.

Johnny Sands.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands,
Had married Betty Hague;
Who, though she brought him cash and lands,
Yet proved a shocking plague.

For she was quite a scolding wife,
Full of caprice and whim;
He said that he was tired of life—
And she was tired of him.

Says he 'then I will drown myself,
The river runs below'
Said she, 'pray do, you silly elf,
I wish'd it long ago.'

Said he, 'upon the brink upright
I'll stand; run down the hill,
And push me in with all your might.'
Said she, 'my love, I will.'

For fear that courage I should lack,
And try to save my life,
Pray tie my hands behind my back—
'I will,' replied his wife.

She tied them fast, as you may think,
And when securely done,
Now go she cried, upon the brink,
And I'll prepare to run.

All down the hill his tender bride
Now ran with all her force
To push him in—he step'd aside,
And she fell in of course.

There, splashing, struggling, like a fish,
'O, help me, Jonny Sands!
'I can't my dear,' though much I wish,
For you have tied my hands.'

Song to Kate.

My eyes! how I love you,
You sweet little dove you—
There's no one above you,
Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is—
Like a sylph's or a fairy's,
And your neck I declare! is
Exquisitely pretty.

Quite Grecian your nose is,
And your cheeks are like roses—
So delicious—O Moses!
Surpassingly sweet!

Not the black eye of Juno,
Nor Minerva's of blue; no
Nor Venus's you know,
Can equal your own!

Oh! how my heart prances,
And frolics and dances,
When its radiant glances
Upon me are thrown!

And now, dearest Kitty,
It's not very pretty—
Indeed it is a pity
To keep me in sorrow!

So if you'll but chime in,
We'll have done with our rhyming—
Swap Capid for Hymen,
And be married to-morrow.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1852.

A WORD TO WEBSTER MEN.

Your illustrious leader is in his grave and can no longer be honored or gratified by your devotion, or your votes; but you owe him a duty still. You owe it to his memory, and to your own heartfelt convictions of the unblemished purity of his long life, to punish his slanderers whenever the power is in your hands. Not a man of you but will cheerfully acknowledge this duty and gladly perform it.

You have a chance to strike at one of these slanderers now—aye, at the chief of them.—HORACE MANN has the consummate effrontery to present himself before you at this crisis as candidate for Governor of this Commonwealth,—of the lamented Webster's own State—even while the heart of our whole people is convulsed with grief for his loss, and while our tears are falling on his new made grave!

REBUKE THE SLANDERER! Teach him that he cannot fatten in the land which his breath pollutes. Strike him down while he is exulting in anticipated triumph. Tell him that Massachusetts has neither honors nor rewards for any one who has attempted to cast a shade over the fair fame of her unequalled Statesman. Bid him retire to private life and repent of his malignant aims, or seek elsewhere to gratify his vaulting ambition. Vote against him directly and vote against him indirectly. See to it that no Senator—no Representative is elected who will help to elevate him to the high office he dares aspire to.

Webster men of Massachusetts—you who loved Webster living, who honor him dead—who reverence his memory—if you have no other reason for going to the polls on the 8th of November, there is motive enough to rouse all your zeal and all your exertions in the fact, that Horace Mann aspires to be the Chief Magistrate of the State which contains the tomb of your illustrious friend. You will not permit such a foul consummation; you will not permit it to be said that in a very few days after Massachusetts had buried her noblest citizen—"the foremost man of all the earth"—she elected as her Chief Magistrate his chief slanderer—one who has perverted the powers of a considerable mind and bent them all to the task of blackening the fair fame of Daniel Webster!

The characters of her public servants are the property of the Commonwealth—it is her duty to resent all attacks upon them—to purge her borders of their calumniators and slanderers; to keep all such men from her high places of honor and of trust, and to teach them that by whatever other acts they may rise, the path to her high places shall not be over the pure and spotless fame of her illustrious dead.

Webster men! Massachusetts commits this duty to you. She bids you see to it that no slanderer of her glorious patriot-statesman shall have the keeping of her honor. She calls upon you to shield the unsullied fame of her great son and to keep her own escutcheon unsullied. It is a weighty and a solemn duty—fail not to perform it thoroughly and well, as you reverence the memory of the great departed.

I've beheld that none can save
Loveliest blossoms from the grave,
Shed a ray of endless gloom
O'er their relics in the tomb,
None can save each virtue there,
Save the "Rose of Sharon" near.

"WHO'S AFRAID!"

One of the comic papers revives an old story that is better now than it was before these days of spirit-seeing and hearing. It seems that an old sea captain, who had retired from service and was living on a farm, had a wild, harum-scarum nephew living with him. He could never drive or frighten said nephew to do any thing in its proper time. Among the rest, he could never get him to drive the cows up to milk before dark—he had to drive them up from a back pasture through the sugar-bush. Finally, the captain asked the lad if he was not afraid to go through the woods in the dark.

"Fraid! what is that? I never seen afraid," replied the boy.

"Well, never mind, my lad; you will see one some of these nights, if you do not get the cows up before dark," said the captain, meaningly.

That night the boy played until dusk before he went after the cows as usual. The captain took a sheet and followed him. Now the captain had a tame monkey, who saw the performance, and, monkey-like, took a table-cloth and followed the captain at a respectful distance. The captain went into the middle of the woods, where there was a big log by the side of the path. Going to the further end of it, he wound his sheet around him, got upon it, and stood still. The monkey got on the first end without noise, and did the same. So the parties stood when the boy came whistling along with his cows. They shied a little upon seeing the ghosts, which caused the boy to look ahead.

"Hello, what is that?" he shouted; "by golly, I guess it's a fraid!" and then, spying the monkey, he sung out, "by Jerusalem, if there ain't two fraids—a big fraid and a little fraid!"

This caused the captain to look around, when he saw, for the first time, his ghostly companion. He thought it was a fraid sure enough. The old captain streaked it for home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping his hands and shouting, "Run, big fraid, run, or little fraid 'll ketch you!"

HOLCOMB sc

BROUGHAM'S DANCERS, AT THE BOWERY THEATRE, NEW YORK

ELOQUENT REMARKS OF DR. DEWEY ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER

The emblems of war which shroud our columns to-day, will announce to our readers a national calamity. The sad event has fallen upon us which the tidings for the last few days had rendered but too certain was soon to strike the National heart with sorrow.

Daniel Webster breathed his last, at Marshfield, yesterday morning at three o'clock. Thus one after another, the great lights of our country and of the world pass away.

More appropriate than anything which we could pen, we add the closing remarks of the sermon pronounced yesterday by one of our most eloquent Divines—Rev. Orville Dewey—the melancholy pews having reached the city a little before the hour of morning service in our churches. The sermon was on the subject of *Death*, and from this text of the 90th Psalm, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." After an impressive discourse on the solemn theme, the preacher paused, and then resumed as follows:

"My friends, you all understand why I have chosen for the subject of this morning's meditation the most solemn event that can address itself to mortal men—*DEATH*—the hour, the crisis of our departure from this life. This morning brought us tidings of such an event. It occupies the whole public mind; we feel that it is no ordinary event. From a high place in this Government—from a place still higher in the estimation of his countrymen—from the highest place, I suppose, on this continent, in intellectual power, a great man has passed away. 'He is gone! he is gone!' How difficult, how almost impossible to realize it. He was so with us and of us; he was so a part of this nation, and of this nation's life and history, that the very world, this American world, feels a shock in this disruption of his ties to it. He is gone! DANIEL WEBSTER is dead! That vast space which he occupied is darkened; that great and majestic presence has passed away."

"You mourn for him. There are friends of his here whose hearts are stricken for his loss. It is not a great man only that you have lost, but a man you loved. His was not a majestic presence only, but, to those who knew him well, a presence the most winning. No conversation perhaps was ever more captivating than his, in his hours of ease and unbinding from corroding thought and weighty care. I think I never saw the cloud of a brow so dark at times, beam forth a sweeter smile."

"Am I saying that he had no faults? If he had, let the pall of death cover them to-day. But of what mortal man shall that be said?—Yet this I say, that those who imagined that in the majestic proportions of his nature, the heart had no place, have utterly misconceived him. And this, too, I say, that, in the moral judgments which his political opponents were accustomed to pass upon his daily life, no man, I am thoroughly convinced, was ever more misrepresented."

"But it is not my part to pronounce his eulogy. That belongs to others. This country, indeed, to which his life was devoted—this country, in its whole length and breadth, bears his eulogy. The name of DANIEL WEBSTER will be known and celebrated as long as this nation shall endure."

"I am reminded in this connection of what one of his great competitors in political life (Mr. Calhoun) once said in conversation upon the question, 'What is the greatest action a man can perform?' He said it was this: for a man to perform."

to speak, in a difficult and perilous national emergency, the GREAT WORD, that should give guidance and deliverance to his people. For, said he, it implies the largest knowledge of the past, the clearest foresight of the future, and the fullest comprehension of the present. Mr. Webster, more than once, spoke that word. It was given to him in perilous emergencies to stand by the Constitution and Union of his country, with sage wisdom and grave strength.

"And many other words did he speak, in the Senate and the Forum, which the world will not let die." It is most fortunate, that among the last cares of his life, was the collection under his eye, of his speeches into volumes, which are destined to be read, marked, and noted, as long as there is an American or Englishman to read anything.

"But he is gone!" All our thoughts of him now yield to that thought—he is gone! The voice is silent; the eye is quenched; the brow that aved the world, is but cold, dead, senseless clay. Oh, Life! how art thou but as a tale that is told? We say a few words in *memoriam*; we take our last look, or feel that the last look is taken; we shed some 'natural tears,' and all is over.

"Oh! in the infinite realm of the unseen life there is a place for all souls. What awaits them there is not decided by what we say here. We bow before the infinite wisdom of God. To His infinite care and mercy we commit the dead, and we commend the living; we commend the dead, who is gone; and we commend the living, who mourn for him."

"Yes, we commend, we yield him up to God's best; it is all over; the last struggle is past; the struggle, the strife, the anxiety, the pain, the turmoil of life is over; the tale is told, and finished, and ended. It is told and done; and the seal of death is set upon it. Henceforth that great life, marked at every step; chronicled in journals; waited on by crowds; told to the whole country by telegraphic tongues of flame—that great life shall be but a history, a biography, a tale told in an evening tent. In the tents of life it shall long be recited; but no word shall reach the ear of that dread sleeper by the ocean shore. Fitly will he rest there. Like the granite rock, like the heaving ocean, was his mind! Let the rock guard his rest; let the ocean sound his dirge!"

"My respected hearers and friends, I have said these few words on the sad occasion that

presses upon your minds this morning. I could not say less of such an one, who is lost to us—of such an one, who has dwelt among you as a neighbor, a friend, and a fellow laborer in the cares of Government. It would not become me to offer you admonition, counsel, or consolation. Your own minds will do this for you better than I can. May God in his goodness grant that the uses of this visitation may be as great as the event is signal and solemn."

"Self-Examining Society."

MR. EDITOR:—A society of the above name has recently been organized in Cambridgeport for the purposes of gathering those persons who are known to mind their own affairs, and not meddle with the affairs of their neighbors. For the government of this Society, the following is recommended as a

CONSTITUTION.

Art. 1st. This Society shall be known by the name of the Self-Examining Society, and shall be composed of both sexes, whose minds and hearts are capable of moral improvement.

Art. 2nd. The object of this Society shall be, that while they may see each others faults, to feel and correct their own; to suppress all manner of deceit and hypocrisy, slander and defamation, backbiting and evil speaking, with all that tends to injure or defraud our neighbor, either of his property or character.

Art. 3d. This Society shall be independent of all other societies, each member being vested with full powers and privileges to attend to his own concerns; and he shall make it his duty to mind his own BUSINESS and let others alone. No President, Vice President, Secretary, Spies, Informers, or Committees of Delegates shall ever be chosen by the Society to watch over the conduct of others, and make a report of their neighbor's misdoings, until such work of charity shall have begun at home.

Art. 4th. There shall be no public meetings of this Society on any appointed day to manage its concerns, or hear lectures delivered before it; but it shall be the duty of every member to meet himself alone every day, and listen to the lectures of his own conscience.

Art. 5th. No money shall be raised from time to time to support this Society, nor to circulate Self-Examining Almanacs to convince us how much easier it is to examine others than it is to examine ourselves.

Art. 6th. Every member of this Society shall pay due regard to temperance in eating and drinking, and everything else, but he shall be his own judge what he shall eat, and what he shall drink and wherewithal he shall be clothed—while gluttony, drunkenness and tight lacing shall be left to the gnawings of conscience and consumption, with all the popular reproaches which they deserve.

Art. 7th. Every member of this Society shall be allowed to drink tea or coffee, cold water, buttermilk or lemonade as suits him best, or chew, smoke or take snuff when not offensive to the company he is in, without being excommunicated from good society or delivered over to the buffetings of the Pharisees.

Art. 8th. No member of this society shall ever set himself up above his fellows, or seek to establish his own character and consequence, by blackening his neighbor's good name, thinking to make his own appear whiter; but it shall be the duty of every member to examine his own heart and disposition, and set a double guard over the sin that most easily besets himself.

Art. 9th. The members of this society shall seek to do good, and not evil love and not hate each other—bear with the faults and infirmities of others, knowing that they themselves are men or women of like passions and imperfections.

This, Mr. Editor, is most respectfully submitted to the aforementioned society, for their mode of government; and it would be well to here suggest the propriety of organizing societies of this nature throughout the land, and gather together individuals of such peculiarities, as it is almost next to an impossibility to meet with a person who makes it a rule to mind his own business, and not interest himself in the affairs of others.

By giving this an insertion you will greatly oblige,
Yours respectfully,
Cambridgeport, Sept. 17, 1855.

For the Trumpet.

THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

I leave the land of spirits pure and come to earth again,
With healing on my viewless wings, with balm for every pain,
I seek the home where late they smiled so tenderly on me,
And find them weeping o'er the clay, where I have ceased to be.

They call me by the tender names familiar to my ear,
Then turn with sickening heart away, unthinking I am near;
From Heaven's cloudless realm I've come, a mission to fulfil,
To shed the peace which God can give, o'er those who mourn me still.

Oh! could you see the holy throng that round His altar stand,
With golden harps to tune His praise and palms within their hand;
Could you but see our white array, so free from spot or stain,
You would not call your lov'd one back to earth to weep again.

Could you but know whose arms enfold your little darling now;
Could you but see the crown of light which sparkles on her brow;
Could you but feel the rapture pure that wakes her angel strain,
Ye would not, could not call me back to sin and death again.

Joy! joy! the precious tear-drops flow, I've touched their willing springs,
And God has set the holy balm of healing on my wings.
Peace to the spirits reconciled to this unerring will,
Peace to the hearts that bend not break, that weep, yet trust Him still.

Ah! 'mid the flight of many years, I oft to earth will come,
To shed the rays of heavenly hope around my former home;
I'll watch my loved ones' couch beside, I'll be with them in prayer,
I'll bear their wishes up to Heaven and plead their wishes there.

And when the cord of life is cut which separates us now,
When death his signet seal has set upon each dear one's brow,
My harp shall be the first to hymn their welcome to the skies,
My form shall be the first to greet their rapture beaming eyes.

Farewell, farewell, my mission's done; I have not come in vain;
Ye would not if ye could recall my soul to earth again.
Live on, for those who yet remain, to need your living care,
Live on, your heart will not be dark for God's own light is there.

Lines written by a Parent on the Death of his Daughter.

Farewell my darling child, a sad farewell,
Thou art gone from from earth in heavenly scenes to dwell
For sure if ever being, formed from dust,
Might hope for bliss, thine is that holy trust,
Spotless and pure, from God thy spirit came,
Spotless it has returned, a brighter flame.
Thy last, soft prayer was heard—No more to roam;
Thou art, (was all thy wish) thou art gone home.
Ours is the loss, the agonizing grief,
The slow dead hours, the sighs without relief,
The lingering nights, the thoughts of pleasure past,
Memory, that wounds, and darkens to the last.

How desolate the space, how deep the line,
That parts our hopes, our fates, our paths, from thine!
We tread with faltering steps the shadowy shore;
Thou art at rest, where storms can vex no more,
When shall we meet again, and kiss away
The tears of joy in one eternal day?

Most lovely thou! in beauty's rarest truth!
A cherub's face, the breathing blush of youth;
A smile more sweet, than seemed to mortal given;
An eye that spoke, and beamed the light of heaven:
A temper, like the balmy summer sky,
That soothes, and warms, and cheers, when life beat high;

A bounding spirit, which in sportive chase
Gave, as it moved, a fresh and varying grace;
A voice, whose music warbled notes of mirth,
Its tones unearthly, or scarce formed for earth:
A mind, which kindled with each passing thought,
And gathered treasures, when they least were sought,—
These were thy bright attractions: these had power
To spread a nameless charm o'er every hour.
But that, which more than all, could bliss impart,
Was thy warm love, thy tender, buoyant heart,
Thy ceaseless flow of feeling, like the rill,
That fills its sunny banks, and deepens still.
Thy chief delight to fix thy parents' gaze,
Win their fond kiss, or gain their modest praise.

When sickness came, though short, and hurried o'er,
It made thee more an angel than before.
How patient, tender, gentle, though disease
Preyed on thy life!—how anxious still to please;
How oft around thy mother's neck entwined
Thy arms were folded, as to Heaven resigned;
How oft thy kisses on her pallid cheek,
Spoke all thy love, as language ne'er could speak!
E'en the last whisper of thy parting breath
Asked, and received a mother's kiss in death.

But Oh! how vain by art, or words, to tell,
What ne'er was told,—affection's magic spell,
More vain to tell that sorrow of the soul,
That works in secret, works beyond control,
When death strikes down with sudden crush and power
Parental Hope, and blasts its opening flower.
Most vain to tell, how deep that long despair,
Which time ne'er heals, which time can scarce impair.

Yet still I love to linger on the strain—
'Tis grief's sad privilege.—When we complain,
Our hearts are eased of burdens hard to bear:
We mourn our loss, and feel a comfort there.
My child, my darling child, how oft with thee
Have I passed hours of blameless ecstasy!
How oft have wandered, oft have paused to hear
Thy playful thoughts fall sweetly on my ear!
How oft have caught a hint beyond thy age,
Fit to instruct the wise, or charm the sage!
How oft with pure delight have turned to see
Thy beauty, felt by all, except by thee;
Thy modest kindness, and thy searching glance;
Thy eager movements, and thy graceful dance;
And while I gazed with all a father's pride,
Concealed a joy, worth all on earth beside.

How changed the scene! In every favourite walk
I miss thy flying steps, thy artless talk;
Where'er I turn, I feel thee ever near,
Some frail memorial comes, some image dear,
Each spot still breathes of thee—each garden flower
Tells of the past, in sunshine, or in shower;
And, here, the chair, and there, the sofa stands,
Pressed by thy form, or polished by thy hands.
My home, how full of thee!—But where art thou?
Gone, like the sunbeam from the mountain's brow;
But, unlike that, once passed the fated hour,
Bright beam of Heaven, thou never shalt return.
Yes, yet, it soothes my heart on thee to dwell,
Louisa, darling child, farewell, farewell.

Cambridge, May, 1831.

* The last words, uttered but a few moments before her death, were, "I want to go home."

Savages first seeing a Watch.—One morning during Fenaw's stay at this Island some of the natives brought Mr. Mariner's watch, which they had procured from his chest, and with looks of curiosity inquired what it was. He took it from them, wound it up, and put it to the ear of one of them and returned it. Every hand was now outstretched with eagerness to take hold of it—it was applied in turns to their ears—they were astonished at the noise it made—they listened again to it—turned it on every side and exclaimed "Moo-ovi" (it is alive.) They then pinched and bit it, as if expecting it would squeak out—they looked at each other with wonder, laughed aloud and snapped their fingers. One brought a sharp stone for Mr. Mariner to force it open with. He opened it in the proper way and showed them the works. Several endeavored to seize hold of it at once, but one ran off with it and all the rest after him. About an hour after they returned with the watch completely broken to pieces and giving him the fragments made signs for him to make it do as it did before. Upon his making them understand that they had killed it, and that it was impossible to bring it to life again, the man who considered it as his property, exclaiming now—now (spoiled) and making a hissing noise, expressive of disappointment, accused the rest of using violence; and they in their turn accused him and each other. Whilst they were in high dispute, another native approached who had seen and learned the use of a watch on board a French ship. Understanding the cause of their dispute, he called them all cow-vale (a pack of fools,) and explained in the following manner the use of the watch. Making a circle in the sand, with sundry marks about its circumference, and turning a stick about the centre of the circle to represent an index, he informed them that the use of the watch was to tell where the sun was—that when the sun was in the east, the watch would point to such a mark, and when the sun was highest it would point low—and when in the west, it would point there, and this he said the watch would do, although it was in a house, and could not see the sun; adding that in the night time it would tell what portion of a day's work it would be before the sun would rise again. It would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of astonishment. One said it was an animal, another it was a plant—but when he told them, that it was a watch, they all exclaimed—Foon-accow, what an ingenious people.—*Mariners Oct. 1826. Tanja Islands.—London Mag. for*

POETRY.

Mr. Editor.—The following simple ballad was written to please and benefit a child; if you think it will have a tendency to do any good to others, you are permitted to publish it.

Yours
PATER.

Now when I was a little boy,
And used to go to school,
I always stood in dreadful fear
Of master's oaken rule.
If any whispered he was sure
To strike upon the wall;
Which gave me such a sudden start,
I could not think at all.
'Twas surely cruel in him thus
To interrupt the school,
Because a lazy urchin there
Had nullified one rule.
I liked to study quite too well
To vex or cross the master;
But then the noise he often made,
Forbade my learning faster.

The little knowledge I thus gained
But made me thirst for more:
And when I grew to be a man,
Had treasured up a store.
I now look back to those pure days
With gratitude and love;
And own 'twas his instructions first,
That raised my thoughts above.

He taught his pupils there was one,
Who watch'd them night and day,
And sure would punish all who swore,
Or threw their time away.
The one great purpose of my life,
At which I'd aim'd so long,
Was duty's pleasant path to know,
That I might ne'er do wrong.

I never lik'd to play, when young,
With boys, that us'd to swear;
Because I fear'd I should be hung;
Which thought I could not bear.
I used to tell them, when I heard
The oaths, that oft would flow
From their young lips, I greatly fear'd
They'd spend their days in woe.

They always laugh'd in scornful mood
To hear me warning give,
And bade me go and preach to owls,
And teach them how to live.
'Twas all in vain: I ne'er essay'd
To guide their feet from ill,
But vengeance rous'd their youthful ire,
And made them bolder still.

Many long years have since roll'd on,
And made my head turn gray;
While all those boys have, one by one,
Pass'd from this world away.
How little thought those children then,
When good advice I gave,
What awful doom awaited them,
Before they reach'd their grave.

From bad to worse the path is straight,
And easy to pursue;
The child, that utters oaths, when young,
When grown, will murder too.
Some went to sea, and there became
Bold pirates on the main;
In foreign lands they met their doom,
Hung by a clanking chain.

One pass'd his manhood in a round
Of revelry and mirth,
Nor thought, nor car'd, what ill he did,
While living on the earth.
In vicious company he spent
The remnant of his days,
And like a brute his senses drown'd,
And died by slow decays.

Another roam'd in foreign parts,
And there destroy'd his health;
And then return'd a wretched sight,
With neither friends nor wealth.
He begg'd awhile from door to door,
But what he got was small,
At length he said within himself,
I cannot live at all.

To beg is hard, to work is worse,
I never learned, when young;
I'll steal, or rob, and murder too,
And then I shall be hung.
So one dark night, as round he stroll'd
To find a place to rest,
He saw beneath a farmer's shed
A hog all nicely dress'd.

A thought at once came in his head,
I've eaten nought to day,
This hog I'll take and hide it safe,
And eat it, when I may.
In vain he tried the rope to loose,
By which the hog was bound,
When all at once the gambrel broke,
And fell'd him to the ground.

The farmer in the morning came,
To view the hog he'd sold,
When underneath the hog there lay
The man quite stiff and cold.
The last of all these thoughtless men,
Who early learnt to swear,
Pursued a short career in vice,
Then clos'd it in despair.

He often let his temper rise
To such a fearful height,
That when insulted or provok'd,
He'd challenge all to fight.
He hardly reach'd his twentieth year,
Before he clos'd his days,
Leaving an awful warning sad
To shun his vicious ways.

One night returning from a store
Where he had spent the day,
He met a stranger on the road,
Who mildly asked the way.
Enrag'd at impudence like this,
Which gall'd and vex'd him so,
He sprung with force upon the man,
And fell'd him at a blow.

The stranger lived a great way off,
And none the stranger knew,
And no one ask'd or sought to know,
Who 'twas the stranger slew.
A while the guilty wretch escap'd
And wildly roam'd about,
But conscience could not long be hush'd
For "murder will come out."

Condemn'd to suffer for his crimes,
He into jail was flung;
But ere the appointed day arriv'd
By his own hands was hung.
Now let all children, who would shun
The sinner's awful fate,
Avoid the least approach to sin,
Else they will mourn too late.

Ye parents too, who read this tale,
Ponder the truth I tell;
The child, that meets a wretched end,
Has not been train'd up well.
A heavier doom than e'er befel
A mortal here below,
Await you in the world to come,
A life of endless woe.

Waltham, Nov. 1, 1831.

A Fool?—Imperfect tense, passive.
A Wise Man?—Perfect tense, active.
A hard Taskmaster?—Imperitive mood.
A Prodigal?—Dative case.

THE ALL-HAPPY STATE.

It is conceded, we believe, by many of our clergy, that all will be happy at their entrance into the future state, altho all may not be equally happy. The old idea of punishment in the future state, seems to have passed almost entirely out of our ministry. A new idea of progress has come up, altho we are not sure, even, that progress in the future state is a new idea. All are to be better off, even at the entrance of eternity, than they are here. This is certainly a very pleasant idea. Br. John Moore, utters his thoughts in a late number of the 'Freeman,' as follows:

The great inquiry with many is 'What will become of great sinners?' And, 'Will those dying in that character, be equal, in happiness hereafter, to us?'—For we expect to be happy. Now this question has not in the least troubled my mind for the last twenty-five years. We have read of, and perhaps some of us have seen, if we have not experienced, the change which has been wrought in the sinner's mind by the power of the grace of God in this life—we have read of the joy of angels over the repentant,—aye, we have realized something of that joy—we have been most happy in welcoming the returning prodigal—we delight to here receive him into our company. Now, what may be the difference between the happiness of such an one, and that of an old saint, we may not be able to determine;—whether Paul was as happy the next day after his conversion as was Peter, may admit of a question; but it is sufficiently plain that he was happy, and that is enough. To be as happy as we can at any given period, with the prospect of progress, surely is enough. Well, follow the 'great sinner' into the next state of being, by the light of the gospel, which is the only light that can enable us to follow him,—is that an improved condition when compared with the one which he left? We all believe it to be such. What prevented him from becoming right in views, feeling and character here? Was it not the unfavorable influences by which he was surrounded? Let all of those unfavorable influences give place to favorable influences—let the light of immortality shine upon that soul which left this world in darkness and doubt, and what must be the result? If light from heaven wrought so powerfully on the mind of Saul of Tarsus in this world, who can say that similar light in that world will not produce as favorable results? Nor would the mind there be any more 'passive' than was the mind of Saul here, in experiencing that blessed change. We may suppose the power of God produced that light; the mind of Saul was active in receiving it;—so the power of God, which the Sadducees of old did not know, will bring the sinner into the state and light of immortality, and his mind will be active in receiving that light and following its influences which, we know here makes us happy,—why may it not be so there? Is not this enough? Yes, this is all we can have; it is all we need. Then let us rejoice in hope; and do what we can to induce sinners to bow to Christ now?

OLDEN TIMES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In 1627, there were but thirty ploughs in all Massachusetts, and the use of the agricultural implements was not familiar to all the planters.—From the annals of Salem it appears in that year, it was agreed by the town to grant Richard Hutchinson twenty acres of land in addition to his share, on condition that "he set up ploughing."

1630.—A sumptuary act of the General Court prohibited short sleeves, and required the garment to be lengthened so as to cover the arms to the wrists, and required reformation "in immoderate great breeches, knots of ribband, broad shoulder bands and tyelee, silk rases, double cuffs and ruffs."

1647.—The Court order, that if any young men attempt to address a young woman without the consent of her parents, or in case of their absence, of the County Court, he shall be fined 4l. for the first offence, 10l. for the second, and be imprisoned for the third.

1649.—Mathew Stanley was tried for drawing in the affections of John Tarbox's daughter, without the consent of her parents, convicted and fined 15s.; fees 2s. 6d. Three married women were fined 5s. each for scolding.

1653.—Jones Fairbanks was tried for wearing great boots, but was acquitted.—*National Egis.*

THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE COUPLE.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Mr. Barney Brooke courted Betsey Baker,
She a pastry cook, he an undertaker;
Those who ate her tarts, pies, and sillabubs, sir,
Called her queen of hearts, at their festal clubs, sir.

Barney thus began—"Betsey I adore you—
Before another man, take the man before you;
I've a thriving trade, doctors are so plenty;
Graves must still be made—maids are grave at twenty."

With a saucy look, quick she answered Barney,
"Mr. Barney Brooke, I will not brook your Barney;
I make pies and tarts, you've a different trade, sir,
Shall the queen of hearts take the Jack of spades, sir?"

He in silence sighed, while she stirred her batter,
"Speak!" at length she cried, "never mince the matter."
Barney answered grave, while his brow was clouded—
"Grant the boon I crave, else my hopes are shrouded."

Barney wooed in vain, Betsey mock'd his passion,
Ridiculed his pain—jilting was the fashion;
The undertaker died—by sorrow overtaken—
Dr. Smoken tried, but couldn't save his bacon.

Soon the pastry cook found her roses wilting,
Because she jilted Brooke, who couldn't brook her jilting;
Fast her health did waste—pies no more she heeded,
Nor could she knead her paste, altho' her paste was needed.

Twelve o'clock at night found the maid a-weeping,
When an awful sight set her blood a-creeping!
Hid beneath the rug, soon she heard this sentence,
"Bet, your grave is dug, spite of your repentance!"

"I am Barney's ghost, who once admired your baking,
But you would rule the roast, a wicked undertaking;
Now, in the dark old grave, your flesh is doomed to lie, miss,
And Barney Brooke must have a finger in the pie, miss."

Betty's spirit fled where it ought to go, sir—
Apes, they say, are led somewhere down below, sir;
Then, pastry cooks, beware! ne'er jilt an undertaker,
Or you may chance to share the fate of Betsey Baker.

Marriage?—A conjunction uniting two passive verbs

with active significations, in the aptative mood.

Divorce?—A disjunctive conjunction.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF EMMA

Inscribed to her Mother.

"My child! my child! and art thou gone?
Hast thou forever fled?
Hear we no more thy prattling song?
Sweet Emma, art thou dead?"

"No, mother; I have only gone
To dwell with God above;
Soon you will come, and join my song
Of endless praise above.

Ah! well I know that thou didst weep
When I did leave the shore.
An angel came and took me up,—
Food parents, weep no more.

Father, my home was very fair,
The home where thou dost dwell;
But this, where countless angels are,
Is sweet—I love it well.

Yes, mother, all is peace and love
In this fair home of mine;
All things do in sweet concord move,
And harmony divine.

When our dear Father sends for thee,
In this bright land to dwell,
Then, mother, I your guide will be;—
Sweet parents, fare thee well!"

List! from on high there comes a voice
Through the surrounding gloom,
Bids thy desponding heart rejoice,
And look beyond the tomb.

There thou wilt see thy lovely child
In robes of snowy white,
And in her face there beams a mild
And fair celestial light!

O, ever if despondency
In thy fond heart should dwell,
Think, and suppress the rising sigh,
"He doeth all things well."

Remember, 'twas thy Father's will
That thou shouldst drain the cup;
And when on earth thy pulse is still,
Thy child shall wait thee up.

Vest Wardsboro', Vt.

MIR.

And she would wake from her troubled sleep,
O'er his tender billet-doux to weep;
Or stand like a statue cold and fair,
And gaze on a lock of his bright red hair.
And he who was late so tall and proud,
With his step so firm and his laugh so loud;
His beard grew long and his face grew thin,
As he pined in solitude over his gin.

But one soft night in the month of June,
As she lay in the light of a cloudless moon,
A voice came floating soft and clear,
To the startled maiden's listening ear.

O then from her creaking couch she sprung,
And her tangled tresses back she flung;
She looked from the window far below,
And he stood beneath—her whiskered beau!

She did not start with a foolish frown,
But she packed her trunk, and she scamper'd down
And there was her lover tall and true,
In a threadbare coat of the brightest blue.

He star that rose in the evening shade
Looked sadly down on a weeping maid;
The sun that came in his morning pride
Shed golden light on a laughing bride.

Remedy for Cancer.—Col. Ussey, of the parish of De Soto, informs the editor of the *Catholic Gazette*, that he fully tested a remedy for this troublesome disease, recommended to him by a Spanish woman, a native of the country. The remedy is this: Take an egg and break it—pour out the white, retaining the yolk in the shell, put in salt and mix with the yolk, as long as it will receive it; stir them together until the saline is formed; put a portion of this on a piece of sticking plaster, and apply it to the cancer about twice a day. He has tried it twice in his own family, with complete success.

Ship Germany from Matanzas to Portsmouth Wm. Plummer

H. H. H. Cross Wind S.W. Remarks Sunday May 3rd 1841
Commences with a gentle breeze and pleasant.

1 5
2 5
3 5
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12 5

S.E.

During the night a fine breeze & very pleasant weather

Quas with a strong wind & pleasant

Lat. 45 12

H. H. H. Cross Wind S.E. E.N.E. Remarks Monday May 3rd 1841
Commences with a strong wind & pleasant.

1 5
2 5
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E.S.E.

At 3 P.M. took in Top Gall. Sails

Midnight gentle breeze and cloudy.

2 A.M. Set Top Gall. Sails

Quas with a fresh gale & cloudy saw two vessels

1841

Lat 42 21



THE YOUNG WIDOW AND HER CHILD OF PROMISE.

Oh, tell us not we may not mourn,
Whose hearts with bitter grief are wrung,
When sudden from our arms are torn
The loved, the beautiful, the young,
Grief's lessons are so calm and deep,
'Twere sad indeed we could not weep.

'Tis not in vain the heart is made
To melt with sorrow, nor in vain
Affliction's hand is on us laid,
For blithest joy is born of pain;
The joy serene which lifts the soul
Above the earth and its control.

The glorious bow, which never bowed
In promise o'er a clear blue sky,
Gleams brightly, when the sunlit cloud,
Storm-freighted, reels in terrors by;
So on the very clouds of Death
Heaven kindles in the light of Faith.

Above the gathering clouds of woe,
The eye of Faith, in calm delight,
Rests on the enchanting fields which glow
In radiance divinely bright,
Where saints redeemed, and seraph choir,
Hosannas wake with tongue and lyre.

And stronger, in that strength divine
Which comes from God, his soul shall rise,
Who kneels before Affliction's shrine,
To yield his willing sacrifice;
And they shall reap, who sow in tears,
Rich gladness through the eternal years.

Then let us weep, but not despair;
For, when the clouds of Sorrow come,
Heaven writes in rainbow colors there
The promise of our better home;
Our tears of earnest grief may heal
The wounds our broken spirits feel.



VIEW OF PRESTON, ENGLAND.

PART II—COURTSHIP.

Sonnets and serenades—
Sighs, glances, tears and vows—
Gifts, tokens, souvenirs, parades,
And courtesies and bows.
A purpose, and a prayer—
The stars are in the sky!
He wonders how even hope should dare
To let him aim so high!
Still, hope allures and flatters,
And doubt just makes him bold—
And so, with passion all in tatters,
The trembling tale is told.
Apologies and blushes,
Soft looks, averted eyes—
Each heart into the other rushes,
Each yields and wins a prize!

PART III—MARRIAGE.

A gathering of fond friends—
Brief solemn words and prayer—
A trembling to the finger's ends,
As hand in hand they swear.
Sweet cake, sweet wine, sweet kisses,
And so the deed is done—
Now, for life's woes and blisses,
The wedded two are one!
And down the shining stream,
They launch their buoyant skiff,
Blest, if they may but trust hope's dream,
But, ah! truth echoes—IF.

Oh! there is a glorious friend,
Who will love till time shall end;
Ah! He'll cheer death's gloomy vale,
When all other friends must fail—
For me, He wept a bitter tear,
Sure 'twas the "Rose of Sharon" near.

A glance—a thought—a blow—
It stings him to the core!
A question—will it lay him low,
Or will time heal it o'er?
He kindles at the name—
He sits and thinks apart—
Time blows and blows it to a flame—
It burns within his heart,
He loves it, though it hurts,
And nurses it with care,
Feeling the blissful pain, by turns,
With hope and with despair.

A Creditor?—Present tense active.
A Debtor?—Future tense passive.

Curiosities of the Human Body.

It is established by chemistry that the human body is composed of seventeen elementary substances in the proportion of the whole bulk of the system is composed of four gases, which are invisible, when in a free and uncombined state; viz. oxygen, hydrogen, carbon and nitrogen. Besides these substances, there is, in every full man, phosphorous and sulphur to tip a good match; enough potash, soda and lime to form a lie sufficiently strong to bear up a dozen eggs at once; enough iron to make a good sized penknife blade; enough of flint to loam a lock of an old fashioned 'Queen's arm's'; enough copper to give a flea a heavier burden in proportion to its size, than was ever borne on the back of a camel.

The entire body, that part of it that possesses vitality, is but a collection of cells each one of which is a mere round pearl colored bag, filled and far too small to be seen by the naked eye—so small in fact that 12,000 of the smallest of them could be strung on a single inch in length of the thread of a spider's web.

All the bones before birth are soft, like jelly, only six of the 246, which we find in the adult, being fully formed or ossified at birth; these are the bones of hearing, three in each ear.

Every bone in the body is in the immediate connection with some other bone, except the hyoid bone, which is situated at the upper part of the windpipe, just under the lower jaw. Its length is about two inches, but twenty-two muscles, six ligaments, and one membrane, are attached to it. More than one half of the substance of the bones is composed of the phosphate of lime, that substance about which so much has recently been said as a remedy for consumption. Some physicians appear to have just discovered that phosphorus composes a part of the human system, although the more scientific members of the profession have long used it with great advantage, especially in chemical union with iron.

The muscles of the human system are somewhat over five hundred in number. Some of them, as on the back of an adult, are 27 inches in length; and some, as in the ear, are not over a fourth of an inch long. Muscle is termed *lean meat*. Muscle is divided into fibres; and if we take the smallest of these fibres which can be seen by the naked eye, and place it in the field of a powerful microscope, we shall find that it is in itself a bundle of minute fibres, each of which is not more than a ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and some of them are even less than half that size. A rope formed by twisting fifty of these fibres together, would be too small to be seen by the unaided vision. Could we unravel the fibres of a single cubic inch of clear muscle, they would be found to stretch out over six thousand miles in length. Could all the muscular fibres of an adult be placed in a continuous line they would form a thread which would reach more than 400 times round our globe, or over 10,000,000 of miles. Chemically examined, dried blood and dried muscle are found to be precisely the same.

The little glands which produce the sweat, are situated just beneath the cutis or true skin. Each gland sends up through the skin a little tube, about a quarter of an inch long, through which the sweat is poured out. These glands number about 2500 in a square inch of the palms of the hand and soles of the feet, and about 2800 in a square inch of the remainder of the surface of the body. The total number of pores therefore in the human body, is about seven millions, and the total length of all the tubes through which the sweat is poured out is nearly 28 miles.

The weight of the brain and spinal cord of the male ranges between 46 and 53 ounces, but that

of the female is often found as low as 41 ounces. In man, one thirty-sixth of the whole is brain, yet it receives one-sixth of the blood of the entire system. Surrounding and within the convolution of every healthy vein, there are about two ounces of water.

The process by which sound is communicated to the brain, is very curious. The ear is divided into three parts—external, middle and internal ear; first there is the external ear, or porch to the house in which sits the god of listening.—Every sound, as all very well know, spreads out upon the air, in the undulatory or wavy manner, just as when we cast a stone in a stream, certain waves are produced, which spread out in constantly widening circles. This wave in the air enters the ear, and raps, as it were, upon the little door called the membrana tympani, which is situated at the bottom of the external ear. Within the middle chamber, and on the inner side of this door stands three little bones, which act the part of servants in the hall, to communicate the message to the brain. No sooner, then, does a sound rap upon this door, than the malleus, or hammer, the handle of which is fastened upon the inner side of the door, strikes a blow upon the anvil. The anvil

Ship, Crossing from Matanzas to Crossed at San Juan, near Esq.

H	R	R	Course	Miles	SW	Remarks
1	8		E.	W SW		Commences with a strong breeze and a rain
2	8					
3	8		E by S.			
4	7	1				
5	7	1				
6	7	1				
7	7	1				
8	7	1				
9	7	1				
10	7					
11	7					
12	7	1				
1	8					
2	8	1				
3	8	1				
4	8	1				
5	9		E S E	W N W		
6	9		"			
7	9		"			
8	9		"			
9	9		E by S	N. W.		
10	9		"			
11	9		"			
12	9		"			

At midnight strong wind and a pleasant

At a heavy squall from the W. and broke the light sails and kept the ship before the wind

During the remainder part of this day a heavy gale with frequent squalls attended with rain and a very high sea, ship labouring badly water continually washing the deck fore and aft. Kept the Pump all the time well attended close reefed fore & main & double reefed fore & main. Passed a Brig Laying too under close reefed main & top sail etc

Lat. 47° 18'

H	R	H	B	Courses	Miles	L. W. Remarks
1	8			E by S	N.W.	Tuesday May 10 1846.
2	8					Commences with a fresh gale and squally.
3	8					
4	8					
5	8					#4 The gale abated a little & around the reefs. set main sail & 1/2.
6	8					passed a Brig laying to
7	8					" passed another Brig laying to
8	8					
9	7	1				
10	7	1				During the night a gentle gale and a pleasant. The sea still very high.
11	7	1				
12	7	1				
1	7					
2	6	1				#3 Set Studding sails passed a brig going E.
3	5	1				
4	5					
5	5					
6	5					
7	5					
8	4	1				Clear with a gentle wind and a pleasant.
9	4					
10	3	1				
11	3	1				
12	3	1				

O! that was the time
When each man in his prime
Was good at a meal
For three pounds of veal,
Of beef, lamb or mutton,
Yet considered no glutton;
And the reason was this, the quack doctors, odd
rot them,
Had not yet advanced to the rescue of Gotham;
They had not advanced,—those stout scourgers
of ill—
Who now are as plenty as pebbles in rills, [pills.
To take wealth, health, and life in exchange for their

But alas! notwithstanding their dancing victorious,
Lest the reader might think by the way they are
prancing;
That the Gothamites formerly lived upon dancing,
We'll here introduce a delicious engraving,
Which for any one's scrap-book is richly worth
saving,
Representing that night,—first, the ball being
broke up,
When the guests, tired of dancing, had sat down
to sup—
By those eyes so exultingly bent on their prey—
By the mode which the dishes are melting away,

One may quickly perceive and admit to a letter,
Though their dancing was good, that their eating
is better!
Their kissings extatic, and suppers so glorious,
Their appetites brilliant, and freedom from quacks,
All those good folk of Gotham were laid on their
backs:—
Old Death in his sin
Has gathered them in,
For which we who come after them care not a pin.
But though they are dead here's a picture will tell
That while they yet lived, they knew how to live
well.



A FASHIONABLE WEDDING SUPPER AMONG OUR FOREFATHERS.

Such was old Gotham in her youth,
Ere yet she cut a wisdom tooth;
But such she is no more.
Scarce stands upon her soil a stone
Which to her youthful days was known;
The very name is dead and gone
She answer'd to of yore.
One scarce might deem that Time's slow tramp
Could make so great a change;
But think it took Aladin's lamp
To work such wonders strange.
And not alone the lamp I wot;
For surely one Old Nick has got
A finger in the pie;
For who beside this same Old Nick
Could fill our mighty town so thick
With things to make us sigh?
For instance—omnibusses grim

That madly threaten life and limb,
Rush by us swift as cock-boats swim,
When driven by sudden squall;
And if they spare your flesh and blood,
At least they paint you o'er with mud,
Which flows throughout a knee-deep flood
From Harlem to Whitehall!
In every quarter pigs abound;
Loafers are prowling all around;
Rogues too, as thick as hops are found,
Where e'er you choose to stray;
And should you stop at window, stuck
Sublimely o'er with fancy truck,
Your pocket-book—or you're in luck—
Takes wings and flies away!
And yet our rulers talk full big
Of laws for loafer, thief and pig,
To make them walk their chinks;

Of sweeping clean the streets also,
But then their honors never go
A whit beyond their talks!
Nor are they like to change their notes
Or darn those breaches in their coats;
For to ensure such rigs,
Loafers and thieves have freemen's votes!
And voters own the pigs!!
Besides, they dare not if they would;
For aldermen are flesh and blood;
And those free voters stout
Have clubs, as well as votes, and can
Demolish a poor alderman,
As well as vote him out!
Here goes a party, piping hot
From an election storm,
Their heads well broke with clubs, I wot—
Their hearts with brandy warm.

Mind what you Say.

It is always well to avoid saying everything that is improper. But it is especially so before children. And here parents, as well as others, are often in fault. Children have as many ears as grown persons, and they are generally more attentive to what is said before them. What they hear they are very apt to repeat; and as they have no discretion, and not sufficient knowledge of the world to disguise anything, it is generally found that "children and fools speak the truth." See that little boy's eyes glisten while you are speaking of a neighbor, in language you would not wish to have repeated. He does not fully understand what you mean, but he will remember every word; and it will be strange if he does not cause you to blush by its repetition.

A gentleman was in the habit of calling at a neighbor's house, and the lady had always expressed to him great pleasure from his calls. One day, just after she had remarked to him, as usual, her happiness from his visit, her little boy entered the room. The gentleman took him on his knee, and asked,

"Are you not glad to see me, George?"

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Why not, my little man?" he continued.

"Because mother don't want you to come," said George.

"Indeed! how do you know that, George?"

Here the mother became crimson, and looked daggers at the little son. But he saw nothing, and therefore replied,

"Because she said, yesterday, she wished that old bore would not call here again."

That was enough. The gentleman's hat was soon in requisition, and he left with the impression that "great is the truth, and it will prevail."

Another little child looked sharply in the face of a visitor, and being asked what she meant by it, replied,

"I wanted to see whether you had a drop in your eye; I heard mother say you had frequently."

A boy once asked one of his father's guests who lived next door to him; and when he heard his name, asked if he was not a fool?

"No, my little friend," replied the guest, "he is not a fool, but a very sensible man. But why did you ask that question?"

"Because," replied the boy, "mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool; and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

Deceiving Children.

Dr. A. was called to visit a sick boy twelve years of age. As he entered the house, the mother took him aside and told him she could not get her boy to take medicine unless she deceived him.

"Well, then," said Dr. A., "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with."

He went to the boy, and after an examination, said to him—

"My little man, you are very sick, and you must take some medicine. It will taste badly, and make you feel badly for a while, and then I expect it will make you feel better."

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it like a man, without the least resistance, and said he would take from his mother any thing that the physician had prescribed; but he would not take any thing else from her. She had very often deceived him and told him "it was good," when she gave him medicine.

—THE SEVEN WONDERS OF A YOUNG LADY.—1. Keeping her accounts in preference to an album.

2. Generously praising the attractions of that "affected creature" who always cut her out.

3. Not ridiculing the man she secretly prefers—nor quizzing what she seriously admires.

4. Not changing her "dear, dear friend" quarterly—or her dress three times a day.

5. Reading a novel without looking at the third volume first; or writing a letter without a postscript; or taking wine at dinner without saying "the smallest drop in the world;" or singing without "a bad cold;" or wearing shoes that were not "a mile too big for her."

6. Seeing a baby without immediately rushing to it and kissing it.

7. Carrying a large bouquet at an evening party, and omitting to ask her partner "if he understands the language of flowers."

A city bard wants to give "Old Tempus" some good advice through our pages. He says Time is no longer a "fast" man; that the telegraphs beat him, and Collins' steamers are "gaining on him." But he says:

"Yet, old Tempus! don't give up,
But try 'em on some other tack;
Show 'em they can ne'er live up
To you upon a railroad track.

From your wings pull out the feathers,
Doff your jacket—cut your hair;
Take all the patent office garters,
And my word, you'll soon be there!"

A HEAVY PUN.—A Western paper speaks of a man from Connecticut, whose wife is so fat that he was obliged to make two loads of her when he emigrated.

WEDDED LOVE.

The following lines are inexpressibly tender. They are dressed by a young wife to a desponding husband:

Come, rouse thee, dearest! 'tis not well
To let thy spirit droop;
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood;
As brooks and torrents, rivers all
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by sad'ning up the rills
Of lesser grief, spread sea and hills,
And, with their gloomy shades, conceal
The landmarks hope would still reveal.
Come rouse thee now! I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou should be thus shaken;
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this weary weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great;
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly woe.
Full well I know thy generous soul,
Which warms thee in life;
Each spring which can its power control,
Familiar to thy wife;
For deemst thou she could stoop to bind
Her fate into a common mind?
The Eagle like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
The shrine that sunk her so to shame.
Then rouse thee, dearest, from the dream,
That fetters now thy powers!
Shake off this gloom! Hope sheds a beam,
To guide each cloud that lowers;
And though, at present, seems so far
The wished-for goal, the rushing star
With peaceful ray would light thee on,
Until its bound be won—
That quenchless ray, thou'lt ever prove,
A fond, undying WEDDED LOVE!

DON'T DROWN YOURSELF FOR LOVE.

The following, illustrative of sympathy, is from the pen Bishop Heber:

A knight and lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a furtive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.
"Oh never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"Oh never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for sympathy!"
They searched for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a whirl and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.
They gazed on each other, the maid and knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace," sighed the youth, "ere we die,
So kissing and crying kept company!"
"Oh had I but lov'd such an angel as you!"
"Oh had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company!
At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a sigh and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery tier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company!"

"WHISPERING JOHN R."

Dear Spirit,—I seldom scribble for my own amusement, or that of others, but the following is too good to be lost. In what is known as the "upper end" of my county, there resides a man who has the *soubriquet* of "Whispering John R." This title he has gained from the fact that he always talks (even in common conversation) like he was a major-general on parade, or, to use a more common expression, "like he was raised in a mill."

This gentleman, who, by-the-bye, is "one of them," mounted his horse one of our coldest mornings last week, before daylight, for the purpose of riding down to M—, in time to take the morning train of cars for N—. He rode up to the hotel just as the boarders and travellers were done breakfast, and were standing around the bar-room fire "picking their teeth."

He dismounted, and walking into the bar-room, spoke to the landlord in his usual *whispering* tone—

"Good morning, Mr. L—; how do you do this morning?"

"Very well, Mr. L—; how do you do?"

"Oh! I am well—but I'm so d—d cold I can't hardly talk."

Just then a nervous traveller, who was present, ran up to the landlord, and catching him by the coat, said—

"Mr. L—, for the Lord's sake have my horse caught as soon as possible!"

"What is the matter, my dear sir, has anything happened?"

"Nothing upon God's earth, only I want to get away from here before that man *thaws*."

I left also for the same reason.

Yours truly, SAWBONES.

Tenn., Jan. 23. IN. Y. Spirit of the Times.

THE STOMACH.—Sir Henry Marsh, attributes the disasters of Napoleon immediately antecedent to the battle of Leipsic, and the loss of that battle, in a great degree to a mess of greasy soup eaten by him a few days before the battle, which produced a great derangement of the stomach.

THE VERY HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

W. HOLMES.

I wrote some lines once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die—
Albeit, in a general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came—
How kind it was in him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb.

These to the Printer, I exclaimed,
And in my humorous way,
I added, as a trifling jest,
There'll be the d—d to pay!

He took the paper, and I watched—
I saw him peep within—
And the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin!

The next he read the grin grew broad—
And shot from ear to ear—
The third he read, a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth he broke into a roar,
The fifth his waistbands split!
The sixth he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit!

Ten days and nights with sleepless eye
I watched this wretched man;
And, ever since, I dare not write
As funny as I can.



THE TUFTS FAMILY;

—OR—

SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUD.

BY ARBY JAMESON.

Reader, it may be you have passed by the very home I am about to describe. Its location is in a short court out of a great thoroughfare in this city. It is a small room, but well lighted by two windows, in either of which you may see a long box of daisies apparently always in bloom; how it is I know not, but it does seem as if the humble flower is never content to drop its tiny leaves or change its variegated hue; just so with the moss rose behind it—there is ever a bud or a blossom, and while with scrupulous care the skilful botanist in his elegant greenhouse is pruning and changing the soil of his rare exotics, still the fragrance nor beauty is like unto these simple plants in the widow's windows.

Yes, she is a widow, and has an only daughter dependent upon her needle for their scanty resources. Once and again has the hard fate of the unrequited seamstress been made the subject of story and song; yet nobody has told many bitter tales which have been revealed to mortals—deep, heavy, painful struggles, which ambition has triumphed over, and a sense of pride has subdued, until the friendly hand of death has interposed, and the sepulchre has closed over those sorrows—forever!

Ah, no; not forever. We believe there is to be a day of righteous retribution, when the oppressed will stand with fearless awe to confront the oppressor; but to our story.

Mrs. Tufts was once the wife of a prosperous merchant on our Eastern seaboard. They were living in an easy, comfortable manner, laying up in store a sufficiency to meet the demands of a growing family; hospitably entertaining their friends, varying the dull routine of care and business by occasional excursions of pleasure, and thus as we say, "keeping the run of things" as they went along. About the time of their greatest prosperity, the fatal "land speculation" was agitated, and Mr. Tufts was unluckily drawn into its meshes.

At the outset, he realized a handsome property by exchanging lands which he never saw, and selling on paper for sound currency. But whoever has watched the progress of speculative action, well knows it seldom keeps within healthful boundaries. There is the love of gaining a little more, and when once a loss varies the excitement of the hour, a ten-fold vigilance is seized upon to repair it—but as this reparation leaves but a disquieted mind, plunge after plunge is made until exhausted, we sink under the mighty torrent.

So it was with Ichabod Tufts. In two years after he engaged in the mania, he was a poor man. While the world went along prosperously, the moral courage or discretion of Mr. Tufts was never denied—but when stricken and brought low by adversity, no man seemed more helpless. He would weep for days over his own folly; but, alas! such repentance does not give back again our lost treasures.

To live in the neighborhood where we have always maintained the first position, after one has become penniless, required more stamina than the Tufts family could muster; so they removed to the great metropolis where so much want and worth is unheeded by the great, passing crowd.

Mr. Tufts soon secured the place of salesman in one of our wholesale establishments, took half a house, and recommenced life with considerable energy. In this, he was essentially aided by two daughters, who found situations as assistants in a female school—Letitia, having a decided taste for drawing, and Laura, being a rare French scholar. The mother was an excellent housewife—the four boys assisted in all sorts of work out of school hours, and altogether, the family had "picked up" very considerably.

They were known as regular attendants in one of our churches; the young ladies taught in one of our sabbath schools, and acquaintances were thus formed by an agreeable keeping with their former prosperity. But a reverse was again at hand. The wholesale firm in which Mr. Tufts was employed, failed—closed up their concerns, went to New York, and left poor Tufts with a quarter's unpaid salary, which he never realized. He, too, followed them to our sister city, where he succeeded in again re-establishing himself, and with sanguine hopes, as he was returning to his family, by some unforeseen step in alighting from the cars, he fell upon the track and was instantly killed.

This intelligence gave such a shock to Mrs. Tufts, that for a season her reason was paralyzed; but slowly, the mediating hand of time and gentle affection, restored her partially to her former self.

And now those struggling daughters were indeed as ministering angels. Yet the bloom was beginning to fade on Laura's cheek; the cheerful, sunlit smile was supplanted by a heavenly, angelic sweetness, which showed a resignation to whatever might befall her. But look at her incentives to labor—a widowed mother with a crushed heart—four small brothers unable to earn their livelihood, and the main dependence resting on herself and sister, whose united salaries were but four hundred dollars per annum.

"I have been thinking, girls," said Mrs. Tufts, as she looked upon Laura's face, and Letitia's sorrowful countenance, "that I might usefully employ myself in procuring plain sewing from your patrons. Certainly, I used to stitch and plait, and do nice work for your father and uncle; and, if these eyes are dimmed a little, I can rub them up again by the use of spectacles," said she, playfully.

The subject was fully discussed, and the result was that some half-dozen nice shirts were forthcoming from the wealthy Mrs. A., who had just turned off her former seamstress on account of her non-fulfilment of a contract at a given time.

Nobody ever entered upon the list of workwomen with more sanguine expectations than Mrs. Tufts. She rose an hour earlier, and she retired several hours later, until her first task was completed, and the six dollars compensation was already anticipated at the neighboring grocery.

On a clear, cold Saturday evening, Edward, the oldest boy was despatched with the work to the elegant mansion of Mrs. A. He was kindly invited into the warm sitting-room, where the family were gathered, and Mr. A. accosted him by enquiries for his mother and sisters. While this conversation was going on, Ellen, a younger daughter, sat scrutinizing the finished shirts.

"Do look here, mother," said she, pointing to the bosoms; "them plaits are not laid according to the pattern," and giving it a sudden jerk, "do see how awry this will set. Father, before you pay for this work, I think you ought to make trial of the fit," said she, rather pertly.

Edward trembled. He was a boy of rare spirit and had witnessed his mother's efforts to do all by a single thread like the pattern.

"I guess they will need no alteration," spoke he; "mother has worked very hard and very late, too. This very morning, when I awoke, I found she had but just laid aside her work."

"La," said Ellen, "poor people cannot expect to get money without labor. I dare say your mother got a good many naps between the small hours."

"No, indeed she did not," replied Edward, "and her head ached terribly, this morning."

"Hush," said Mrs. A., and softening her tone. "You may take them shirts back to your mother, and tell her I will call round early in the week and see her about the alterations."

The bundle was tied up, and poor Edward wended his way home with a heavy heart. He threw down the work on his return, with some violence.

"Look here, mother," said he; "these are all returned, and if I ever live to be a man, not a single stitch shall you sew for a living—people are so unfeeling"—and he narrated the whole scene he had left.

Mrs. Tufts put her hand to her head. "My dear," said she, "rich people know not the sufferings of the poor—but we will not criminate them."

That night Laura was taken very ill. Her disease was a congestion of the brain; and severe sickness soon disarms us of all resentful thoughts, so no more was spoken of the above affair—and when Mrs. A. called to give particular directions as to the alterations, Laura was dying!

Mrs. A. had never stood by a death-bed—yet somehow she was attracted to remain here. There was a subdued sadness in the whole household, but no violent outbursts of grief. Mrs. Tufts soon laid her hand upon her daughter's forehead and exclaiming—"she is gone!" hid her face in her handkerchief and wept. Then she arose and gave directions to Letitia and the other children, with which there was a sorrowful compliance.

The rich and the poor here met together. Mrs. A. was softened. The idea of the withheld payment rose before her. She turned round to Mrs. Tufts, and emptying the contents of her purse upon the work-table, begged her forgiveness and entreated her to allow her to become her friend.

Mr. A. kindly paid the expenses of Laura's funeral, and received Edward into his store the fol-

lowing week. Ellen, the fault-finder, made no acquaintance of Letitia and loved her as a sister. Through her agency, comfortable homes were provided for the other three boys; Letitia was induced to give up the occupation of teacher, as her mother's precarious health rendered her unfit to live alone, and at the time of the introduction of our readers to the flower pots in the windows, we can exhibit to them one home at least where industry is well rewarded, and the distinctions of society are forgotten.

Yesterday, we looked in upon this mother and daughter. There was a cheerful fire, a well carpeted room, neat but simple furniture, and Letitia's face was lighted up with a sunshining expression which indicated inward peace. Her mother was reclining in an easy chair, being now affected with the chronic rheumatism. Her Bible lay open before her, and while we were conversing upon the translation of Laura's, Ellen A. entered. With a winning face, she placed herself before us.

"I have good news to bring you, Mrs. Tufts," said she; "and you, too, Letitia. Father was yesterday chosen first director of a Retreat for the Insane in a neighboring town, and he has selected you, Miss Letitia, as matron of the establishment. You can carry your mother with you, be amply provided for, receive a handsome salary, and I shall ask the particular favor to visit you every week."

Of course, we need not add the acceptance of such an offer fell gratefully upon the hearts of our friends, and as we discussed the matter over, when Ellen had left, we did conclude that after all, there is a great deal more kindness in the world than we are apt to imagine. We only need to be acquainted with each other, to break the separating gulf between the prosperous and the adverse, and the decent, self-respecting poor will always find themselves sympathized with, and cared for; for all being moulded from the same original material, are easily moved by each other's necessities.



The Mother's Grave. See Page 10.



PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG COUNT OF PARIS.

Louis Philippe Albert d'Orléans, Comte de Paris, is before you. How beautifully has the painter given to the world the features of the child whose lamented father had already been the subject of Winterhalter's speaking pencil! The Count of Paris, with his silken tresses, and truly Bourbon expression, is now one of the most interesting of children. The heir to the throne of France, what will be his destiny? Is he to traverse with safety the stormy days of an uncle's regency—that uncle being, after his death, the probable representative of the Orleans branch for the Duke of Chartres is so sickly that no hopes are entertained of his life being prolonged for many years! To predict the future, we must glance at the past. The July dynasty, on the birth of the Count of Paris, seemed to have a security for three generations at least. The monarchy of the three days was coldly regarded by its brothers in royalty, and the late Duke of Orleans made the circuit of the European courts before a partner could be found

to share the perils of a revolutionary crown. At length, in an obscure German Court, the Protestant Princess—the Princess Helena of Mecklenburg Schwerin was found to accept the offered hand of the *de facto* heir to the French throne. On the 20th of May, 1837, Fontainebleau witnessed the royal nuptials, and the capital received with tumultuous joy the royal couple. On the 24th of August, 1838, was born the Count of Paris. Was the omission of a princely title, and the revival of one of metropolitan fame merely, a good or a bad sign? The Parisians, however, felt flattered by the compliment bestowed on them, and a costly sword was voted by the municipality to the royal infant. Was this, again, a sarcastic allusion of the citizens to the pacific policy of their rulers? Was it intended to convey the opinion that France was to be ruled by the sword—the France who had sprung out of the barricades, and who had rejected the old branch of the Bourbons, to have the "Best of Republics," and a "Citizen King?" We

answer not these questions, for they appertain to parties, and we are no party.

With infinite ease and grace does the little fellow receive the felicitations so prodigally tendered. Already has the Count of Paris spoken of his sword to defend France, and he goes through the first military rudiments with the most perfect gravity and self-possession. Up to the 10th of July, 1842, all was apparently sunshine for him. But, in one moment, a fatal accident deprived him of his parental guide, and left him to the mercy of interested relatives and of a fickle population. God help the poor child! Why can he not always be as he now appears before you, young, innocent, and beautiful? Must he be hereafter thrown headlong into the vortex of political passions, and of wars of succession?

As a companion Engraving to the beautiful Portrait above, we will next present the reader with a picture of the young heir to the throne of England.

Alice Carey, in a late poem—"An April Rhyme," published in the National Era, uses this very beautiful figure:—

"Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide:
For is it not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side."

Rather ominous—to be importuned by your young wife to get your life insured.

"That baby," said the delighted mother, "we look upon as the flower of the family." Being a boy, and robed in yellow flannel, she ought to have called him the sun-flower.

"Smart Answer.—"Come here, sonny, and tell me what the four seasons are?" Young Prodigy.—"Pepper, mustard, salt and vinegar—they's what mammy always seasons with."

A boy, whose general appearance betokened the want of a father's care, being asked what his father followed for a living, replied, "He is a Methodist by trade, but he do n't work at it any more."

"Josh, I say, I was going down street t' other day, and I seed a tree-bark." "Golly, Sam, I seed it hollow." "And I seed the same one leave." "Did it take its trunk with it?" "No, it left that for board."

W. H. Polk, of Tennessee, twitted a New England member of coming from a section of country too poor to raise anything but calves and jackasses. "True," said the New Englander, "we do raise calves and jackasses, but we do n't send them to Congress, as your State does."

A man with a red face, and looking rather shabby, called at a house in the country, on Sunday, and asked for a drink of cider. The good lady of the house refused. He urged, telling her that she had better, for some persons had entertained angels unawares. "Yes," said she, "I know that; but angels do n't go about drinking cider on Sunday."

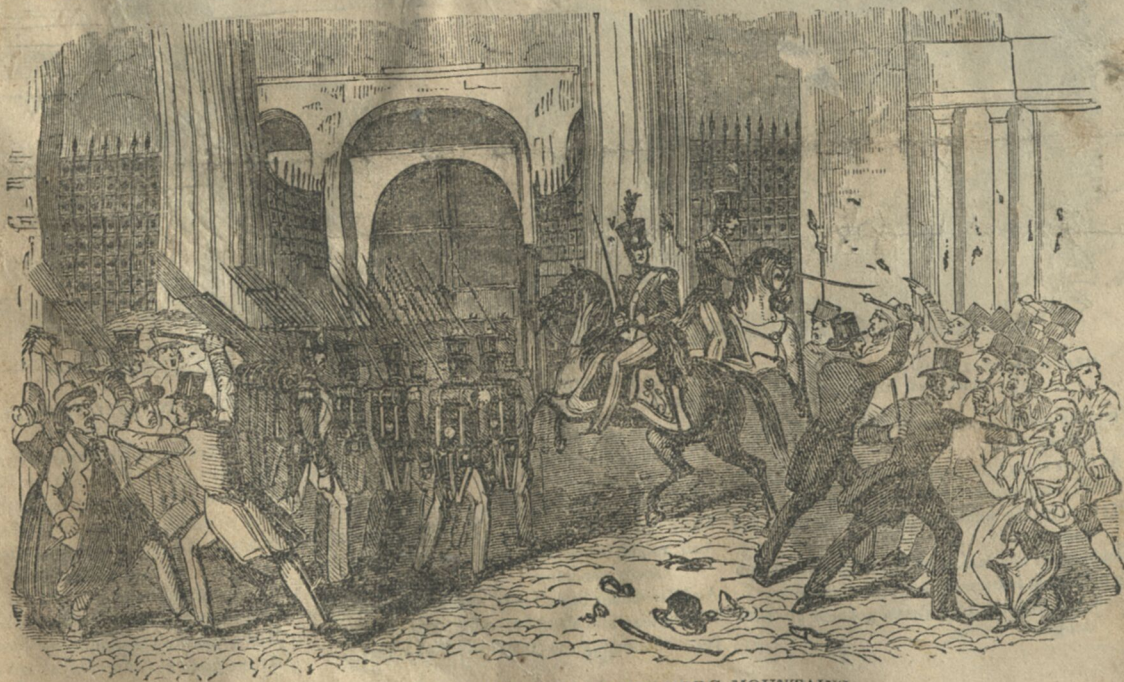
Bathing---the Skin.

Many apologies are made by persons for a neglect of habitual bathing—some urge a want of time, others a want of inclination, and a half belief that it is unimportant, but by far the largest number, a want of convenience for the operation. It has become fashionable to add the boilers, pipes, pumps, and rooms to most new houses for the accommodation of bathing. It is generally a somewhat expensive attachment, but it is all very well for those who can afford to do it without cutting off other conveniences, or embarrassing other of their affairs. A bowl of soft water, a little soap, and a couple of towels, after all, is all that is *really* necessary. A small room is pleasant and convenient, and may be found in most dwellings without expense particularly for it. In the *Farmer and Mechanic*, published by Messrs. Parker and Bidwell, New York, we always find sound and useful instruction, and among many other good things, what follows, in relation to the functions of the skin:

"A knowledge of the various and important offices performed by the skin, in the animal economy, must quicken our attention to bathing, as the best means by which health may be preserved without disturbance or interruption.—There are three substances passing from the skin constantly: 1st, an oil exudes for the benefit of the skin itself; 2d, the perspiration, or water portion of the blood, evaporated from the surface to cool the body; 3d, excreted substances of varying character, very injurious to health if not carried off. These substances are very liable by drying to form a gum or glazing upon the surface of the skin, which closes the millions of pores, damages the nervous system, and throws the excretions back upon the lungs. By bathing all these impurities are removed and the skin rendered soft and readily adapted to preserve the proper adjustment between the secretions and exhalations; and more especially assist the respiratory functions of the human body."

Now, kind reader, that thou seest what important duties the skin has to perform, in order to keep thee elastic and in health, wilt thou not attend to its demands, and straightway go and bathe, and do it habitually?—N. E. Farmer.

Kossuth is an orator, and parts of his speeches are always striking, and in good taste. But we don't see how he is going into battle, with that lock of Washington's hair on the top of a flag-staff. He can't put it there so that it will look well, "any way he can fix it." We've pondered upon the subject a great deal, and we really don't see how it can be done.



COLLECTING RENT IN THE HEIDELBERG MOUNTAINS.

But there's one sort of sodgering done in New York
Which the dander might raise in a stoic or Turk
And make strangers suppose,
If they gazed on our woes,
That with all our boastings we Yankee Doodles
Were the sublimest of this world's noodles.
We speak of our train-band gatherings raw,
Which fools of us make according to law,
And nulet us in fines, which are spent in dinners
To fatten a pack of lazy sinners,
Who study their stupid drill to make

As bad as may be, for their stomachs' sake;
For the more that are shamed into paying the fine
The better that awkward squad can dine!
You dough-heads, whom still we must take into
grace,
And vote up to Albany, if you are true,
And worth half the rhino you get by your place,
Relieve us from this—or go hang yours'lves, do
But we have other fish to fry
Than talking of this—which, by the by,
Reminds us of a basket of fish

The finest that ever were laid on a dish,
Which a very pretty young maiden of yore
Purchased one day from a dame at her door;
And in proof of that same
Here's the maid and the dame,
Not forgetting the fish, caught five minutes before,
And by the disdain
In each countenance plain
They mean for to say
Their suspense to allay
That they are to be cook'd in just five minutes

THE POOR STRAWBERRY BOY.

On a fine morning in the square in New York city, an offered some baskets of strawberries for sale. Having disposed of the fruit, he was about to depart, when his attention was arrested by the appearance of a beautiful girl, some twelve years old, who crossed the hall near the door. She was the only daughter of the gentleman of the house, and though he gazed on her but a single moment, the kind look which she bestowed on him, struck a chord in his heart, which, until that moment had never vibrated.

"She is very lovely!" he exclaimed mentally—"but she is the daughter of the great millionaire—she can be nothing to me."

He returned to the fields in search of more fruit, but the remembrance of that sunny face attended him closely in his rambles.

"I am young," he continued to himself—"would I could make myself worthy of her! But then she is so far above me,"—and this thought, though it did not banish the feeling, hushed it.

A week had passed, and the little strawberry boy again stood with a palpitating heart, at the rich man's door. His fruit was purchased as before, and he received his money from the white hand of the fair being, whom from the moment he first saw her, he had dared to love.

She spoke kindly to him and bade him call again.

He did not forget the order. He called again and again—but the season was advancing, and the fruit had become a scarcity.

"I shall not be able to bring you any more," he said one morning, "I am sorry, for it was a pleasure to call here. But we may meet hereafter."

The young heart which fluttered in the bosom of that lovely girl was touched at the musical, though somewhat melancholy tone in which this was uttered, and she timidly replied that she would remember him.

"We shall meet again, Miss, when, I promise you, you shall not be ashamed to acknowledge the acquaintance of the poor strawberry boy."

She thought the language singular—but they parted.

Three years elapsed. The tide of speculation which was then swelling in our country, had not yet reached "the flood," and the man of wealth, with his beautiful daughter, rolled in his beautiful carriage along Broadway, upon a fine Sabbath morning, on the way to the Trinity Church. Charlotte was "just turned sixteen,"—and the bright bud was just changing to the open rose. She was fair, indeed.

The services had ended—the magnificent carriage stood at the Church door; the elegantly caparisoned horses pawed the ground uneasily—the liveried footman held the door—and the wealthy merchant handed his lovely daughter to the coach, amid the low obeisance of her gay admirers.

Why does she not observe the homage of her thousand butterfly flatterers?

A young, plainly dressed stranger stands quietly at the side of the church door—and her gaze, for an instant, is rivetted on his features.

"Who can it be?"—she remembers—no, she cannot remember.

The carriage rolls slowly towards the stately mansion of the man of wealth, and he discovers an uncommon quietness in his daughter's demeanor.

"My dear Charlotte, you are ill."

"No, father, no—I am—very well."

They arrived at the door—the stranger was there. They alight—he extends a slight—a very slight—but respectful bow to the "heir," and moves on.

A blush tinged that bright cheek; she recognizes him.

Charlotte retired to her chamber; she was unhappy—but surely "the stranger was nothing to her, or she to him."

It was the poor Strawberry Boy.

Time rolled on. It was the coldest night of the uncommon cold winter of '35—and the memorably 16th of December. A fire had broken out in the evening—in one of the principal streets of the business part of the great commercial metropolis. It raged violently, and at early morning on the succeeding day, a great portion of the city lay in ashes.

The rich merchant—as was his wont—alighted from his carriage at the head of Wall street, and saw the ruins. He hasten-

ed to the scene. *Where was his store?*—his goods—his all? The smouldering ruins before him answered.

But he was insured—he should save something at least. His policies were looked after during the day—they had expired a week previously.

The millionaire was comparatively a beggar. He had a stout heart, though, that "rich poor man;" and well he braved the storm. He found, however, that it would be necessary to break up his establishment at home, to meet some immediate pressing liabilities.

His furniture was sacrificed—his mansion was disposed of—his splendid horses and carriages went into other hands—and even "Jessie," Charlotte's pretty coal-black favorite, was doomed to pass from them, under the hammer.

But could not some friend be found who would purchase "Jessie" and retain her until the fury of the blast had passed?

No. Every body was poor—every body had been ruined by "the great fire"—and nobody had money. Besides, it was expensive keeping horses.

"Poor Jessie!" sighed her mistress. "I hope she may fall into good hands."

But nobody wanted "Jessie," and she was thrown away upon a stranger.

"Who did you say was the purchaser?" inquired Charlotte of her father.

"A Mr. Manly, I think," said the father.

And who was Mr. Manly? He was the poor Strawberry Boy.

"The birds when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the sea away."

And the friends who hover near
When Fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm!"

Another year had fled. Misfortune had followed misfortune in rapid succession, and the revulsion of '37 had finally reduced our man of wealth to bankruptcy. The following advertisement may be found in the papers of that day:—

"Will be sold at public auction on Wednesday next on the premises, the right of redemption to that beautiful cottage, with about half an acre of land adjoining, laid out in a garden, well stocked with fruit trees and shrubbery, situated on the south side of Staten Island, and mortgaged to John Jacob A. for the sum of ten thousand, three hundred dollars, etc. etc. Sale positively—title indisputable—possession given immediately—terms cash."

The rich man that was, in vain appealed to his sunshine friends for aid. They must have security—the times were hard—they had lost a deal of money—people sometimes live too fast—it was not their fault—very sorry, but could not help him.

From bad to worse he succeeded—and now, reduced to the last extremity, he had retired to this beautiful retreat, with the hope that rigid economy and fresh application to his mercantile affairs would retrieve his rapidly sinking fortune. But his star was descending, and his more lucky brethren forgot that he had been "one of them." Unfortunately he had no security to offer—and the cottage was sold.

It was a bright day in autumn; the purchasers were few, there was but little competition—and the estate passed into other hands. The purchaser gave notice that he should take possession forthwith.

And what was to become of the lovely child? His last home had been taken from him, and that fair girl was motherless. The heart of the fond father misgave him when he received information that the premises must be immediately vacated. The daughter wept in silence upon the bosom of her affectionate and unhappy parent.

He had been a proud man, but his pride was now humbled, and calmly he resigned himself to this last stroke of affliction. He too, wept; oh, it was a fearful sight to see that strong man weep.

But his troubles were nearly at an end. The day following that upon which the sale occurred, had well nigh sped. The afternoon was bright and balmy, and the father sat with his daughter in the recess of one of the cottage windows, which looked out upon the road. He had received a note from the purchaser of the cottage, informing him that he should call upon him in the afternoon for the purpose of examining the premises more fully than he had yet an opportunity of doing. They awaited his visit.

A stranger on horseback halted suddenly in front of the court-yard gate, and turning the head of his coal-black steed, he ambled quietly to the door.

"Oh, father," shouted Caroline, forgetting for the moment her sorrows, "look, there is my darling little Jessie, and—" a knock at

the door called her at once to recollection.

The door was opened by the once princely proprietor of the princely mansion in L—square. Before him stood a curious looking young man, who inquired for Mr. S.

"That is my namesir, and I have the honor of addressing"—

"Mr Manly, sir—now the owner of this cottage. I have just received the deed from the hands of my attorney, and with your permission, shall be glad to examine the estate."

"Walk in sir, you are master here, and I shall vacate as soon as your pleasure may require it. My daughter, sir," he continued, as the stranger entered the parlor. "This is Mr. Manly, Charlotte, the purchaser of our little cottage."

"The person whom you once knew only as the "Poor Strawberry Boy," continued Manly, as he took her excited hand.

"My dear sir," said Manly addressing the father, "I am the owner of the cottage. Seven years ago I had the happiness to receive from this fair hand a few shillings in payment for fruit which I carried to the door of the then affluent Mr. S—, of L—square. I was but a boy, sir, and a poor boy too; but poor as I was, and wealthy as was this lady, I dared to love her. Since then I have travelled many leagues—I have endured many hardships—with but a single object in view; that of making myself worthy of your daughter. Fortune has been no niggard with me, sir, my endeavors have been crowned with success; and I come here to-day not to take possession of this lovely cottage alone, but to lay my fortune at the feet of worth and beauty, and to offer this fair being a heart which exists but for herself alone."

The astonishment of the parent was unbounded. If Charlotte had not loved before, she now looked upon the handsome and generous stranger with aught but displeasure. But secretly she had entertained a feeling certainly "akin to affection," for him whom she remembered for seven long years—who had crossed her path so strangely—who had purchased the very cottage from which she had expected to be driven; and—but the sequel is soon told.

Charlotte loved, and shortly after gave her hand to Manly. They remained in the cottage, which was newly furnished; and many times afterwards did she mount her favorite Jessie, at the side of her fond and devoted husband, and roam through the romantic scenes which abound on that famed Island.

The once wealthy Mr. S—is now a happy grandfather; and as he tosses the young Manlys on his knee, he delights in rehearsing the story of "THE POOR STRAWBERRY BOY."

TO KATIE.

BY MRS. L. M. GRANGER.

"Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?"

You ask with a sigh and a tear;

Be assured we ne'er can forget thee,

Thy name to our hearts is still dear.

"Do they miss me at home?" Yes, they miss thee

For blending in music and song,

To thy voice no longer we listen,

Thy smile too has vanished and gone.

"Do they miss me at home?" Yes, we miss thee,

At morning, at noon and at night;

And often we murmur, "God bless thee,"

And whisper for thee a good-night.

And thy place at the table is vacant;

We miss thy sweet converse and smile,

That helped to enliven the moment,

And each little care to beguile.

When the sun has gone down, and the darkness,

Like a curtain, is drawing around,

The light of thy presence no longer

In thy childhood's home is still found.

Yes, we miss thee at home, and we daily

Pray that where'er thy footsteps roam,

Thy heart still fondly will turn, Katie,

And yearn for the dear ones at home.

May you ne'er want a friend to cheer, Katie,

Thy way o'er the ocean of life;

Health, peace, may they ever attend thee,

And honors and blessings be rife.

And when moments of sadness come o'er thee,

For we know such moments will come,

O, trust then the Love that will give thee,

With thy dear ones, a heavenly home.

Hardwick, Mass.

COL. FREEMONT'S GREAT WEALTH. Colonel Freemont, the son of a poor washerwoman, has arisen to great distinction in fifteen brief years, and is now or soon will be the possessor of land and treasure to the amount of fifteen millions of dollars. However, one box of Russia Salve is worth, in affliction, a mountain of gold. One 25 cent box will cure chilblains, frost-bitten limbs, piles, sores, burns, scalds, &c., in a short time. Sold at 8 State street.

VON SWEITZEL ON POLITICS. "Mein neighbor, Wilhelm, vot you tink of bolities, hey?" asked Peter Von Slug of his neighbor Von Sweitzel, the twelfth ward blacksmith, as he seated himself beside him in a "bierhaus."

"I tinks much," said Sweitzel, giving him a long whiff.

"Vell, vot you tinks?"

"I comes to der conclusion dat bolities is one big fool."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pete, after taking a long draught from his mug, "how you makes him dat?"

"Vell, mine frien, I tell you," replied Sweitzel, after a few whiffs and a drink, "I come to dish place ten years last evening der Dutch A'm'tas, mit mine blacksmith shop. I build a fine little house, I poots up mine bellers, I makes mine fire, I heats mine iron, I strikes mit mine hammer, I gets plenty of work in, and I makes mine moonish."

"Dat is goot," remarked Pete, at the same time demanding that the drained mugs be refilled.

"I say dat I make much friends," continued Sweitzel, re-lighting his pipe. "Der beople all say, Von Sweitzel bees a goot man; he bl in der morning, he strikes in der night, and he minds his buisness. So they spoken to me many times, and it makes me feel much goot here," slapping his breast.

"Yaw, yaw, dat ish gooter," remarked Pete, who was an attentive listener.

"Vell, it goes long dat way tree year—Tree?—Let me see, von year I make tree hundred tollar, der next tree hundred an fifty, der next four hundred and swonzy, and der next five hundred tollar. Dat make five yer. Vell, I bes here five yer, when old Mike, der watchman, who bees such a bad man, comes to me, and he say: 'Sweitzel, vot make you work so hard?' 'To make money I dell him. 'I dell you how you makes him quicker as dat,' he say. I ask him Low, an den he tell me to go into bolities an' get big office. I laugh at him, von he dell me dat Shake, der lawyer—vat makes such burly speeches about Enderland—bees agolir' to run for Congress, an' dat Shake, der lawyer, dell him to dell me if I would go among der peebles an' dell them to vote mid him all der while, he would put me in von big office, where I makes twenty thousand tollars a yer."

"Twenty thousand! mine Got!" exclaimed Pete, thunderstruck.

"Yaw, twenty thousand. Vell, by shinks, I shut stops der striking an' goes to mine friends, an' all der Yarmans vote for Shake, and Shake bees elected to der Congress."

Here Myrbaer Von Sweitzel stopped, took a long draught of beer, and fixing his eyes on the floor, puffed his pipe in deep meditation.

"Vell, mine neighbor," said Pete, after waiting a due length of time for him to resume "vat you do den, eh?"

"Vell, I ask Mike, der swellhead watchman, for der office, and he dell me I gets him der next year. I waits till after der next kroat making time, an den I say again, 'Mike, von vil Shake give me dat twenty thousand dollar office?' 'In two yer, sure,' he say, 'if you work for der barty.' 'Vell, I stop blowin' with my bellers agin, an' I blow two years for der barty mit mine mount.'"

"Two yer mit your mou?" asked Pete in astonishment.

"Yaw, two yer. Den again I go to Mike, der swellhead watchman, an' dell him der twenty thousand tollar about, an' he dell me in one mere yer I gets him sure. I dinks he fools me, yet I blow for der barty anudder year, an' den, vat you dinks?"

"Dinks! Vy you gets him twenty thousand tollar?"

"Gets him! Py shinks, Mike, der swellhead watchman dell me I bees one pig fool, and dat I might go to der bad place, an' eat seur kroat."

"He tell you dat?"

"Yaw. Sure as my name bees Von Sweitzel."

"After you do der blowing mit your mou for der barty?"

"Yaw."

"Mine Got! Vat you do den, mine neighbor?"

"I makes a fire in mine blacksmith chop, I blows mine own bellows again, I heats mine own iron, and strikes mine own hammer. I say to minself—Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, bolities bees a humbug, and bolifications bees a bigger von. Wilhelm Von Sweitzel, do yer own blowing, and let der bolifications do ders!"

A CRUSADE has been commenced against Methodism in the lower part of New Jersey, by a Rev. John Quincy Adams, who is delivering a course of lectures, endeavoring to show its anti-American spirit and tendency, and the similarity between Romanism and the Methodist Episcopacy, in managing the temporal affairs of the church; also, as a dangerous foe to republicanism in its influence and avowed principles.

The Rothschilds, according to their own estimate, possess \$700,000,000 in personal property, exclusive of real estate, securities, mines, &c., which amount to at least half as much more, making the enormous sum of over one thousand millions of dollars, or an amount much larger than the entire valuation of New York city.

NOT A BAD IDEA. We know a gentleman in town who keeps suit of very old clothes, and a shockingly dilapidated hat, for the express purpose of wearing to market, the grocery stores, etc. He says he saves from ten to twenty per cent. on nearly every article he purchases, by adopting this plan. The other Saturday night, for instance, he bought a pair of very handsome chickens at a market stall, for 75 cents, and immediately after saw a richly dressed neighbor of his come up with his servant man, and purchase a pair, weighing considerably less than his, for which he was asked—and for which he paid—one dollar. It is a fact that well-dressed people, as the world goes, must pay well for the luxury of broadcloth and nice beavers.

SOMETHING TO DIE FOR.

PRENT was sick, single, and singular.

It was of no use to do any thing for him; he was going to die; that is, he was coming to his end. Of what? Will you have the answer of last month, or last year? It's quite important to me which. Last week he was dying of consumption; last month of apoplexy; last year of cancer; and it was as likely the year before to have been an aneurism as a palsy. But he thought of dying, and had thought of it off and on (generally on) for three years. Three years—till finally he reduced it to a certainty (he feared) and himself to a shadow; a pretty distinct shadow, it's true.

He looked at his hand one day; there was a little blue spot on it. Mortifying, no doubt—very. What would become of his penmanship? Off hand, at least. Four-and twenty hours relieved him: all right—only a stain. He walked in a perspiration of delight to the open window; but where was his happiness, when two minutes after he put his hand upon his brow and felt cold drops standing there! Oh! there was it! Going in a consumption; last stage—hasty at that; named in two words, cough and coffin.

Bed, blood-root and a blister.

Prent was a whig and a wag, and both together sometimes—unsteady.

Not so much my feelings as my friends,' said Prent, feebly; 'nor my pain as my principles, I grieve for. What'll become of the party? not that which comes to t—' (tea he was about to say, but growing short of breath got out 'tat' instead, which was just as well,) 'but which goes to the polls. I'm going, and my friends know it; it's *expect-oration* with me, but not with them.'

'No, no,' said his friend Prattle, the lawyer; 'don't give way to such feelings; cheer up.'

'Cheer up!' said Prent; 'on what? spirits of nitre?—poor cheer, I take it.' He did; 'and as for giving way, there's no help for it nor from it. I tell you my friend, I'm a gone coon!' He smiled feebly. 'I've felt like it ever since the last election.'

'Stuff!' said Prattle; 'stuff!'

'Which?' asked Prent; 'my medicine or my meals? I haven't eaten any thing so large as a cracker since yesterday. I'm an unsound liver, though not bilious.'

'Well,' said Prattle, 'if you really think so, I'll send for the doctor; and,' suggested he, 'perhaps I'd better make out your will.'

'The best thing you can do; and give me my testament,' said Prent.

'Won't you just sign this petition?' said Prattle; it dates a week back, and you can sign it at the head.'

'A week back,' said Prent, 'contains a complaint does it? Well, yes, I'll sign the petition, and say my prayers. But look here; don't send for the doctor it's no use.'

'Yes,' said Prattle, imploringly.

'No,' said Prent, decidedly, and coughed. Coughing loudly for a sick man, he frightened Prattle into making out his will immediately, for there was some danger of its shaking his intention.

The will was drawn up in due form, and without ceremony.

As Prattle sat by the bed, he thought during the intervals between Prent's remarks, and when Prent said, 'I feel easier now,' he thought 'so do I.' 'In my mind,' said Prent.

'In my pocket,' thought Prattle.

'I'll lengthen my life full twelve hours,' said Prent.

'And my purse full twelve shillings,' thought Prattle.

After half an hour Mr Prattle went away, and after him went a week from that date.

Not so Prent, he got better. He got so he could 'sit up and take things'—so that he could stand. 'It leaves me with a rheumatism,' said Prent; 'I wish it had left me alone.' 'Ah!' continued he, 'I'm only twenty-five, but I've a presentiment that I shan't live long. I'm a single man, too; nothing to mar my happiness. Why should I die? I have not done any thing very bad, save that last painting. 'Well,' thought Prent, 'if I've got to die, I'll get married and have something to die for, I will.'

And he would have done it directly, only that the rheumatism attacked him just then; but at the first opportunity, that is, as soon as he could, he took the preliminary steps. He took the steps to a three story house.

Mr Prent! said the waiter.

'That's me,' said Prent, walking into the parlor.

'How is Miss Bachelor?' said Prent.

Miss Bachelor was a young lady of about thirty, with a very fresh countenance and a very red nose—exceedingly red; she bore the appearance of one having the influenza all her life, and never using any thing for it but her pocket handkerchief.

Miss Bachelor was 'Pretty well as common, thank-y,' and 'Miss Latelle,' said Prent to a very pretty niece of Miss Bachelor's. 'How are you?'

'Very well,' she warbled.

Prent was the only gentleman present. He sat himself down, and in five minutes thereafter was 'in town,' as the saying goes.

He felt happy and he looked happy. He thought perhaps he would have some difficulty in getting Miss Latelle, but even that produced a pleasurable excitement. The reasons for his belief were good, too.—He was not handsome, and Miss Latelle had refused three already. But she was the first girl of his acquaintance, and he determined to commence at 'A No. 1' and try down to 'etc., with no number.

To his surprise he advanced rapidly; from the weather to love in a single leap, to matrimony in one more. 'How well I feel,' thought Prent.

He was about proposing, when Miss Bachelor said in a voice to which a coffee-mill would have been music; 'I declare, I feel quite chilly.' There was no doubting her veracity, but it was, Prent thought, awkward to say so at that moment. Supposing she was?—it was not his fault. He wished her in the south of France, or the kitchen stove, rather than there.

'It is rather chilly,' said Prent.

Miss Bachelor was troubled with teeth. Prent knew it. 'I'm told,' said he, 'that a slight chill in the air, is worse than really cold weather for the teeth. Have you heard it?'

'Dear me! no,' said Miss B., 'I mustn't stay here then.'

She ascended the stairs with rapidity, and they heard no more of her for the evening.

Mr Prent wasted no time, but proposed without delay. Miss Latelle accepted—all comfortably.—Now it puzzled Prent to know how to act. It struck him rather forcibly that he ought to say something

sentimental. But what? He was new to the business and felt awkwardly. He had heard that 'actions speak louder than words,' and he acted. Acted admirably: on the supposition that she must be lovely, he kissed her, and repeated the dose at intervals; but it had no visible effect, and after the very last, she said, 'Oh!'

Ten o'clock—Prent was almost ready to leave—Half past—the same. Eleven, ditto; half past—one more kiss. Well then—'Oh!' Twelve—a desperate effort, and two kisses. 'Oh! oh!' gone.

'My dear fellow,' said Prattle, 'you don't mean to say you are to be married?'

'Of course I do,' said Prent.

'Married, eh?' Hadn't Prattle eaten suppers with him, all for his pleasure, regularly, and as regularly told him, the next day, it was unhealthy, but ham-

ed him by helping him to eat another every evening; drank with him, smoked with him, and performed various like disinterested services? He had.—Well then, there could be no doubt of his friendship, and he told Mr Prent it was a foolish idea.

'And your object is to have some one to bother you while you live,' said Prattle, 'or grieve when you're dead? Something to die for?'

'It is,' said Prent.

'If you believed you were destined to live twenty years, don't you think you would be better off single?'

'I think I should,' said Prent. He answered this, as Prattle asked it, in view of late hours and champagne suppers.

'Hum,' said Prattle, and straightway went to a doctor friend of his. 'It lies in the stomach; it's disordered,' said Prattle; 'take this note and say I sent you. He's rich, and his name's Bill; foot it.'

'It's of no use, doctor,' said Prent, 'it's destined.'

'What are the symptoms?' asked Physic.

'Various,' answered Prent.

'Instance,' said Physic.

'Rheumatism; palpitation; cold sweat; pain in the chest,' etc., etc., said Prent.

'Let me try to remove them,' said Physic; 'it's eating that does it.'

'No,' said Prent; 'I've experimented on that.'

'Drinking, perhaps?' suggested Physic.

'I thought it might be,' said Prent, 'and left off beer and drank nothing but brandy and water. No use, tried it for a week. Took to beer again, and dropped alcoholics. It wouldn't do. No, no; the fact is, it's constitutional. I wish it wa-n't I'd have it before the Judge in less than a week.'

'Do you think you have a standing complaint? asked Physic.

'No; I rather think it's *seated*,' said Prent.

'Try me one month,' said Physic, 'and I'll cure you.'

'I've no objection to trying any thing,' said Prent.

'Well, one blue pill every night for a week; said-litz powder in the morning; diet, crackers and cold water.'

'Stop! stop! doctor; I could not live so.'

'Only for a month,' said Physic.

'Say one potatoe and a half a glass of wine at dinner.'

'You'd better not,' said Physic; 'but you may alternate days, commencing to-morrow.'

'I'd rather commence every day,' said Prent.

'Won't do!' said Physic.

It is strange, but Prent stood it 'like a man' for a month. It was much stranger, to him, that at the end of that time his arms, hands, legs, feet, all seemed to be sound. He breathed more freely, and didn't wake up o' nights and hear strange sounds and his fingers were less inclined to travel round every article he endeavored to handle.

'What was the matter with me?' asked Prent of the doctor.

'You injured the coat of your stomach,' said Physic.

'And it could not make a shift to use its shirtsleeves?' muttered Prent.

'You're not well yet,' said Physic.

'But the month's up,' said Prent.

'So it is,' said Physic; 'but live moderately, or you'll bring it on again; and by-and-by there will be no curing you. Air, exercise, and temperance, or hypochondria; those are the tickets.'

'And the last shan't received my *sufferage*,' said Prent.

'That night he drank a glass or two on the strength of it; then one or two more temperately.'

'I'm sorry,' said Prent, 'that I'll have to marry, hiccup.'

'You can break it,' said Prattle.

'Supposing she sues for breach,' said Prent.

'Supposing she does? said Prattle; better try the breeches before marriage than after. She can't prove it.'

'Well I'll —'

'Yes —'

'I'll see you (hiccup) to-morrow.'

To-morrow Mr Prent felt the symptoms again.

'I guess I'll take a wife,' said Prent.

'Better take a blue pill,' said Prattle.

'But this, and all he could say, did not turn Prent one hair's breadth. He married. What was better, he got well: sacrificed his suppers, and wasn't at all sorry. Instead of dying, he lived. Lived as a man, having something to live for—a fire-side and a home.'

"THE FIRST KISS."

In a German tale, published some time since, is a description of "the first kiss" in the following sensation style:

"Am I really dear to you, Sophia?" I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes, she did not say no; but she returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet; my soul was no longer in the body; I touched the stars; I knew the happiness of the seraphim!"

The above is all of this deeply exciting story we can publish. The remainder will be found in the Blower of July 25th, which has four millions more subscribers than there are inhabitants in the world! Korn Kob writes for it—Pea Nuts writes for it—Tadpole writes for it—everybody writes for it—and it is sold every where in the world, and out of it!—*Germantown Telegraph*.

Dancing.

We perceive that several of our dancing schools have commenced their terms for the winter. The recreation which they teach should be availed of by the young of both sexes, not only as a graceful accomplishment, but as one of the best modes of the physical development of the human system. Those children who have a tendency toward spine complaints and otherwise give symptoms of neuralgic disturbances, should be taught to walk straight, and to move with an elastic step, and this is one of the provinces of the dancing master.

We are fully aware that a portion of our New England population have ever been averse to having their children taught to dance. The old prejudice against it, which was derived from our Puritan ancestors, has not yet died out, and the evidence is unmistakable in the awkward gait and stooping posture of too many of our people. But there are some sensible people left, and the children of these, who suffer from the want of proper exercise at home, should be encouraged to attain both exercise and grace, at some of the many dancing schools with which our city abounds.

The objections which are commonly urged against dancing are that it induces a spirit of levity which is inconsistent with what our good people call piety; that it leads to late hours and sometimes causes associations with improper company; and that it too frequently engrosses the minds of young people so that they become negligent of the duties they owe to their parents and themselves. But these objections are common to almost every diversion which the young can indulge in, and are equally, if not less harmful in reference to dancing than in regard to many other recreations.

Our religious friends, who make up their faith from their Bibles, will not contend that dancing is prohibited by that book, and we will not implicate their knowledge of the sacred scriptures by supposing that they cannot call to mind the dancing which is noticed, and that without disapprobation, in the pages of inspiration. As to the objections drawn from improper associates and late hours, these are not necessarily involved in dancing. If sensible people would have their children supplied with a proper arena at home for dancing, and allow them to invite their young neighbors for associates, they could control the tendency for late hours within proper bounds, and always select the company with which their children should associate. But if they neglect to do this, they must not be surprised if, when children outgrow parental authority, (as most New England children do before they emerge from their teens,) they manage matters contrary to the wishes of their parents, and dance all night to make up for the denial practiced in their earlier years, when they were not allowed to dance at all.

That very many young ladies injure their health by dancing in over-heated rooms, in ball-room apparel, and then going home without proper protection from the weather, every one is aware. And it is equally true that late hours and late suppers, which too commonly attend the assembly room, are equally injurious to health. But when people thus injure themselves, it commonly shows an absorbing taste in dancing, which has been generated by parental opposition to it when the party was younger. Parents should therefore foster the taste and enable their children to acquire the accomplishment of dancing. They would then be able to control it, as they do the other amusements of their children; and then it could not be objectionable, in any respect.

As a gymnastic exercise, dancing is superior to almost any other. It is eminently social in its character, and does not detract from its health-restoring power by making the individual conscious of physical exertion while tripping over a room. Properly pursued, it is a better tonic for the physical, and particularly for the nervous system, than all the drugs of the apothecary, while in its effect on the spirits, it is probably better than any other diversion. This, we believe, will be endorsed by every intelligent medical man; and yet we every day hear people denounce dancing who would be indignant if we demonstrated, as we easily could, that on that subject they had parted with their common sense.

The undue austerity of the New England character, and particularly the false relations between parents and children, is the main cause of the opposition to dancing. Parents almost always forget that their children are men, and should not be, men and women. The spirits of youth are more buoyant and elastic than those of age. They need scope for exercise. The child cannot, like its parents, confine himself to books or sedentary employment. It needs muscular activity. The parent foolishly supposes he can control this law of nature. He demands that quiet and decorum from his child which will enable him to pursue his studies or reflections undisturbed. He seems to think that as he, who has been active all day about his business, needs no physical recreation in the evening, his children also, can sit in their chairs and devote their time to

nothing. But the parent who so concludes and so manages his children that in their earlier years they cannot take the diversion which their nature craves, will find that those children in later years will overstep the bounds of prudence and perhaps be overcome with dangers which a wise parental supervision in earlier life might have prevented. We therefore recommend to all sensible parents to have their children early instructed in dancing. It will give vigor to their development and grace to their movements, and the evils incidental thereto.

Independence Day.

The song of "Independence Day," as sung by Mrs. Barney Williams, at the Boston Theatre, was written over fifty years ago, by Royal Tyler, father of Gen. John S. Tyler of this city, and was originally printed in the *Farmer's Museum*, published at Walpole, N. H. It was "set up" by J. T. Buckingham, Esq., then an apprentice in that office. We find the poem in a rare book, entitled "The Spirit of the Farmer's Museum," published in 1801, only one or two copies of which are now in existence:—

Od., composed for the Fourth of July, calculated for the meridian of some country towns in Massachusetts, and Rye in New Hampshire.

Squawk the life, and beat the drum,
Independence day is come!
Let the roasting pig be blest,
Quick twist off the cockerel's head,
Quickly rub the pewter platter,
Heap the nutmash, fried in butter.
Set the cups, and besker glass,
The pumpkin, and the apple sauce,
Send the keg to shop for brandy;
Maple sugar we have handy,
Independent, staggering Dick,
A noggin mix of swinging thick,
Sal, put on your ruffel skirt,
Jotham, get your boughen shirt,
To-day we dance to fiddle diddle,—
Here comes Sambo with his fiddle;
Sambo, take a dram of whisky,
And play up Yankee Doodle frisky.
Moll, come leave your witched tricks,
And let us have a reel of six.
Father and mother shall make two;
Sal, Moll and I stand all a row,
Sambo, play and dance with quality;
This is the day of blest Equality.
Father and mother are but men,
And Sambo—is a Citizen.
Come foot it, Sal—Moll, figure in,
And mother, you dance up to him;
Now saw as fast as e'er you can do,
And Father, you cross o'er to Sambo.
Thus we dance, and thus we play,
On glorious Independence day.
Rab more rosin on your bow,
And let us have another go.
Zounds, as sure as eggs and bacon,
Here's our sign Speak, and uncle Deacon,
Aunt Thalia, and their Bets behind her
On blundering mare, that beetle blinder.
And there's the Squire too with his lady—
Sal, hold the beast, I'll take the baby.
Moll, bring the Squire our great arm chair,
Good folks, we're glad to see you here.
Jotham, get the great oase bottle,
Your teeth can pull its cork stopple.
Ensign,—Deacon, never mind;
Squire, drink until you're blind;
Come, here's the French—and a Galliotine,
And here is good Squire Gallatin,
And here's each noisy Jacobin.
Here's friend Martin so hearty,
And here's confusion to the treaty.
Come, one more twig to southern Demos,
Who represent our brother negroes.
Thus we drink and dance away,
This glorious Independence Day!

A LIST OF PATENTS about to be issued from the Patent Office to residents of Massachusetts:

To Rev. Barnabas Bortem. For an ingenious contrivance whereby an entire congregation can be kept awake during the delivery of a discourse, however elaborate, stupid and pointless it may be.

The invention has been applied in several of our most fashionable churches, and, with a single exception, with marked success. On one occasion, owing to the culpable carelessness of the operator, some part of the machinery got out of gear, causing the congregation to "leave in," en masse, and compelling the preacher to close with his teeth to fifteen-fifteenthly, (inclusive) with the walls only for listeners.

To Dr. Jedediah Shu'up—For the discovery of a powder which, mixed with water, and administered as below, will tie up the tongue of the swiftest talking woman, as tight as a drum.
Directions.—To procure one hour's peace, give half a tea-spoon full;—to get a quiet after-dinner nap, quite a full tea-spoon;—for a steady rest of half a day, a bouncing table-spoon full is an average dose.

The doctor adds, in a note to the Patent Office—"Had it not been for the use of these invaluable powders, more than two-thirds of my neighbors, and male patients generally, would have been in their graves, years and years ago."

To Mr. Caleb Give-us-room—For a secret attachment to the hoop of a lady's dress, so arranged that by simply touching a hidden spring, the hoop instantly collapses, as it were, into a circumference no larger than that of a common sized hoghead.

To Caleb Bluster, Esq., the Broker—For the discovery of a fluid, a single drop of which trickled down the neck of "an outside stock operator," will prevent him from distinguishing the difference between white and black, and vice versa.

"Many a time," writes Mr. Bluster, "have I made my shrewdest customer 'go it blind,' by having a vial of this fluid handy. There's old Know-all, out there on the Plains, for instance, who boasts he can always tell 'which way the wind is going to blow,' and whether this, that, and the other is going up or down, etc. Well, one day, when I didn't know, for my life, which way to turn for a commission, I made the old fellow rattle off more than three hundred shares of stock, at 10 to 15 per cent. below their real value, simply by spattering him with the fluid every five minutes, and telling him the stock was altogether too high."



A GARRET IN CROSS STREET.

But themselves are to blame, for they cling to their lot,—
When by shifting the scene, they might baffle
As if they preferred in a city to rot,
To the plenty and joy that await them elsewhere.
Let them out to the west,
Where on Nature's full breast
They may nestle like children, and get their full
Of all the good things
Which from teeming earth springs,
Man's toil to relax, and relieve him from care.
To the West, oh! ye poor,
From your pestilent haunts,
And you'll find a full cure

For your sorrows and wants!
Oh, look on that picture, and then look on this—
The one full of sorrow, the other of bliss;
The one stands a garret in city contest,
The other a cottage, far off in the West,
Where the cabins of logs have commenced their
retreat,
To give place to the old English cottage so neat.
Then you, who are sick of your poverty, pack
Up your tatters, and show your grim garrets your
back,—
And forth for the West with velocity steer,
And you'll soon be as bless'd as the folk we have
here.



A COTTAGE SCENE IN THE MODERN FAR WEST.

But away, away
With such grumbling lay,
It befits not the region of Christmas day;
"For Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer,"
Such as we have beneath us here:
Besides, on the whole,
She's a good old soul,
Our matchless city—
And it were a pity

To vex her ear with one word of dole.
Moreover, her virtues so brightly glow,
That they dazzle our sight
So much with their light
It is hard to discover the flaws below.
Thy Gotham, dear Gotham! thy hounds we bless,
And oh, may thy shadow never be less;
May you still wear, as now,
The crown on your brow
As the queen of free cities, which all confess.

COTTON.



21



We understand, says the Cincinnati Microscope, that Parson Mills, at a prayer meeting, not long since, in order to pray as comfortably as possible, put one foot on a seat behind him, then placed his elbow upon a desk, then, with a fan in his right hand, fanned himself while going through the exercise of prayer. Rather a curious and original posture for a minister to assume during worship.

"Go on, I'll follow thee," as the thunder said to the lightning.

"Who you looking at?" as the comet said to the moon and stars when he shot along between them.

A Good Salve.

"Take an egg and boil it hard, then take out the yolk and fry it in half a tablespoonful of clean lard for about 5 minutes, and you have an excellent salve. It is especially good for sore nipples and requires just to be rubbed on as occasion may require."

One of our subscribers sends us the above from Hamilton Co. Ohio, and we must say that it is a good salve. We have seen it tried and judge of its merits from a practical experience.

A Chain Pump.

This pump consists of a tube, made by nailing together two pieces of two inch plank each of which has a semi-circular groove, and thus forming a tube.

This tube is the entire length of the well through which passes an endless chain, which is moved by a wheel and crank at a convenient distance above the well curb. At proper distances apart on the chain, flat discs of iron or leather are placed, their diameter being somewhat less than that of the tube.

Chilblains or Frosted Feet.

Mix, in a glass vial a quarter of an ounce of pure muriatic acid with two ounces of water. Wet a piece of sponge or soft cloth with the liquid and gently bathe the parts that have been frozen. Let it dry on, and wrap the feet in bandages, or draw on a pair of old stockings to keep the bed linen from contact with the acid, which will drop into holes wherever it is touched by it. This speedily cools the inflammation, allays the intensely painful itching, and, when the frost is not very deep, it cures by a few applications.

When the chilblains are of long standing, and the skin has cracked, or when sores are formed, the first two or three bathings are apt to cause a smarting pain that is somewhat discouraging to persons unacquainted with the virtues of this simple remedy; but if they will persevere they will be rewarded by a complete cure.

How to dislodge a Fish Bone from the Throat.

It sometimes happens that a fish bone accidentally swallowed will remain in the esophagus, and occasion serious inconvenience; in fact, instances have been known where so much irritation had arisen that death has followed. In such cases it is advisable, as soon as possible, to take four grains of tartar emetic, dissolved in one half pint of warm water and immediately afterwards the white of six eggs. The coagulated mass will not remain in the stomach more than two or three minutes, and the probability is that the bone will be ejected with the contents of the stomach. If tartar emetic is not to be found conveniently a teaspoonful of mustard dissolved in milk warm water and swallowed will answer the same purpose.

A solution of alcohol with a very little camphor brushed over the backs of books, will keep them from mildew.

Gale & Rank.

John Short

Lived in Shortville, near Briestown. Having married a stately dame, after a short courtship, he found it necessary to procure a short ladder for the purpose of ascending it to kiss her. In short he lived a long time with his wife, and long after her decease. But death cut him short with a short summons. He was put into a short coffin, lowered into a short grave, and a short sermon was preached on the occasion, respecting the shortness of life. To make a long story short, Mr. Short was recollated a long time as having been the shortest man in Shortville.

"Patrick," said an employer one morning, to one of his workmen, "you come too late this morning; the other men were at work an hour before you."
"Shure and I'll be even with them to night."
"How, Patrick?"
"Why, I'll quit one hour before 'em all, sure."

The Difference.—The question "why printers do not succeed in business as well as brewers," was thus answered: "because printers work for the head, and brewers for the stomach; and where twenty men have a stomach, but one has a head."

"Terrible pressure" in the money market," as the money said, ven the keg o specie rolled over him.



HARDEN & CO.'S



From the United States Gazette.

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

The Spirit of Hope is an angel of light, Whose smile is serene, and whose features are bright, As the clear blue expanse of the soft glowing skies, Where beauty abounds and where mystery lies; Unseen is the spirit when hovering near The altars of faith, to religion so dear; But her presence is felt when her bright wings are spread, O'er the heart, when its fondest affections are dead.

The Shadow of Hope from the scene of our birth, In the dream of our youth wanders over the earth; And the fair fond deceiver's a phantom so bright, When she stands betwixt us and that angel of light— The heart she beguiles, when in childhood and youth, We renounce for the shadow the substance of truth; But when disappointment like a dark cloud appears, The false one has vanished and left us in tears.

The Spirit of Hope then returns to impart, If attended by faith, brighter hopes to the heart; Like an angel of peace, and with outspreading wings, To the fountain she guides us whence happiness springs. From the cold world estranged, and from envy and strife, She bids us there drink of the waters of life; And there, if the light of the gospel abound, Can Hope shed a halo each bosom around.

If then and forever hope's shadow has fled, Like a dream half remembered—if then we are dead To the sins of the world, hope's promise shall give This blessed assurance—again we shall live! The visions and dreams, and false phantoms of bliss, Which crowd round the mind in a bleak world like this, Shall die in the heart when we "live in the Lord," And the promise of hope shall insure its reward. Philad. August 18th, 1830. TREMONT.

Lines on the Death of Harriet M. Putnam.

Who died at Middletown, Conn., July 18, 1830.

BY REV. T. P. ABELL.

Gone in the fitful morning smile
Of life's uncertain day:
Gone to a better home the while
From our hearth-stone away:
Gone where the weary are at rest,
In the green gardens of the blest.

We saw her drink the bitter cup,
While pain her vigils kept;
We saw her yield her spirit up,
As nature drooped and slept;
No murmur came of dread or doubt,
As earth's fair pictures faded out.

A cypress wreath! for ties are riven,
Hallowed by hopes of years;
And for these, to fond hearts, is given
The heritage of tears—
The grief gloom struggling souls put on,
When their idols to dust have gone.

Farewell! Hours to memory known,
Scenes brightened by thy love,
Kind deeds along thy life-path strown,
Thy faith-pointings above,
Shall comfort us in thoughts of thee,
Dweller in the home of the free!

Origin

THE PRETTY CONFECTIONER.

BY J. B. D.

'Sweets to the sweet'—'tis even so—
And here are both of them, I know,—
In the glass jars the luscious store
I see, and, on the counter, more;
But, ah! behind that counter stands
Something far sweeter—by all hands!

There's red upon the almonds, there;
And white is the cream-candy, fair;
But, see, upon that cheek, the red!
The loveliest rose may hang its head,
Outdone by blushing cheeks like these;
And the snowdrop, beneath the trees,
Is not so white as her fair brow;
The fairest lilies that ere blow
May shut their leaves, in quick despair.
What flower is like her glossy hair?
What with her blue eyes can compare?

Talk of the rose, even as you please;
Of snowdrops, till you're like to freeze;
Of lilies, till you hang your head;
Of heart's-ease, glowing in their bed—
I see them ALL, and more than all,
Whene'er at —'s shop I call—
Except the heart's-ease—ah, I find,
At such times, little in my mind!
But, in my breast, a raging fire,
Prompting the most intense desire,
This star, not only to see shine,
But to secure and make it mine!

Interesting Experiment.

An amusing and also interesting experiment may be performed as follows:—Take four glass tumblers, invert them upon the floor, lay a board on them, let a person stand on the board, and another standing on the floor, beat him over the back a short time, with a fur cap, muff, or anything made of fur or silk plush; then apply your finger to his nose and a spark of fire will be seen to flash from the nose to the finger. The room should be dark, when the experiment is made, so as to be able to see the flash.

"I wish I owned an interest in that dog of yours," said a neighbor in our hearing the other day, to another neighbor, whose dog would dart toward the legs of any one with whom he might be talking, and then "back up again," and look up in his master's face, as much as to say, "Shall I pitch into him?—shall I give him a nip on the leg?"

"An interest in my dog!" said his master;

"what could you do with it?"

"Why," replied the other, "I'd shoot my half within the next five minutes!"

AMBITION AND REVENGE.

"My dear, what are we to do with our girls?" asked Mrs. Gayland of her husband, one fine evening in May.

"Our girls!" repeated the gentleman, in apparent astonishment, "why, what's the matter with them?"

"How provoking you are, Mr. Gayland!—you know very well what I mean!"

"How should I, my dear? our girls were all well enough at dinner time, and I hope nothing has happened to them since."

Mrs. Gayland bit her lips with vexation, as she rose to leave the room, but before she had reached the door, her maternal solicitude prevailed against her anger, and again she seated herself at her husband's side, and said in her gentle tones:

"You think my dear, it is time some of them were married?"

"Ha, ha, ha," burst from the lips of the old man. "Is that all? how relieved I am!"

But Mr. Gayland, Kate and Irene, (they were twins) are now twenty-two years of age, and after they are disposed of, there is Lucia and Florette, who are now even old enough to marry."

"Yes, and you forgot my sweet Lillie here," said Mr. Gayland stooping to a pale, sober looking little girl that sat by his side.

A look of contempt was cast on the inoffensive child by her mother as she answered—

"Pshaw! I will keep Lillie to tend the kitchen; she is too homely ever to get a husband."

This was the most unfortunate remark Mrs. Gayland could have made, for Lillie was her father's pet. He loved her better than either of his grown-up daughters, and for this simple reason—she best deserved his love.

Mr. Gayland was a very good tempered man but one word against his darling child, was enough to excite his anger a long time. On this occasion, he jumped up, walked the floor a few minutes, then sitting down and taking Lillie on his knee, he said to his wife in a voice of stern calmness—

"Maria, how can you be so unnatural a mother as to hate your youngest born, because she is weakly and not handsome? I tell you," he continued, raising his voice, "her heart and mind are priceless gems in comparison with the vain beauty of Kate, Irene and Lucia. And Florette, my gay and beautiful Florette, were it not for the strong love she bears towards Harvey Leston, would be as heartless as your ambition has made her sisters."

Mrs. Gayland smiled disdainfully at the conclusion of this speech, but only answered—

"Florette has more sense than you imagine."

Again she turned to leave the room, and again did the thought of her daughters bring her to her husband's side.

"Morton, my errand here was to procure money to take our beautiful girls to Saratoga."

"Yes to dispose of them there I presume."

"Certainly, if I can find suitable matches."

"Success attend you," said the husband bitterly, as he arose and took from his desk notes to the amount of a thousand dollars—

"But stop, Florette is not to go with you!"

"No—her superior beauty would attract all attention from her other sisters. I shall leave her for your *portage* Harvey Leston."

Mr. Gayland muttered a few angry words as his ambitious wife left the room, then taking again his darling Lillie, he caressed her long and lovingly, while the poor, despised child, uttered words so wise, so deep, that even the fond father himself was astonished.

We will follow Mrs. Gayland to her parlor.

"Well, mamma," exclaimed the three eldest girls in a breath, "did you succeed?"

"Yes, after preaching me a long lecture about that stupid Lillie, he gave me one thousand dollars."

"Oh well," said Irene, "that is better than expected; you know he always vowed we should never go."

"Yes, and I suspect the reason why he consents now is, that he wishes to be rid of us for a while."

"Am I to go, mamma?" asked Florette.

"No, my child, you must wait till next summer, but you can amuse yourself with Harvey Leston, while we are absent."

The girls all burst into a merry laugh—"Yes it is so amusing to listen to him sometimes;—what a simpleton he is to think that Florette, with all her beauty, will ever marry him."

"Oh well," said the beauty; tossing her head, "I shall let him think so, till Harry Berwick gets home, then to finish the sport I shall refer him to papa, and end it all by saying, 'I was only in jest.'"

Poor Florette! She was indeed as heartless as her sisters. Harvey Leston, poor fellow, never suspected the plot laid against him; so while mamma and the Misses Gayland coquetted at the Springs, papa and Lillie studied in the library,—he became the constant companion of the beautiful Florette—anticipated her slightest wishes, and breathed into her ear the soul-stirring effusions of youthful genius.

Harvey Leston, despite his boyishness and awkwardness, was destined for a high place among earth's nobles; destined to shine the brightest star in the proud galaxy of genius. Mr. Gayland loved Harvey as a son. He appreciated the noble qualities of his heart, and it was his earnest wish to see him united to Florette. But such was not the intention of Mrs. Gayland. Florette was her most beautiful child, and she was taught to believe herself at least destined for the wife of a "lord"—so while her mother and sisters were enjoying themselves at Saratoga, she was amusing herself by jesting with a most true and faithful heart.

Harvey was not thought rich, but he knew what no one else did—that he was heir to the immense possessions of a bachelor uncle. He wished to be loved for himself alone, and so Florette and her family were kept ignorant of his wealth. Had Harvey told them all he might have gained Florette, even though he could never be an English lord; but we think he acted wisely in keeping the secret.

Autumn returned; and with it came Mrs. Gayland and her daughters, rejoicing in their good fortune. Kate had married a French Count, who accompanied them home. Irene was "engaged" to a rich Southerner, while Lucia had made rapid progress in the affections of a New York exquisite.

"Well, Florette," says Mrs. Gayland, about a week after her arrival, "how speeds the gallant Mr. Leston in his wooings?"

"He is to ask papa's consent to-night," answered Florette, somewhat sadly. He will be very much disappointed, I fear; but I cannot think of marrying him, after seeing sister Kate's husband."

"Yes," said Irene, "and Mr. Northfield is much handsomer than the Count."

"And Frederic Augustus Dash is handsomer than either," drawled Miss Lucia.

"But," said Lillie in a pleading voice, lifting her large dark eyes to the face of Florette, "Harvey is good."

A torrent of abuse drove the unhappy child to her father's study, and with him she found Harvey Leston.

"Lillie, my love," said her father, "go call Florette."

The child obeyed, and soon returned with her sister, who asked very innocently, "what do you want of me, papa?"

"I want to congratulate you my dear child, in your happy choice of a husband."

"A husband! papa, what do you mean?"

The good old gentleman looked first at Harvey; then at his daughter, Florette, "did you not send Harvey to me?"

"La, pa, was he so foolish as to ask you? I really was only in jest."

"In jest!" said the young man rising from his seat and turning deadly pale, "and perhaps it was in jest that you have so many times promised to be mine. Speak, Florette, is it so?"

The young girl trembled as she gazed upon his pallid face, yet with a smile she answered,—"certainly, dear Harvey, I was only in jest all the time, and I thought you were also."

Mr. Gayland had listened in stupefied astonishment to Florette's heartless confession. He had never imagined that one of his eldest daughters could be guilty of so base an act, much less her whom he believed so pure and guileless. He spoke not, but pointed to the door, and as Florette closed it, Harvey fell upon his knees, and the large tear-drops rolled rapidly down his cheeks.

Lillie wept bitterly. She loved Harvey, and throwing her arms around his neck, she whispered, "don't cry, Harvey, I'll be your wife."

These childish words instantly dried up the young man's tears. He pressed her to his heart and answered—

"You will be my own wife, Lillie; you will never leave nor laugh at me, as Florette has done?"

"Oh, no, no, never, dear Harvey," sobbed the child; "I will always be your own Lillie."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the old gentleman, who had now recovered the use of his tongue, "you shall yet be my son. Harvey, Florette has cruelly wronged you, but don't mind it, we will have our revenge, harmless though sweet."

"Harvey, do you really wish me to give you my Lillie?"

"Yes sir, she is not beautiful, but she has a heart."

"Right, my boy, but she will be handsome when she is as old as Florette. At seventeen, Harvey, she is yours, that allows me five years to educate her, and during that time you must travel. Our plan must be kept a profound secret between us three. Remember, Harvey, when you return, it must be incog, and then comes our revenge."

It was even so. In one week, Harvey Leston had left the village, and Lillie, much to the astonishment and anger of her mother and sisters, was sent to an excellent female seminary.

Mr. Gayland seldom spoke of Harvey Leston—but when his name was mentioned jeeringly, there would be a smile of deep and quiet meaning play over his benevolent features.

Summer came round again; and again was Mrs. Gayland, Irene and Lucia at Saratoga; but Florette was not allowed to go. In vain her mother coaxed—Mr. Gayland was inexorable. Florette thought it was on account of her youth, but as summer after summer rolled away and found her still at home, she knew it was a punishment, and felt it to be just.

Five years had passed away. Mr. Gayland had been from home a week, and his wife and daughters wondered that he stopped so long.

"Mamma," said Florette, "I should think you would know where he is gone, did he not tell you?"

"No. I asked him but he refused to tell me," said Mrs. Gayland, looking very sour.

Oh! I can guess, exclaimed Florette, who seemed to be in high spirits. He has gone to bring his darling Lillie home." Strange! the mother had almost forgotten that she had a child, and that they had a sister.

"Well," said Mrs. Gayland, coldly, "I hope he has—for the chambermaid is going to leave me, and Lillie can take her place."

"La, mamma," lisped Lucia, "do you think after keeping her five years at—Seminary, papa will allow her to come home and make beds for us?" Lucia's New York exquisite had deserted her, and alas! she was now twenty-five.

"We shall see," answered Mrs. Gayland, with a very decided air, "but hark! I hear a carriage—it must be your father."

"Yes," said Lucia, looking out of the window, "and there is a lady with him, but it cannot be Lillie, for she looks very handsome."

The door opened—Mr. Gayland entered, leading a young and beautiful girl. Advancing towards his wife and daughters, he presented her, "Maria, your daughter, Lillie—Lucia, Florette, your sisters." Lillie with a sweet smile extended her hand, and notwithstanding an evident coolness on the part of her mother and sisters, would press her pretty pouting lips to their s.

"Well, Maria," said Mr. Gayland triumphantly, "do you want Lillie in the kitchen now? or perhaps next summer you would like to exhibit her and Florette at Saratoga."

A bitter smile was the only reply. Mrs. Gayland saw that her poor, despised, insulted child was beautiful—even more beautiful than Florette—for there was a brightness in the dark eye of Lillie that spoke of heaven-born thought; an expression of lofty purity sat enthroned on her placid brow, while the soft cadence of her voice was sweeter music than the zephyr's harp.

Lillie was divesting herself of her travelling dress, and Florette, instead of assisting her, was gazing out upon the lawn. Suddenly she exclaimed, while a slight blush tinged her cheek, "Papa, look, do you know this gentleman who is approaching? He was introduced here by Mr. Berwick, on the day after you left, and is the most agreeable man I ever met with. He must have travelled over the whole world, for his knowledge is boundless; and then his manners are so distinguished, I am sure he has lived in the best society. At times when he is speaking very earnestly, his voice resembles Harvey Leston's, and sometimes he fixes his eyes upon me just as Harry used to."

"Indeed, Florette," answered her father, somewhat sadly, "I hope you have not lost your heart. I know that gentleman well, and he is engaged to a young lady of this village."

"Engaged! impossible, papa," said Lucia. "He only visits here, and his eyes are always on Florette; but hark, he rings."

Mr. Gayland himself opened the door, and welcomed the gentleman by a hearty shake of the hand; then leading his youngest daughter forward, he said, "Harvey Leston, this is my daughter Lillie, and your affianced bride."—The young man gazed upon her face a moment, in admiring wonder, then kneeling he said, as in days gone past, "you will be my own wife, Lillie—you will never leave me, nor laugh at me as Florette has done;" and again Lillie threw her arm around his neck, and answered

with a face of smiles and tears, "Oh no, never! dear Harvey; I will always be your own Lillie."

The rage of the mother, the chagrin of Florette can better be imagined than described.—Mr. Gayland noticed them not, but taking the hand of his future son, he said, "Rise, Harvey, our revenge is complete. Maria, your despised and neglected child is now superior in beauty and wealth to either of your daughters. Florette, there is not a lady in New England that would not be proud to call Harvey Leston husband. May the lesson you have learned be profitable. Florette, without visiting Saratoga, gave her hand to Mr. Berwick, who had long sought it; but she never looked upon the beloved and honored Harvey Leston without regretting that she had ever played the dangerous game of "sporting with hearts."

THE SHORTEST WAY. Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, III., was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and get some information respecting his future course. During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover, who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route to different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector; "now which is the shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly north."

The traveller noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I wished to go to Eldburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon, and take the road west."

"Well, if I wished to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon and take the road south-west."

"Or to Indianapolis?" added the collector, eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was being imposed on.

"Go to Napoleon and take the road north-west."

The collector looked at his note book; every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover with—

"Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to the devil?"

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon."

THE PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OF A MAN sometimes changes the current of events. A case in point occurred yesterday on Front street. The children of two neighboring families had their daily quarrels and fights, which resulted occasionally in bruised faces and torn garments. The father of one family, believing his children to have been badly maltreated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the difference between their households permanently, would be to chastise the head of the other family, although, as yet, he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a raw-hide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement, inquired in a threatening tone for the "man of the house."

"I am here, sir," said a personage of upwards of six feet and weighing over two hundred, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor.

"Did I understand you, that you were the gentleman of the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see if this was your rawhide."—Statesman.

THE GRAY DIGGER GONE. The following touching paragraph is contained in the Norfolk correspondence of the Petersburg Express:—

"Wm. Loring died last night. Mr. Dubbs is also dead. Mr. D. deserves more than a passing notice. He had had the superintendence of burying the dead in the three Protestant burying grounds of the city, and most faithfully has he performed his melancholy duties. From the commencement of the fever he has been incessantly engaged, and assisted during that time in consigning twenty-three hundred to the grave. About three days ago his wife was interred, when he was taken with the fever, and has now shared the fate of the many hundreds who preceded him. He leaves several small children, who in less than one week have been deprived of both father and mother."

THE DEVIL RIGHT FOR ONCE. The New York correspondent of the Congregationalist writes:—

"Dr. H., who is pastor of an Orthodox church, had been for some time annoyed by the forwardness of a lay brother to 'speak' whenever an opportunity was offered, to the frequent exclusion of those whose remarks had a greater tendency to edification. This had been carried so far that the pastor, whenever he stated that 'an opportunity would now be afforded for any brother to offer an exhortation,' had always a secret dread of the loquacious member. On one special occasion the latter prefaced a prosy, incoherent harangue, with an account of a previous controversy he had been carrying on with the great adversary. 'My friends,' said he, 'the devil and I have been fighting for more than twenty minutes; he told me not to speak to-night, but I determined I would; he said some of the rest could speak better than I, but still I felt that I could not keep silent; he even whispered that I spoke too often, and that nobody wanted to hear me; but I was not to be put down that way, and now that I have gained the victory, I must tell you all that is in my heart.' Then followed the tedious harangue aforesaid. As they were coming out of the session room, the good pastor inclined his head so that his mouth approached the ear of the militant member, and whispered: 'Brother, I think the devil was right.'"

THE DEATH OF WEBSTER.

In another column will be found a brief account of the last illness and death of one, who, for forty years, has been almost uninterruptedly connected with the public councils of this nation, and who, during that time, has probably attracted a larger share of public attention than any other American. Daniel Webster died yesterday morning, at his residence in Marshfield, in the seventy-first year of his age.

This event was entirely unexpected a week ago, except, perhaps, by the very few who were near his person, or by those who were in their confidence. To the nation it was known that he still held the relation of Secretary of State to Mr. Fillmore's administration and that he was supported by a large body of friends in several states as a candidate for the Presidency, if not with his permission, at least without his dissent. Though for the last two days his decease was hourly expected wherever the telegraph could bear the solemn tidings of his illness, yet the universal awe and gloom with which the fatal intelligence has been received, show how entirely unprepared the country was to receive it.

Mr. Webster was, we believe, the last of the revolutionary statesmen left in public life. He was born the last year of the revolutionary war, and saw and talked with many of those whose heroism and sagacity brought that war to its successful issue. He was first elected to Congress forty years ago next November, from the Portsmouth district, in New Hampshire. Since then he has been almost constantly in public employment, eight years as a representative, nineteen years as senator, five years as a Secretary of State, a few months as a member of the Massachusetts Constitutional Reform Convention, and ten days as a member of the Massachusetts legislature. During most of his public life he was extensively employed at the bar, and for many years enjoyed the reputation, in New England, of being the greatest living barrister.

As an academical orator, as a lawyer, as a diplomatist and as a statesman, Mr. Webster achieved a fame which, separately, almost any of his contemporaries, living or dead, might have envied. His anniversary addresses are almost the only specimens of that species of oratory in this country, that will survive their authors. His efforts at the bar, like most achievements in that arena, however memorable, will only possess a traditional fame, which in this country is never lasting.

The Senate has been his great theatre, where if he did not lay the foundations of his fame as an orator, he certainly erected the monuments which are to perpetuate it. His forensic oratory has rarely been surpassed either in ancient or modern times, and there is no doubt that his example in that body did more than is now easily appreciated, in elevating its standard of parliamentary eloquence and decorum.

He never betrayed the politician in the tone or the language of his speeches; whatever might be the secret motives of his heart, he always rested his policy upon professedly public grounds, and discussed them from a national, and never from a personal or a partisan, point of view. In this respect Mr. Webster's political speeches stand in admirable contrast with the style of parliamentary oratory which ordinarily prevails at Washington, and we cannot but think that the loss of his admirable example, in this respect, has been sensibly felt by the Senate since he ceased actively to participate in the deliberations of that body.

His life has left few lessons of greater value than may be gathered from the elevated tone of his Congressional speeches, in which he never made one undignified appeal, or indulged in one personal or an unparliamentary allusion. We do not recollect an instance of Mr. Webster's being called to order, or of his being out of order during the whole of his parliamentary life. This can hardly be said of any other person who ever held a seat in the Congress of the United States more than a single term.

As a statesman and as a diplomatist, Mr. Webster will continue to be estimated variously, as he always has been, by his countrymen. His greatness in these capacities have been more frequently questioned, especially by political adversaries, than as an orator or a lawyer. It has been the lot of this journal to differ with him upon most of the public questions which have been agitated during the past quarter of a century, with which his name has been specially identified. The grounds upon which that difference rested have been frequently and fully stated, in our columns, and if they had not, this is not the appropriate occasion to enumerate them.

When his name and memory shall belong exclusively to history, his public career will again become, what for nearly half a century they have been, prominent subjects of public discussion. We shall then probably avail ourselves of a suitable opportunity to offer such reflections as may be suggested to us by the life and death of one from whom fate can never snatch the rare distinctions of having been employed in the higher grades of public service for a longer period than any man whom his country had produced at the time of his decease, and of being one of the most eminent orators, produced by any nation in any age.

For the present we conclude with the following brief synopsis, of the leading events of Mr. Webster's life:

Daniel Webster, the youngest son of Ebenezer and Abigail Webster, was born at Salisbury, in New Hampshire, on the 18th of January, 1782, the last year of the Revolutionary War. He was, therefore, aged seventy years, nine months and six days, when he died.

In May, 1796, and in his 14th year, he was sent to the Exeter Academy, where he remained only a few months.

In February, 1797, and in his 15th year, he was sent to reside and study with the Rev. Samuel Hood, the minister of the neighboring town of Boscaawen, where, for his board and tuition, his father paid \$1 per week.

In the fall of the same year he entered Dartmouth College.

In 1801 he completed his college course, and entered upon the study of law in the office of Mr. Thompson, a next door neighbor of his father, a respectable lawyer, and subsequently a representative of New Hampshire in both Houses of Congress.

Part of the year 1802 he spent in teaching an Academy at Fryeburg, in Maine, on a salary of \$1 a day, acting at the same time as assistant to the Register of Deeds for the county.

In September, 1802, he resumed his studies with Mr. Thompson, and remained with him 18 months.

In July, 1804 he took up his residence in Boston and pursued his studies with Christopher Gore.

In the spring of 1805, and in the 23d year of his age, Mr. Webster was admitted to practice in the Court of Common Pleas, of Suffolk county, (Boston.) The same year he opened a law office at Boscaawen, near his father's residence.

In May, 1807, he was admitted as attorney and counsellor of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

In September, 1807, he removed to Portsmouth, where he continued in the practice of the profession nine years.

In June, 1808, he was married to GRACE FLETCHER, daughter of Rev. Mr. FLETCHER, of Hopkinton, New Hampshire, by whom he had four children—GRACE, FLETCHER, JULIA, and EDWARD—of whom only FLETCHER now survives. GRACE died early; EDWARD was killed in the Mexican war; JULIA married one of the Appletons, of Boston, and died a few years since.

June 10th, 1813, (an extra session,) he made his maiden speech, on moving a series of resolutions of inquiry relative to the Berlin and Milan decrees.

During this Congressional term he spoke against the incorporation of a United States Bank and in favor of increasing the navy.

December, 1813—His house, library, furniture and manuscripts at Portsmouth, were destroyed by fire.

August, 1814—Re-elected to Congress.

Takes his seat in 14th Congress, December 1815.

1816, opposed the tariff bill, and avowed the doctrine that a tariff for protection was unconstitutional.

April 11—Again spoke against a National Bank, and against any participation of the government in the management of such an institution if incorporated.

At the close of the first session, in August, 1816, and in the 34th year of his age, he removed his residence to Boston, Mass.

March, 1818, argued the invalidity of the acts of the New Hampshire Legislature altering the charter of Dartmouth College.

In 1820, was a member of the convention to revise the constitution of Massachusetts, representing in part the city of Boston.

December 22, 1820, and while a member of the convention, he delivered his famous Plymouth oration.

Two or three years after, he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature for ten days. This, with his service in the convention, covers the only part of his public life which was not connected with the National Government.

In the autumn of 1822 was elected to represent the town of Boston in the 18th Congress, which commenced its session December, 1822.

19th January, 1824, he delivered his speech on the Greek question, and in favor of sending a commissioner to Greece.

Same year he argued the case of Gibbons and Ogden, before the Supreme Court, opposing the constitutionality of the grant by the state of New York to the assignees of Fulton, of the exclusive right to navigate the rivers, harbors and bays of New York.

Same year he opposed the protection clauses in the tariff bill of 1824, and made a speech in opposition to Mr. Clay.

In the fall of 1824 he was re-elected to the Nineteenth Congress, by a vote of 4,990 out of five thousand votes cast, "the nearest approach to unanimity in a Congressional election," Mr. Everett says, "that ever took place."

During this session he made his speech in favor of the Panama mission.

1825, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, he reported the act of the 3d March, 1825, "more effectually to provide for the punishment of certain 'crimes against the United States and for other purposes,' supposed to have been drawn substantially by Justice Story.

June 17th, 1825, he delivered his first Bunker Hill speech, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the monument.

August 2, 1826, he delivered his eulogy on Jefferson and Adams, whose deaths, by an impressive coincidence, had occurred on the 4th of July previous.

June, 1827, he was elected to the United States Senate by the legislature of Massachusetts.

Near the close of this year Mrs. Webster died, while accompanying him on his way to Washington.

In 1828, made his first speech in favor of protection, on the "Bill of Abominations," as it was called, embodying what has since been termed Mr. Clay's "American System."

January 20th, 1830, made his first speech in reply to Hayne, of South Carolina, in the debate on a resolution offered by Senator Foot, of Connecticut.

January 26th, 1830, made his celebrated speech in reply to Hayne, which Mr. Everett pronounces the most celebrated speech ever pronounced in Congress.

Same year, we believe, married, second time, Caroline Le Roy, daughter of Herman Le Roy, of New York city, by whom he has no issue. Mrs. Webster is still living.

January 24th, 1832, spoke against confirming the nomination of Martin Van Buren as Minister to Eng-

land, 15th and 16th February, 1832, made his speech in opposition to Calhoun's nullification resolutions and in favour of General Jackson's "Force Bill."

In the recess of Congress in 1833, visited the Middle States and made public speeches at Pittsburg and Buffalo.

At the next session opposed Mr. Clay's Compromise bill, providing for the gradual reduction of all duties to one uniform rate of twenty per cent.

7th May, 1834, addressed the Senate in censure of General Jackson's protest against the resolution of the Senate, expressing their disapprobation of the removal of the government deposits from the United States Bank.

March, 1834, read a protest against the resolution expunging from the records of the Senate its expressions of disapprobation at the removal of the deposits.

March, 1837, in response to an invitation from the merchants of New York, made a public speech at Niblo's Saloon.

At the extra session of Congress, called in September, opposed the Sub-Treasury bill.

January, 1838, opposed a resolution, offered by Mr. Calhoun, against the interference of Congress with slavery in the District of Columbia, declaring that it would be a "direct and dangerous attack on the institutions of all the slave holding states." Also a resolution offered by Mr. Clay, as a substitute, declaring that such interference would "be a violation of the faith implied in the cessions by the states of Virginia and Maryland, a just cause of alarm to the people of the slave holding states, and have a direct and inevitable tendency to disturb and endanger the Union."

—Mr. Webster taking ground that there was nothing in the act of session, nothing in the constitution, and nothing in the history of this or any other transaction, implying any limitation upon the power of Congress to exercise exclusive jurisdiction over the ceded territory in all cases whatsoever.

1839. In the spring, made a hasty tour through England, Scotland and France.

1840. Advocated the election of General Harrison.

March, 1841. Appointed Secretary of State under President Harrison.

April, 1841. Retained in office by John Tyler, acting-President in place of General Harrison, deceased.

1842. Negotiates the treaty of Washington.

1843. Resigns his seat in the Cabinet, and retires to Massachusetts.

Sept. 22, 1843. Made a speech in defence of his administration as Secretary of State, at Faneuil Hall, Boston.

Dec. 1845. Took his seat in the Senate in place of Mr. Choate, resigned.

1845-6. Opposed the annexation of Texas—the Mexican War, the Sub-Treasury bill, and the tariff bill of 1846.

1847—In the spring made a tour through some of the southern states. His health prevented his going further than Savannah.

1847—Opposed the ratification of the treaty of Mexico.

1848—Advocated the election of General Taylor to the Presidency.

7th March, 1849, made his speech in favor of the admission of California, New Mexico and Utah without the Jeffersonian proviso.

Same year, appointed a member of Mr. Clay's Compromise Committee.

Same year, appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Fillmore, acting President, vice General Taylor, deceased.

May, 1851, made a tour through the state of New York, on occasion of celebrating the opening of the Erie Railroad.

Died October 24, 1852.

At three o'clock on Sunday morning, twenty minutes after Mr. Webster had expired,—Messrs. J. H. Long and J. F. Marsh were entrusted with special dispatches to President Fillmore, from Messrs. Abbott (Mr. Webster's Private Secretary) and W. C. Zantzinger, of the State Department, announcing the mournful event.

These gentlemen arrived in Boston at 6 30 A. M. yesterday, and were the first to break the sad intelligence, which enveloped our city in one universal gloom.

At the request of Messrs. H. A. Lyman and Charles A. White of the Webster State Committee, then at Marshfield, one hundred minute guns were fired by the artillery, occupying some three hours.

The church bells were also tolled between the hours of nine and ten, flags of all parties were shrouded in mourning, and the solemnity which everywhere prevailed, was of the most marked and impressive character.

All political movements here have been suspended and the grand democratic torch-light procession announced for to-night, has been postponed until after the Presidential election.

A meeting of the Common Council was held this morning, to adopt suitable manifestations of regret, and respect for the memory of the departed.

The funeral pageant here, will be the most extensive ever got up; either Messrs. Choate or Everett will deliver the eulogy.

The burthen of the sermons in the various places of worship yesterday, was the death of Daniel Webster. His dying words were: "I STILL LIVE!"

☞ Jean Paul has many fine thoughts. Here is one—"Man has two minutes and a half to live—one to smile—one to sigh—and a half to love—for in the middle of this minute he dies. But the grave is not deep—it is the shining tread of an angel that seeks us. When the unknown hand throws the last fatal dart at the end of man—then boweth he his head, and the dart only lifts the crown of thorns from his wounds."

THOUGHTS, Suggested by Visiting the Grave of a Child. ANDREW J. FISHER

I stood beside the lowly bier,
I then was but a child;
And now, as long I linger here,
Emotions strange and wild
Arise and throng my inmost soul,
As wave on wave doth toss and roll.

I'm thinking of the happy days,
That since have passed away;
I'm thinking of the hopes and fears
That came with every day,
To cheer, encourage, or depress
My spirit in this wilderness.

I'm thinking of the varied scenes,
Through which my path has led;
I'm thinking of life's sunshine gleams,
The shades that o'er my head
Have gathered round in silent gloom,
Since thou wert laid within the tomb.

I'm thinking how thy spirit's been
From all these changes free;
Thou hast escaped the shafts of sin,
And in eternity
Thy soul doth hymn thy Maker's praise,
In sweetest and most holy lays.

I'm thinking, as I stand within
This city of the dead,
Of storms that sweep with noisy din
Above thy lowly bed;
Of howling blasts, and drifting snow,
Of tears and grief, of strife and woe.

But these thou hast not seen or felt
In brighter courts above;
With white-robed seraphs thou hast knelt
To praise thy Savior's love.
No storms can come, no tempests wild,
To harm thee, sweet and lovely child.

As endless ages onward roll,
Thy body here may lie,
But thy heaven-born, immortal soul
Can never, never die.
It lives! it lives, in heaven above,
In mansions of the God of Love!

The peace and rest that now are thine,
Never to pass away,
I pray to God may soon be mine,
When fled my earthly day.
I hope to dwell with thee above,
And with thee sing our Maker's love.

My life is but a fleeting breath,
That lasts but for a day,
For soon will come the angel, Death,
And bear my soul away.
My body then may slumber here,
Within this grave-yard cold and drear;

Or far off, in some stranger land,
Beyond the "sounding sea,"
Away on India's coral strand,
'Neath the banana tree,
My frame may mingle with the dust,
For mingle with it, soon it must.

Perhaps beneath the glassy wave,
Where green the sea-weeds grow,
May be my silent, lonely grave,
Full many fathoms low.
It matters not, where'er it be,
My soul shall mount and dwell with thee.

It is no matter where's the spot
My wearied frame is laid,
For soon on earth will be forgot,
When nature's debt is paid,
My life, my deeds, my humble fame,
And e'en the stone that bears my name.

Yes, for these monuments that mark
The tenants of these tombs,
Shall one day in oblivion's dark
And everlasting gloom,
Be buried, never more to be
Remembered in eternity.

But souls can never pass away,
The spirit cannot die;
'Twill live in heaven's eternal day,
The casket here may lie,
Or else it may be thrown aside—
The jewel cannot here abide.

And now, O God, to thee I raise
My thoughts on wings of prayer;
Accept my feeble notes of praise,
My soul for heaven prepare.
And may I travel onward still,
According to thy holy will.

And as I leave this sacred place,
Where sleep the lowly dead,
My footsteps on life's sands to trace,
May I be ever led
In paths of peace, in virtue's road,
That leads up to thy throne, O God!

AIRTIGHT STOVE AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE SUBSIDIARY
or is manufactured
and kept on hand
on hand, at
Water street,
doors from Wash-
ton street, every
variety of AIR TIGHT
STOVES, which
consequence of a
improved manner
manufacturing the



CHRISTENING OF THE ROYAL BABY.

The christening of the latest of what promises to be a most numerous brood of English Princes, took place at Windsor Castle on the 6th of Sept. last. The above illustration, as well as the following description of the ceremony, we copy from the "Illustrated London News":

At half past six o'clock in the evening, her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by her Majesty the Queen Dowager, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, his Royal Highness Prince William of Prussia, and as many others of the royal and illustrious guests as the chapel could conveniently accommodate, entered the sacred edifice, which was brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and had a most imposing and magnificent effect. Her Majesty was

dressed in a robe of pure white, and looked remarkably well. During the time the company were taking their seats, Dr. Elvey played a voluntary; and, previously to the commencement of the sacred ceremony, the Hymn of Palestrina, "Oh! be joyful all ye angels," was sung by the full choir.

During the performance of the solemn rite the "Amen" were chanted, accompanied by the organ; and at its conclusion, and before the blessing, the "Hallelujah Chorus" was given by the full choir.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of Oxford and Norwich, stood in front of the font, which was placed upon a purple velvet cushion, fringed with gold.

The baptismal service was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; when he came to that part of the service for naming the Prince, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, as proxy for his

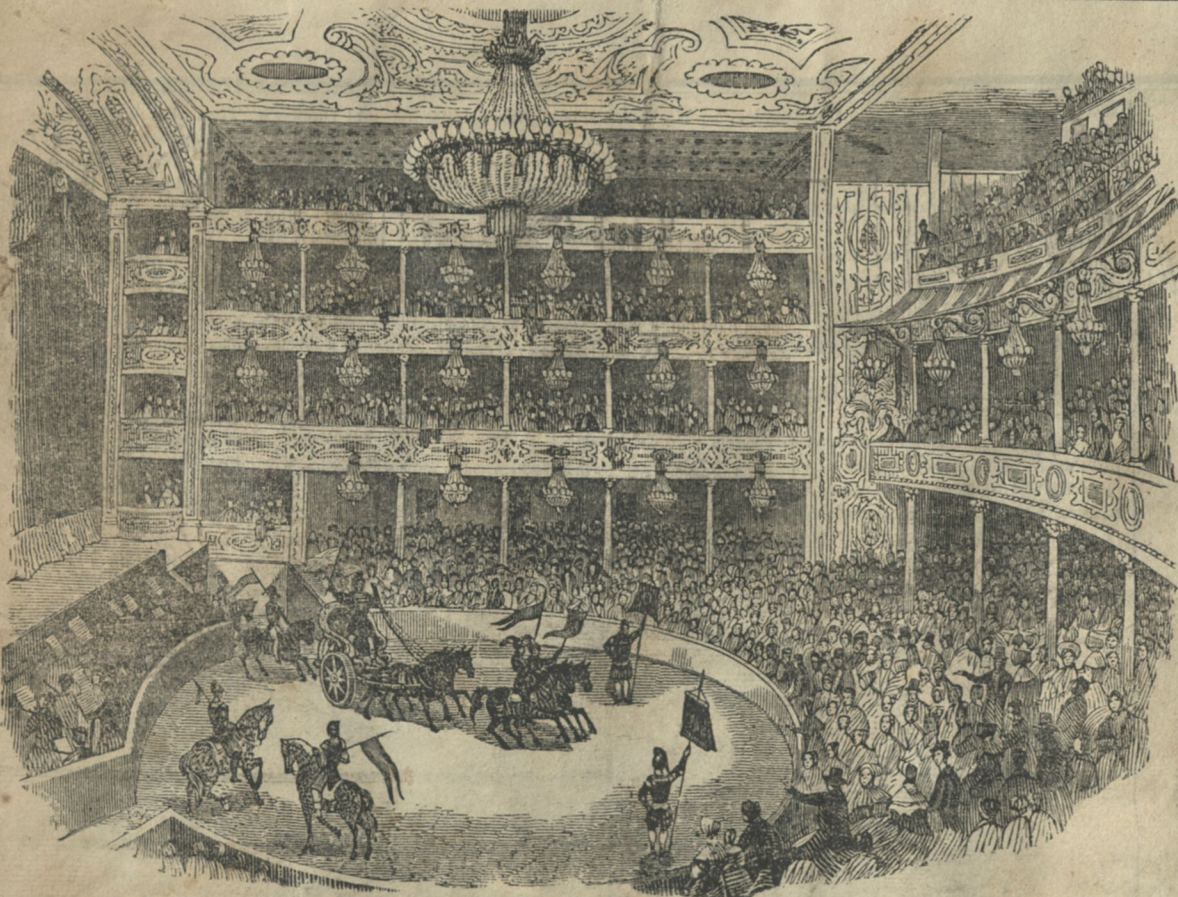
son, Prince George, named his Royal Highness ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT.

The other sponsors were his Grace the Duke of Wellington, proxy for the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha; and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.

Upon the conclusion of the baptismal service, his Royal Highness the Prince Alfred was conveyed from the chapel, and the Queen, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the other royal and illustrious visitors retired. The royal infant was dressed in a robe and cap of Honiton point lace over rich white satin.

At eight o'clock the grand banquet took place in St. George's Hall, covers being laid for ninety-five.

The company retired at half past ten o'clock. During the evening, the magnificent castle, seen from without, had a truly festal appearance, with a flood of light in nearly every apartment.



NEW YORK AMPHITHEATRE ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Tis true, that at last
The legitimate plays
Have rather lost cast,
As not one of them pays;
But then in their place
We have spectacles tragic,
Hunt, bull-fight, and race,
And all kinds of magic;

Flying galleons and dragons,
With talons like prongs,
And bears that draw wagons,
And dogs that sing songs;
And dancers that spin
Like teetotums or tops,
And get money like sin
In exchange for their hops;

And men that eat bullets,
Nay, avails red hot,
And stick scythes down their throats,
And the dickens knows what!
For one can't say too much
Of this wonderful crew;
But here is a touch
Of what some of them do.

FEEDING CORN IN THE EAR. A very intelligent Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America:

I came to this country several years ago, and as soon as I arrived hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, cows, and where the corn, hay, oats, &c., were kept, and then sent me in to get my supper. After supper he said to me: "James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn in the ear."

I went out and walked about, thinking, "what could he mean? Had I understood him?" I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library, where master was writing very busily and he answered without looking up—

"I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear."

I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country. Dipping with sweat I entered my master's presence once more.

"Please, sir, you bid me give the cow some corn in the ear, but didn't you mean in the mouth?"

He looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, I made for the stables as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.—American Farmer.

NEW USE FOR A KETTLE. On Tuesday last Mr. William Tibbets, and son, a lad of twelve years, left Addison in a small open boat having on board a large iron kettle or boiler holding some hundred gallons to go "around to Jonesboro" a distance of some fifteen miles. When near Shore's Island the wind commenced blowing furiously which made so much sea that the boat filled, but fortunately the kettle did not, when both man and boy got into it and succeeded in freeing the boat from water by means of a bailing dish and arrived safely at their place of destination. A tough story to believe, perhaps to tell, yet our information is so direct we believe its authenticity.—*March 15th Union.*

QUEEN VICTORIA has her bread baked in gold pans, the baker first washes his hands in milk of roses and then wears white kid gloves to make up the bread, pastry, &c. The queen has her corned beef, cabbage, and potatoes in rose water in large silver pots. She has fifteen elegant ladies to wash her face and hands, and put on her clothes in the morning. But she says she prefers Russia Salve to all other articles for curing burns, scalds, tetters, sores, corns, &c. Sold for 25 cents a box, at 8 State street.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF MR. WEBSTER.

We gather from the Boston papers and the telegraphic despatches to journals of this city, such incidents of the death of Mr. Webster as the event makes generally interesting. Our information of Saturday left our readers apprised that his disease had taken a fatal turn, and that his departure might be momentarily looked for. He was calm and collected, during the day, conversing, at the intervals of pain, with his physician and those of his friends who were around his bed. At six o'clock it was distinctly announced to him that his end was near. He received the intimation without emotion, and desired that the female members of his family might be called into the room.

Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, Mrs. J. W. Paige and Miss Downs, of New York, entered, when, to each, calling them individually by name, he addressed a few words of farewell and religious consolation.

Next, the male members of his family, and the personal friends who were in the house, were summoned, viz.: Fletcher Webster, (his only surviving son), Samuel A. Appleton, (his son-in-law), J. W. Paige, Geo. T. Curtis, Edward Curtis of New York, Peter Harvey and Charles Henry Thomas, of Marshfield, and Messrs. Geo. J. Abbott and W. C. Zantlinger, both of the State Department at Washington. Addressing each by name, he referred to his past relations with them respectively, and one by one bade them an affectionate farewell. This was about half past six. Mr. Peter Harvey was then called, and the dying man said, "Harvey, I am not so sick but that I know you—I am well enough to know you. I am well enough to love, and well enough to call down the richest of Heaven's blessings upon you and yours. Harvey, don't leave me till I am dead—don't leave Marshfield till I am a dead man." Then, as if speaking to himself, he is reported to have said: "On the 24th of October, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more."

He then prayed in his natural usual voice—strong, full, and clear—ending with "Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus."

At half-past seven o'clock Dr. J. M. Warren arrived from Boston to relieve Dr. Jeffries, as the immediate medical attendant. Shortly after Mr. Webster conversed with Dr. Jeffries, who said he could do nothing more for him than to administer occasionally a sedative potion. "Then," said Mr. Webster, "I am to lie here patiently till the end; if it be so, may it come soon."

Between ten and eleven o'clock he repeated somewhat indistinctly the words, "Poet, poetry—Gray, Gray."

Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of the elegy—"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

"That's it, that's it," said Mr. Webster; and the book was brought, and some stanzas read to him, which seemed to give him pleasure.

From twelve o'clock till two there was much restlessness, but not much suffering; the physicians were quite confident that there was no actual pain.

A faintness occurred, which led them to think that his death was at hand. While in this condition, some expressions fell from him, indicating the hope that his mind would remain to him completely until the last.

He spoke of the difficulty of the process of dying, when Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse:

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me—thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

Mr. Webster said immediately: "The fact—the fact! That is what Thy rod—thy rod! thy staff—thy staff!"

The close was perceived, and easy, and occurred at precisely two o'clock.

[Original.]

The Departed Mother.

WHAT ANTED spirit lingers here,
From earth and from care set free?
What angelic hovers near,
And smiles in dreams alone to me?

'Tis thine, dear mother, 'tis thy form,
In these still watches that I see,
'Tis thine angelic spirit borne
From heav'n, the spirit land, to me.

And art thou come from that bright land,
Where richest flowers immortal bloom,
Where live the just, a happy band,
Beyond the dark and silent tomb?

Say, is there aught in life so fair,
Is ought on earth so strangely sweet,
To tempt thy willing footsteps where
No sight of heav'n thine eyes may greet?

'Ah no,' the spirit softly sighs;
'Thou' back to earth I wing my flight,
'Tis but to win thee to the skies,
To fill thy soul with purer light.

Thou' of a mother's care bereft,
Doom'd in the world awhile to stay,
A mother's love unseen is left,
To cheer thee on thine upward way.

Then faint not of the ills of life—
Its storms and conflicts fearless brave,
Above its sorrows and its strife,
There's rest for thee beyond the grave.
Newburyport, Mass. 1843. [C. L. F.]

U. S. Circuit Court—Oct. 25.

At the opening of the court, at eleven o'clock, the District Attorney (J. Prescott Hall) arose and addressed the court as follows:

May it please your Honor: Since the last adjournment of this court, the intelligence, sad but not unexpected, has reached us that Daniel Webster is no more. He died yesterday morning, in the full possession of all his mental faculties, exhibiting in death, as he had always exhibited in life, the entire superiority of his mind over all corporeal infirmities.

When we consider his greatness as a man, his public services, his glowing patriotism, his political distinction, his official station, his matchless eloquence, and, as a lawyer, his professional eminence—which placed him, without dispute, and beyond doubt, at the very head of the American bar—it seems fit that the occasion of his death should not be suffered, by this tribunal, to pass by without some special notice of the event, and some evidence to endure upon its records, of the high consideration with which he was here regarded.

I rise now, sir, to pronounce an eulogium upon this great man. "The world knows that by heart," and a nation's tears are at this moment poured out upon the bier, where he lies in the solemnity, the repose and majesty of his death.

He died sir, as we all would have wished him to die, when the inevitable hour should come; his profound intellect, clear, serene and unclouded; triumphing over all the infirmities of physical decay, and relying upon those religious consolations which are the only solace in the dread hour of mortal dissolution.

I knew Mr. Webster well. I had the honor of his acquaintance. I hope it is not too much to say, of his friendship, for more than a quarter of a century. It was his counsel and advice which led me to this great city, where I met with professional encouragement far beyond my deserts. I have seen him under every variety of circumstances; in the secluded hours of consultation, where his client's interests seemed to absorb all his remarkable power of attention.

I have seen him, in the midst of his family circles, dispensing and enjoying a genial hospitality. I have partaken of his innocent and manly amusements. I have walked with him alone, at twilight, upon the shore of the "far resounding sea." I have seen him in the forum and in the Senate Chamber, his gigantic intellect, towering above all his compeers; and under no circumstances, nor on any occasion, did I ever know him to forget his own dignity, or cease to impress, if not overwhelm, with the sense of his surpassing greatness.

From his lips I never have heard an irreverent, a profane, or an unseemly expression; while his playful wit, his deep philosophy, his varied acquirements, and unrivalled powers of conversation, are among the richest treasures of my recollection.

He has gone down to the grave full of years, and full of honors. His voice will no longer be heard in the court-room, or in the halls of legislative debate; but his example will remain, and his fame undying, and wide-spread as the world will be cherished among the chief treasures of his country. His sun is set, but it leaves behind that long and luminous track, which shows what glorious orb it is which has descended beyond the horizon.

The Philosopher, the Patriot, the "great man eloquent," has gone to his "recompense of reward," and there remains not upon the whole earth another intellect to supply his place.

I move you, sir, in consideration of our professional loss and the national bereavement, that this court do now adjourn, and that the cause of its adjournment be entered upon its records, to remain there, in perpetual remembrance of the sad event.

At the close of the remarks of the District Attorney, the Court (Judge Betts) said that no one in this community could feel more sensibly than he the great loss that the country had sustained by the event whose announcement had just been made.

The court had known Mr. Webster for many years, he had always held him in the highest esteem, and he concurred with the District Attorney in the propriety of adjourning.

The court then directed that the remarks of the District Attorney, together with the order of adjournment, be entered upon the records of the court.

Supreme Court—General Term. Oct. 25.

BEFORE JUDGES MITCHELL, ROOSEVELT AND EDWARDS.

At the opening of the Court this morning, Mr. Bradley addressed the bench in a few brief, but eloquent remarks, upon the absorbing topic of the day, the death of Daniel Webster.

He recapitulated the leading events in the life of the illustrious statesman, and dwelt at some length upon the services which he rendered his country in the times of purification; he alluded to his matchless abilities as a lawyer, orator and statesman, and concluded by moving that the court do now adjourn.

Judge Edwards remarked that he concurred in the propriety of the motion, and pronounced a brief eulogium upon the deceased, and said it was a source of consolation to his countrymen that he died among his friends, at a ripe age, with his abilities untarnished and in the active discharge of his duties. The court then adjourned.

Superior Court—General Term—Oct. 25.

BEFORE JUDGES DUEK, CAMPBELL AND ROOSEVELT.

At the opening of the General Term this morning, Daniel Lord, Esq., addressed the court as follows:

May it please your honors, since the adjournment of the court, the sad news of the death of Daniel Webster has reached the city. I move that the court shall notice this event by adjourning. They owe it as a mark of respect to his great reputation as a lawyer; to the high civil offices which he filled; to the great talents which he has exhibited; and to his great intellectual achievements in behalf of the constitution and laws of his country.

It is improper, at this time, while the emotions occasioned by his death are so strong, to go into any details in relation to his life or character. But, perhaps it may be permitted me to say, that in our day, no man has exhibited an intellect so massive, so comprehensive, or learning so extensive, particularly in that department to which he had devoted himself; and no man's genius was so truly American, or so wholly devoted to the exposition and support of American institutions, and to the interests and welfare of the American people. With these sentiments, said Mr. Lord, in conclusion, I beg leave to submit the following, to be inserted on the minutes of the court:

"The death of Daniel Webster was suggested to the court as having occurred since its last adjournment, and thereupon it was moved, on behalf of the Bar, that the bench and the bar receive, with sentiments of the deepest regret, the information of this loss to the profession of the law, and to their common country; that they hold in the highest respect the learning, the eloquence, the acquirements and achievements of the illustrious deceased, and glory in them for the reputation of their profession and of their country; that, as a mark of their respect, the court do now adjourn."

Mr. Lord's motion was seconded by J. W. Gerard, Esq., after which Judge Duek ordered the minutes submitted by Mr. Lord to be inscribed on the records and adjourned the court till to-morrow morning.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BAR IN RELATION TO THE DEATH OF MR. WEBSTER.

A meeting of the members of the New York Bar was held this morning, in the U. S. Circuit Court room, to take measures indicative of their respect for the memory of the late Daniel Webster. The meeting was numerously attended, and the greatest interest was manifested in its proceedings.

On motion of the District Attorney, Mr. J. Prescott Hall, Judge Jones was unanimously elected President and Mr. Bonney and E. C. Benedict, Esq., subsequently appointed Secretaries. The President then stated briefly the objects for which the meeting had been called, and at the close of his remarks, William M. Evarts read the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Bar of New York have heard with profound regret, of the death of Daniel Webster, and respectfully offer their condolence to the family of the deceased upon this sad event.

Resolved, That the large capacity and varied powers of his intellect, in the culture and discipline of these powers in the highest sphere of human action and influence, in the pursuit of great opportunities, and the success of great achievements, Daniel Webster stands first among the men of his day and generation, and his name and his fame will be a treasured possession to his country forever.

Resolved, That while the great abilities, thorough and extensive learning, powerful and splendid eloquence, of Mr. Webster call forth our highest admiration; the vast public labors, and eminent public services, to which for half a century he has devoted these noble gifts and large acquirements, from a love of country and his enthusiastic, have imposed a great debt of gratitude upon his countrymen, which they and their posterity, to the latest generation, can never, by the fullest tribute of affection, respect, and honor to his memory, too deeply acknowledge.

Resolved, That we feel a just pride in the knowledge that the foundations of Mr. Webster's greatness were laid in the learning and discipline of the law; that the first triumphs of his fame were gained in its arena; and that throughout a long life he ever honored it and its votaries; and that we esteem his uniform support of the constitution and the laws of the land, his habitual reverence for the judicial tribunals, and his perpetual efforts to sustain, extend, illuminate and defend the administration of justice among men, in the several spheres of municipal, constitutional, and international law, one of the chief glories of his character, and one of the most lasting elements of his renown.

Resolved, That to the glory of his life, the manner of his death was a fit and majestic close, and leaves no ground of lamentation for his sake who has departed, but for his country only, to which he is lost forever.

Resolved, That in testimony of respect for his memory, such of our number as may be so deputed by the chairman of this meeting, do attend his funeral as representatives of our body, and that we all wear the usual badge of mourning.

When the foregoing resolutions were read, the meeting was addressed by Seth B. Staples, Esq. He commenced by alluding to the death of Daniel Webster and the general sorrow which had been felt in consequence. A great man, he continued, has fallen in this Republic, a man who was truly great in his intellectual, moral and physical power.

He was gifted by nature beyond most men, but the great qualities of mind which he possessed were only the foundation of a character he has by his industry and learning established. And let it be remembered by all that the gifts of nature are of very little importance unless he who possesses them gives them a right direction.

The differences between men consists in the differences between their industry and the direction they give to their efforts.

I knew Mr. Webster very early in life at the commencement of the late war with Great Britain. I was then in the Legislature of Connecticut, and when he appeared before the people of the east, upon that subject, I became acquainted with him.

I had an opportunity of obtaining an intimate knowledge of his great abilities and his virtues, and I have been, from that time to the present, his warm and devoted, but not his pliant friend. I often consulted with him, and never without being greatly benefited by the knowledge he imparted; and I have only to remark, that the time will come when his character will be set forth to this nation. But let him who undertakes to write his life remember that he has to study well that character before he can be qualified to do it justice.

Mr. Staples was followed by Hiram Ketchum, Esq.,

who addressed the meeting as follows: Mr. President: The office which we have to perform this day belongs less to grief and sorrow than to congratulation and joy. It is true that our illustrious countryman Daniel Webster is no more; but it is a subject of congratulation that he was permitted to pass the ordinary period of human life; that he was permitted to die, as he had for thirty years lived, in the service of his country; that he was permitted to die surrounded by his family and friends.

I consider it a subject of congratulation, too, that Mr. Webster lived long enough to prepare and supervise his own works, and give them to the nation. Other great men of our country live rather in tradition, but Daniel Webster lives in a record prepared by himself—a record which discloses, clear as the light, his political, his moral, his religious principles; and that record contains no word "which, dying, he might wish to blot," nor any friend of his desire to see erased.

He has lived to prepare his own monument "There it stands, and there it will stand forever." The rock on which the Pilgrims of New England first impressed their footsteps, is destined to be long remembered among men; but not longer than that oration which was pronounced in commemoration of the event two hundred years after.

The monument which marks the spot where the first great battle of the revolution was fought, will stand as long as monumental granite ever stood, but long after all trace of it is obliterated by the hand of time, will the oration pronounced at the laying of the corner stone, and the other oration delivered nineteen years after, at its completion, live to tell that such monument once existed.

The names of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson will be known to a far distant futurity, but I believe among the last records that will tell of their fame and make their names known among men, will be the oration of which they were the theme, delivered by Daniel Webster.

We all hope, and some of us perhaps believe, that the Constitution of our country will be perpetual, but we all know that the speeches and the orations in defence and commendation of that Constitution, shall be as large as the English language shall be known upon earth.

Mr. President, I will speak of other great things which he has achieved. I might refer to the capitol to every important institution in the country; I might refer to every great man living or dead, to prove that his name is intimately connected with them all. I shall occupy the attention of this meeting for a very few moments longer, in speaking of what I know of the personal characteristics of Mr. Webster.

I have been long acquainted with him, and from what I know, and that I have ever seen and heard, can bear testimony here that, as a public man, his character was of the highest integrity. It always seemed to me as if he acted under the immediate conviction that whatever he did, was not only to be known to his own generation, but to posterity.

He was always clear in office; he regarded political power in his own hands as a trust, and, though always willing and desirous to gratify his friends, he never felt himself at liberty, for any private reasons, to violate his great trust.

"When we are wound up, we go it stronger than ever," as the clock said to the bankrupt.

I have known Mr. Webster in private circles, and in domestic life, and I bear testimony here to that, though I have received numerous letters from him, many of which I now have, and some of which I have destroyed at his own request, written in the most confidential manner; though I have had the pleasure of meeting him, on many occasions, even at the festive board, I can bear witness here that, never in my life, did I hear him give utterance to an impure thought, or hear a profane expression from his lips.

I bear further testimony that never, in writing or in my hearing, did he ever assail private character. No man was ever slandered or spoken ill of by Daniel Webster; and I desire to bear still further testimony, that never, in my life, have I known a man whose conversation was uniformly so unexceptionable in its tone, and so edifying in its character.

Mr. President, I may say that no man ever possessed greater tenderness of feeling than Daniel Webster. He never yet had an enemy—and we all can bear evidence that he had enemies of the most malignant character—that came to him in distress, with whom he would not share his last dollar, and mingle his sympathies with him.

To say that these virtues and great qualities were not mingled with weakness and failings, would be to say that Daniel Webster was not a man. These weaknesses and failings have been spread before the public time and again, and no friend of his can regret the effect they had. And let me say here, no talents, however great, no public services, however splendid, ever saved a man from slander.

It was one of the characteristics of Mr. Webster, that he abhorred all affectation. I take pleasure in saying that the affectation which is displayed by many professional young men, in saying things without confirmation, of speaking on the spur of the moment and without previous thought, is an affectation which of all others Mr. Webster despised.

He never spoke without previous thought, without laborious preparation, and as my venerable and learned friend (Mr. Staples) who early knew him, he was industrious to the last extreme. In early life, when he first came from college, and when he at first assumed the principal of an academy in one of the interior towns of New England, it was predicted that he would be the first man of the country.

When he made his first speech before the bar, the judge said that he would be the greatest man in America; not that he would be great or distinguished, but that he would be the first man of the nation. Although these predictions were made, yet Mr. Webster always devoted himself with great attention to what he had to say. I have often thought from my acquaintance with him, that if other men could think as long, as closely, and as profoundly, their public efforts would equal his.

I have known a man who made such preparation before he addressed a court, a senate, or public assembly. He did not think he had any right to offer extemporaneous thoughts to his countrymen; he thought he was to dress himself in his best garments and deliver his best thoughts, if men would stand to hear him. As he always gave thoughts that were the result of preparation, the public were always anxious to read what he had to say, knowing that whatever he said was worthy of consideration.

Mr. President, it seems proper to me to make these remarks at this time and in this place, for the benefit of all here, and especially for the benefit of the young.

It must be admitted, whether it be ranked among his virtues or his weaknesses, that Mr. Webster was an ambitious man—a very ambitious man to the last hour of his life.

He desired high positions, and his ambition was, to surpass every other man that had occupied the same position. He labored to accomplish that result, with great assiduity, whether he has succeeded or not, is for posterity to say.

That he labored to procure the highest positions in this country is a fact not to be denied; that he thought that position worthy of his ambition, is a fact not to be denied; and that he thought he earned a claim to it, is also a fact not to be denied, and because that claim was not acknowledged, I believe his days were shortened.

Mr. President, I came not here to blame nor censure, but to speak of facts as they are—whether what has been done, has been well done, or what has been omitted has been well omitted is not for me to say.

But before I take my seat may I be permitted to say, that although no man-worshipper, I deeply sympathized in that desire which he had to be the first in political station in the United States. I have sympathized and fought for him in word and act, and carried my sympathy to the last hour of his existence.

If there is honor in this, I desire that honor may be attached to those who may come after me; and if there is disgrace in it, I am willing it shall be visited upon my children.

At the close of his remarks, Mr. Ketchum offered the following resolution, which, together with those previously presented, was adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That every member of the Bar, and every student at law, be respectfully requested to join in such ceremony as may be ordered by the corporate assemblies of this city, to testify their respect to the memory of the late Mr. Webster.

The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Cutting, in a few brief and appropriate remarks, after which it adjourned.

CONTENTMENT.—Old Major B—, of Arkansas,

tells a pretty good story:—He had been travelling through the woods for some ten or fifteen hours, when he opened upon a clearing which had a log house in the centre, on which was chalked the words "entertainment for man and horse." As neither himself nor horse had had anything to eat all day, they both looked the happier at this sign of hospitality. As he rode up to the cabin he saw a flaxen-headed little fellow, sunning himself before the door, and he accosted him with—"Wall, my son, can you give me some supper?" "I reckon not. We haint no meat, nor we haint no bread; nor we haint no taters?"

"Wall, you can give me a bed, can't you?" "I reckon not; for we haint no feathers, nor we haint no straw, nor we haint no floring to our house."

"Wall, you can give my horse something to eat?"

"I reckon not; for we haint no hay, nor we haint no corn, nor we haint no oats, neither."

"In the name of human nature, how do you do here?"

"Oh very well, I thank you. How are all your folks at hum?" The major couldn't stand it any longer, and sloped!





A CHRISTMAS FAMILY MEETING IN VIRGINIA.

When holly leaves and ivy green,
With berries bright and dark between,
Around the cottage room are seen,
The simple place adorning—
What joy before the cheerful blaze,
The almost conscious fire displays,
To sit in Christmas' merry days
Ay! sit up till the morning!

And hear the early carillon
Of village bells—while old and young
Are mingled in that festal throng,
Through Life we eye remember!
To feel the heat of Summer's glow,
In frosty depth of Winter's snow
And think we're Maying it, although
'Tis flowerless December!

To join the hearty laugh around,
When some coy damsel's tears are found
To thoughtless tread the fure ground
The Mistletoe that's under—
And see some longing lover steal
A kiss from cheeks that all come at
The secret joy they inward feel,
'Neath frowns and blushing word



REPRESENTATIVES' HALL, MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

Above we present our readers with a capital engraving giving them a view of the Representatives' Hall as it appears at the present time, while the concentrated wisdom of our State is in full operation. The Hall is a handsome and spacious one, and the seats are well arranged for the comfort of the occupants,—and some of

these gentlemen are so well pleased with them, that they cannot forbear manifesting their approbation by frequently nodding in a complaisant manner to the benches in front of them.

The present session of our Legislature is a pretty busy one; and we trust it will render itself forever memorable by the passage of one

of the most noble schemes ever

ture—the new Liquor Bill. be the heart-felt prayers of joy and thanksgiving which will rise from the souls of the slaves, as well as the other sufferers, of alcohol, when the news shall go forth through our Commonwealth that this Bill has become a Law!

A Curious Sermon.

The Brandon (Mississippi) Register reports the following curious sermon preached at the town of Waterproof, not far from Bayou—

I may say to you, my brethering, that I am not an educated man, an' I am not one o' them as bleaves that education is necessary for a gospel minister, fur I bleave the Lord educates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be educated, an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the state of Indiamy, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my brethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv.— Well, I may say to you, my brethering, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd rather hev a hardshell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day my brethering, dressed in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my brethering, and although I've been a preacher uv the gospel fur twenty years, an' although I'm captin' of that flatboat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my brethering.

I'm not a gwine ter tell you edzactly whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say it's in the led's of the Bible, an' you'll find it some-whar 'tween the first chapter of the Book uv Generations and the last chapter uv the Book uv Revelations, an' ef you'll go an' sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find my tex thar, but a great many uther texes as will do you good to read, an' my tex, when you shall find it you shall find it to read thus:

"An' he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

My tex, brethering, leads me to speak uv spirit. Now thar's a great many kinds of spirits in the world—in the first place, thar's the spirits as sum folks call ghosts, and then thar's the spirits of turpentine, and then thar's the spirits as sum folks call liquor, and I've got as good an artikel of them kind uv spirits on my flatboat as ever was fished down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kind of spirits, for the tex sez:— "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv spirit as is meant in the tex, it's fire. Thar's the kind of spirit as is meant in the tex, my brethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the first place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite a segar or a pipe with, and then thar's cam fire, fire before yure teddy and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez—"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is meant in the tex, my brethering—its hell fire! and thar's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the first place we have the Piousness; an' they are a high sailin' and a high sailin' set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the first thing you know he comes down and down, and down and down, and is a fillin' h'mself on the harkies uv a dead horse, by the side uv the road—and "He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

And then thar's the Methodist, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methodist bleaves gwine on from one degree uv grace to another, and finally on to perfectness, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from limb to limb and branch to branch, and the first thing you know he falls and down he comes kerdumaux, and that's like the Methodist, for they are allers fallin' from grace ah!— And—"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

And then, my brethering, thar's the Baptist an' they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simon tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum cings there still ch! And you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he lap his tail round the limb, and he clings furver, for—"He played on a harp uv a thousand strings—spirits of just men made perfect."

A FEW months since, a lady belonging to this city went to New York and put up as one of the Broadway hotels. After going to her room for the night, she took out her pocket-book and watch, laid them on the table, and sat down to read. While engaged in reading she thought she heard breathing from some one apparently near by, but finally concluded it must be imagination. Soon after, she began making preparations to retire, and in adjusting her hair she dropped one of her hair-pins. While stooping to pick it up she discovered a bat under the bed, and a closer observation revealed to her sight the full length figure of a man.

Without evincing any emotion, she quickly threw a shawl over her shoulder, went out of the room, locking the door after her, and stepping into the hall she rung a bell which summoned to her assistance the proprietors, who called in the assistance of a police officer, and the intruder was arrested. There was found on the prisoner a bottle of chloroform. He was convicted on the evidence of the lady, and sent to the State Prison for six months. The sequel to the whole was in dropping the hair pin.—New Haven Register.

60° 23 mth.



WILLIAM HENRY MARSH, THE LITTLE DRUMMER

The Infant Drummer.

We this week present to our readers a good likeness of this infantile wonder. The following interesting sketch we copy from the *Waverly Magazine*. It is written by the New York correspondent of that paper.

I went to see the Infant Drummer the other day. Some of your readers have, no doubt, heard of the little boy, and may want to know more of him. He is not three years old; and yet he can perform on a drum almost as well, for aught I can perceive, as a man who has been practising for years. Really, he is one of the wonders of the age. His name is William Henry Marsh. It seems, from the account given by his father, that at the early age of eight months, when he heard music, he would show a great interest in it, and would make regular motions with his hands during the singing or playing of a tune. When he was about a year old, he would beat a sort of a tune on the table, with a knife, or fork, or spoon, or whatever else came within his reach.

His father noticed the accuracy with which the infant beat time, and purchased him a small drum. When the drum was first struck in the hearing of the child, he seemed to be perfectly delighted. He commenced playing upon the instrument at once; and in a very few weeks, without any instruction, or with but little, he performed with such precision as to astonish everybody who heard him. Just before he was two years old, while recovering from the measles, and before he could sit up, he would cry for his drum, and lie in his cradle and play upon it, although so weak he could scarcely hold the sticks. At the age of two, having worn out the first one, his father purchased a new drum, which he was permitted to play upon in the front yard, to the great amusement of the crowds who gathered in to the streets to listen.

I heard him perform in public. The little fellow seemed to be half disposed to retreat when he was brought upon the stage. The sight of so many people—for it was in Tripler Hall, the largest musical hall in the country—frightened him. But as soon as the conductor of the performances tapped a few times on the drum, the enthusiasm of the child was so much excited, that it completely overcame his fear, and he commenced drumming with as much assurance as if he was in the nursery instead of Tripler Hall.

A gentleman performed on the fife, while the little prodigy accompanied on the drum. He marched back and forth on the stage, with an air of a drummer twenty years old. His march was regular, too, for the most part. The fifer would play one tune awhile; and right in the midst of it, break off from that, and play another, perhaps of an entirely different character, and in a different time. But the drummer would instantly notice the change, and vary his drum accordingly.

The audience applauded him a good deal. This disturbed him. He was not prepared for such noises as the clapping of hands, and the pounding of canes and umbrellas on the floor, and evidently did not know what make of such performances. Doubtless

it seemed to him that the music ought all to come from the stage; and perhaps he was suspicious that the audience was setting up something of an opposition. However that may be, he was confused when they applauded, and several times stopped playing, apparently dissatisfied. He cannot speak plainly; but he managed, after a fashion, to say "stop," two or three times, accompanying the command with rather a threatening motion of his drum-stick towards the audience.

The portrait here introduced, is a pretty good one. Perhaps it makes him appear a little too old. His face is fair, and there is nothing in it that would indicate him to be older than he really is. The forehead, as will be seen, is very full, and phrenologists could not help noticing, at once, that there is something peculiar in the formation of the front part of the head.

On the whole I regard the child as one of the wonders of the age. I have never seen one so young take such an interest in music, and I have never heard of one at that age, who could perform such wonders on the drum. What this early development of genius will lead to, I am sure I cannot tell. If he lives, and his musical powers keep pace with his years, he will astonish the world. I say, if he lives.—Were he a child of mine, I should tremble for him. I should fear that the mind, or a portion of it, would be developed at the expense of his body. To speak as an engineer, I should be afraid that the engine would be too strong for the boat, and shake it to pieces. On that account, I should hesitate, I think, before I consented, however agreeable it might be to others, to foster his musical genius to any great extent, while still a mere infant. But of that, his parents must be the judges, of course.

There was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height,
Sweetly as I recall it, tears do fall,
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
And rode on horseback on blest father's knee;
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
And Gold, and Greek, and Love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in Heaven, I saw the stars arise,
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the Island fade,
And thought, "Oh were I on that Island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wandering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow, early rise,
And point out the eastern heaven with crimson light.

And thought of God, the gracious, Heavenly Father,
Who made me and that lovely sun on high,
And all those pearls of Heaven, thick strung together,
Dropped, clustering, from his hand, o'er all the

With childish reverence my young lips did say,
The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"Oh, gentle God! On, let me strive alway
Still to be wise, and good, and follow Thee?"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
And for my sister, and for all the town,
The king I knew not, and the beggar brother,
Who bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished, the blythe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished,
God! may I never, never lose that too.



LITTLE EMMA.

'What a pretty evening this is!' said Emma, as she walked home from school by my side, after a happy Sabbath day. It was indeed, a lovely evening. The sun was setting slowly in the Western sky, and I could not help thinking its bright beams were unwilling to close a Sabbath so still and so heavenly.

'O that it were to rise,' said I, 'upon a race so happy and so enlightened as, blessed be our God, we are.'

'Do you think,' asked little Emma, 'that the poor children who live where the sun is now rising, know anything about God and the Sabbath day? Was to-day their Sunday, do you think?'

'Alas, my dear child,' replied I, 'many thousands who are about to be warmed by our glorious sun, I fear, know nothing of that Sun of Righteousness which has to-day shone upon us. Suppose you, Emma, had been taught to worship that sun. It is cheering and beautiful to be sure; but you could not feel that pious love for it that you do for Jesus Christ, who so kindly said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and took them up in his arms and blessed them.'

'O no!' said the dear child, 'I have never loved, nor could I ever love any one as I love my Savior. I love my father and mother very much; and when my father takes me in his arms, I love him more than I can tell you. But then I think Jesus was kinder still; for he loved all children alike—he blessed all. Sometimes I wish I might die while I am young, that I might be a child forever and sit at the feet of Christ.'

'Happy child!' thought I, 'how many Christians would envy thee such feelings!' As I looked at her little pleasing, pale face, I felt that her wish would most likely be realized; but giving over that thought, and looking forward to her womanhood I said,—

'May the God in whose hand thy breath is, my dear child, ever keep thee from falling. Emma, never forget to pray that the grace of God may grow in your heart more and more; that you may be wise enough to teach others.'

'O yes! I hope if I live it will be to tell other children that good conduct is always attended with great happiness.'

The cottage of Emma's parents was now in sight; and she tripped away, saying she should learn that pretty Psalm I had been reading to the children,—'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! my soul thirsteth, &c.' 'Do Emma,' said I, 'that will be ending the day well.'

I walked on, thinking of this little girl, whose soul, I believe, did really thirst for the courts of her God. I looked upon her as my reward. She was what I wished all others to be, and perhaps, thought I, they will repay me as she does, in time.

You, my dear children, who may read this, listen to what I must now say. My little Emma is dead, and I have not found such another child in all my acquaintance.

Sorrow is at the bottom of human joys.—Nature attaches pain to all our pleasures; and when she cannot deny us happiness, by a last office she mingles with it the fear of its loss.

THE GROWTH OF GOOD.

Far where the smooth Pacific swells,
Beneath an arch of blue,
Where sky and wave together meet,
A coral reeflet grew.

No mortal eye espied it there,
Nor sea-bird poised on high;
Lonely it sprang, and lonely grew,
The nursling of the sky.

With soft caressing touch, the wind
In summer round it play'd;
And murmuring through its tiny caves,
Unceasing music made.

The ministering wind, so sweet
With mountain perfume, brought
A changeful robe of emerald moss,
By fairy fingers wrought.

Thus day by day, and year by year,
The little islet grew;
Its food, the flower-dust wafted by;
Its drink, the crystal dew.

By night the lonely stars looked forth,
Each from his watch-tower high,
And smiled a loving blessing down,
Gently and silently.

And forest birds from distant isles,
A moment settled there;
And from their plumage shook the seeds
Then sprang into the air.

The islet grew, and tender plants,
Rose up amidst the deth—
Bloom'd, died, and dropped upon the soil,
Like gifts from heaven to earth.

Thus ages passed; a hundred trees
Graced that once barren strand;
A hundred ships its produce bore
To many a distant land.

And thus in every human heart
A germ of good is sown,
Whose strivings upward to the light
Are seen by God alone.

I think of thee when winter binds
The stream with frost;
I think of thee when stormy winds
Are raging most;
And when the summer sun looks bright
O'er land and sea,
And by the pale moon's tender light
I think of thee.

There is no place, sweet lady, where
Thou art forgot:
I mingle in my daily prayer
Thy dearer lot;
And when the voice of beauty blends
With melody,
I turn away from present friends
To think of thee.

Then, lady, sometimes let thine eye
With tears be wet,
For happy days, alas gone by,
In which we met;
And though the fount of sorrow flow
No more in me,
This heart at least where'er I go,
Shall think of thee!

LOT OF THOUSANDS.
To live, to love, to hope, and find it vain;
To see friends falling, and that riches fly;
A youth of follies—an old age of pain;
To pine for freedom, and yet fear to die;
Then added to these (for such is mortal's lot),
To die at last—unloved and forgot!

MODESTY.



Ship Germany from Constantinople to Boston, Wm. Phillips, May 1851.

small, There is one thing!

The owners to blame

Of such beautiful ankles for showing the same.
Another thing strikes me as rather amiss,
That each damsel seems vastly inclined for a kiss
Yet were I at that frolic, which here you may view
I think this an offence I might pardon them too.

Slippers. A little incident
in a Parisian circle. It is
whether the heroine
it not suffice to
pretty?

And this hus-
band, and this hus-
band's temperment, was in-
differently that could amuse him. It
was his right, and you shall see how he ex-
ercised that right.

One day last week, it happened that his
wife, in managing about her chamber, found
among her effects a pair of slippers. These
slippers were of white satin.

"Good," said she, "there is to be a ball this
evening. I will wear them."

She took them out and tried them on. The
slippers were too small, and her feet would
not go into them.

Meanwhile the husband made his appear-
ance.

"Whose are those slippers?" demanded the
wife, pushing her foot into the white satin.
The husband looked down and became red.
The careless fellow.

"These slippers! they belong to you," he re-
plied at once.

"To me; don't you see I cannot get them
on?"

To find slippers and not be able to wear them
—what a disappointment.

"It is because your feet have been swelled
so," continued the husband, "you dance so
much."

The wife rejoined, the husband would not
relinquish the point, and the slippers went fly-
ing out of the window.

Eight days afterwards, the husband looking
for a pair of gloves, found some which he
wanted to wear; he slipped in a finger, he
slipped in two, but the glove would not go on.
Moreover the gloves had been worn.

The husband frowned.

"Eh, madame! what is this?" he demanded
of his wife on presenting himself before her
with the gloves on the tips of his fingers.

"This? It is a pair of gloves," said she
calmly.

"Pardieu! I see that very well—but whom
do they belong to?"

"To you, apparently."

"Indeed! look you! it is impossible for me
to get into them, and besides some one has
worn them."

"Ah, then the gloves belong to the same
person who owned the slippers. You recollect
the slippers the other day."

The husband flew into a passion, the wife
burst into a laugh.

"I have found slippers, you find gloves; we
are quits," said she.

The husband pouted for 24 hours; after
which he asked for a treaty of peace. The ne-
gotiations were made and the wife agreed to
them. A fl-out of a cloak of Russia sables
defrayed the expenses of the campaign.

In accepting it, the wife smiled. "See how
good I am," said she; "I am willing to ac-
knowledge that these gloves, these famous
gloves, belong to my cousin, who lent them to
me to assist in taking revenge upon you; give
them to me, and hereafter if I find no more no
slippers, you shall find no more gloves."



CHRISTMAS AMONG THE GERMANS.—RIP VAN WINKLE'S WEDDING BALL.



THE CUSTOMS OF OUR FOREFATHERS—A MAYPOLE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"In the month of May, namely, on May-day in the morning, every man (except impediment) would walk into the several meadows and green woods, there to rejoice the spirits with the beauty and savoury of sweet flowers, and with the notes of birds—praising God in their kind."—JOHN STOW, the Chronicler.

Our blessing on the olden time,
When flourished merrie May;
When lord and hind flung to the wind
All cares on that bright day.

When queen and king would join the ring,
Where revelled mirth and glee;
And youth and age, and cleric sage,
Danced 'neath the greenwood tree.

While flew the flag from the old church tow'r,
And cheerily rang the chimes;
And all in praise of God's good power,
In the days of the olden times.

All that is fair for eye to see—
All that to ear is MELODY—
All mind on charm'd survey
Belongs to the FIRST MONTH OF MAY!

Christ's Counsel to a Fallen Church.

A SERMON.

BY REV. R. BREARE.

"Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed; and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see."—Rev. iii. 17, 18.

This was the message of the Saviour to one of the seven Asiatic Churches, imparted through the agency of his beloved disciple and faithful servant, John. This individual, distinguished for his early attachment to Jesus, (for he was the youngest of all the apostles,) and as being the subject of the Saviour's warmest love and friendship, was honored through a long and eventful life, by the work he was permitted to perform for his Master, and by the special and extraordinary revelations which were from time to time committed to him. Besides being favored with the vision furnished in this book, he was the author of the Gospel and the Epistles which bear his name. Tradition says, he lived to be nearly a hundred years old, and suffered great persecution for the truth; and after enduring a variety of tortures, he was cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, from which he emerged alive and unharmed; and that then he was employed to work in a mine on the Island of Patmos, whither he had been banished by the Emperor Domitian.

Whether these traditions be founded in truth or not, this apostle was for some time on the Island of Patmos, and was there favored with visions of a very extraordinary character respecting the condition of the world, and the Church, in future coming ages. There also he received a new commission from Christ, to act as his special agent and messenger in conveying the word of Christ to some of the Apostolic Churches, which were then in existence in Asia.

For the instruction and profit of men in all ages of time, these messages are recorded; and the record is handed down to us. The description given of the state of these churches, at the time the apostle addressed them, is so striking, that we have in one or the other of them a true picture of the state of religion as it is found in Christian Societies, and in individuals, in all ages and countries. So that we cannot read these messages of the Saviour to these individual churches, and not find in one or the other of them, a word applicable to our own condition and circumstances.

The message to Ephesus was a gentle warning and reproof, not because there was any visible decline which could be seen by the eye of man, any falling off in external works. The fervor of first love was gone, and the door was opened for further declension, and complete apostasy. They were reminded of their position in time to prevent any further departure from light and purity, if they acted upon the advice here tendered to them—Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the works.

The Church of Smyrna needed encouragement. Its members and its pastor were somewhat inclined to despondency. They were in that state of mind and feeling, which induces self-distrust and weakness from having too low an opinion of themselves. A sense of their unworthiness was becoming so strong upon them, it was likely to produce a paralyzing effect, and to unfit them for the struggles and trials through which they would soon have to pass, and which were already approaching them. The word to these is, 'I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (for thou art rich),' &c. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.'

In the Church of Pergamos a temporizing spirit was manifest. There had been no visible declension, but there was a yielding to the spirit and fashion of the times, which led them to dissemble the Christian faith and to conform to the established superstitions, in order to avoid persecution. This conformity to public feeling may appear at the first an innocent, harmless thing, but it will in the end prove fatal to the best interests of religion. The view which the Saviour entertained respecting their conduct is thus expressed:—'I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth. But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam, who taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel, to eat things sacrificed unto idols, and to commit fornication. . . . Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth.'

The condition of the Church of Thyatira is similar to the preceding, and calls for a similar message.

The Church in Sardis had fallen from the life which it once possessed, it had a name to live, it kept up its profession of Christianity in forms and ceremonies, but vitality was gone. The message was, 'Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die: for I have not found thy works perfect before God.—Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent.'

The message to the Church in Philadelphia is one of approval and encouragement. There is in it also an exhortation to steadfastness, and a promise of protection in time of disaster and danger. How cheering and comforting must this communication from the Master have been to them. How they must have been stimulated by it to greater zeal and faithfulness, both in resisting temptation, and performing all necessary duties. Approval and encouragement given under such circumstances, can rarely produce a state of spiritual pride and self-sufficiency. The heart that knows its own weakness, will resist temptation to a spirit of arrogance, come from what quarter it may.

The message to the Church of the Laodiceans is a very alarming one, and shows there was nothing whatever redeeming in their condition. It was alarming inasmuch as it showed them how sadly mistaken they were as to their real spiritual state. It was benevolent and merciful, because its aim was, their restoration to a healthy state of knowledge and grace. Let us notice the condition of this Church. It was the very opposite in imagination to what it was in reality. And this may be said to be the worst feature in this truly sad and deplorable picture. 'Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' Here we have the imaginary and the real condition of these parties. Many regard this as a true picture of a fallen Church; and it is certainly a condition of all others to be most dreaded; to keep up the form of religion—and to be so completely satisfied with what we have of religion, and with what we are in relation to it,—to its duties and requirements,—and to the measure of it which it is our privilege to possess,—as to say and feel, we are 'rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing' more,—there is no state into which an individual can be brought, which is so pitiable, so much to be deplored, and of which so true a picture can be presented, as is furnished in these words—'Wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' No state can be more unacceptable to the true spirit of Christianity than this—there can be nothing more truly averse to it. Both its soil and atmosphere are such, that the fruits of the Spirit cannot grow, much less progress to maturity. Christ says to this Church, 'I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.' Now where this is there is the form, the pretence of religion, joined with so much indifference as shows that all interest in it is completely dead, all necessary action is paralyzed, and there is no more vitality than in a painted image.

The common characteristic of this state is an utter destitution of all the true principles of religious vitality. And one of these is a feeling sense of need, of poverty, and want. The first moving of the good Spirit in the mind produces this. It follows the great announcement of the Gospel, that God has provided a feast of fat things for all people,—that there is in the divine Being an infinite fountain of goodness and blessing, which is set open for the gratification of those cravings which are felt in the human soul for happiness, peace, strength and purity, which all the beauty, pleasure, and riches of the natural world, cannot in any measure or degree supply. These heavenly riches are opened up in the Gospel, as well to promote the desire for them, as to show that that desire, however ample and extended, may be supplied.

This sense of want stands in the same relation to religious vitality in the soul, as hunger and appetite are to a healthy state of the body. A person destitute of these latter sensations would neither desire food nor enjoy it. It would be an evidence of a diseased state of the system, which, should it continue, would soon terminate in death. This was the state of the Laodiceans. They felt rich; they did not feel to want anything; they had no desire, no craving for anything more. This is a very correct likeness of those persons, in every place, who go to meeting every Sabbath and hear the preaching, and see nothing in the Gospel they need beside this. Because they fancy they have received possession of all the Gospel contains for them, they are satisfied and easy; and as they feel no want, they say they are rich. But it is only in their own fancy they are so, their wealth is only imaginary. In religion those who have the most, feel their need the most; they 'seek' and 'ask' the most, and 'find' and 'receive' the most. With respect to religion the Saviour said, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' Hunger and thirst will produce the action necessary to a supply—it is in this its blessedness consists. When there is no want, no need, there is no desire—there is no seeking—no asking,—and without these there is no true religious life.

2d. Another principle of religious vitality is Dependence. A feeling of dependence produced by a sense of our own weakness and nothingness. A feeling that we are nothing, and less than nothing. But we have nothing what we have received,—and the more true and infiniteness of the Divine nature made to appear to us, the sense of our weakness and nothingness becomes stronger within us. The very character of the religious action shows the necessity of this. The most prominent feature in the religious feeling, is a confiding trust in the Infinite above us. The great object of Divine Revelation is to give to men a trusting confidence in God,—to take away all dependence upon self, all self-sufficiency, and to make the Supreme Being 'all in all' to us. It is to the humble and confiding that the manifestations of Divine grace are made apparent. To these all the promises of grace and comfort are given, both in the Old

Testament and in the New. 'For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.' Isa. lvii. 15. This is the principle which was exalted by the Saviour, when he showed the difference between the religious state of the Pharisee and that of the publican. The former stood up in a spirit of self-confidence and inflated pride, and what he said, was in substance what this fallen Church said of itself. The publican bowed his head in a spirit of self-abasement, weighed down by a sense of his own unworthiness, all his dependence being on God, he uttered the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' The Saviour assures us, 'This man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' Luke xviii. 9-14.

This feeling is ever the accompaniment of religious vitality, and the more of the life of God there is in the soul, the more of this spirit of humble dependence on the mercy and power of God there is. There was nothing of this in the Church of the Laodiceans. It said, 'I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' There was no feeling of dependence, there was nothing to call forth the exercise of confiding trust in the rich mercy, and infinite goodness, and power of God.

There are many persons in the world, who are called Christians, who are very benevolent, moral people, with goodness and kindness of heart, and

a host of virtues which cannot be too highly prized, who feel that they have 'need of nothing,' in a religious sense, when at the same time, they are in a state of the very lowest destitution.

3d. Another principle of religious vitality is A Sense of Imperfection. The best of men, notwithstanding their attainments may be of the highest order in goodness and blessing received from God, must be sensible of many imperfections. However high they may rise in virtue and goodness in this changing world, they find themselves to be far below the required standard. Take the standard of moral purity, as set forth in the life of the Saviour; the best and holiest feel they are far below it. Their best services, their holiest aspirations, are marked with imperfections,—their words, their tempers, and even their devotions, are all tinged with the same imperfection. They can never receive so much that there shall be nothing better to come after it. Paul, with all his zeal, and love, and self-sacrifice, and visions, and revelations, never pretended to have attained to perfection. He says, 'Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect: but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' Phil. iii. 12-14.

This kind of imperfection is inseparable from finite creatures, for, however much we may have received, there is always more to come. The infiniteness of God can never be exhausted, and by a feeling of imperfection is absolutely necessary for our continued growth in goodness and grace, in purity and happiness. The very same feeling which caused Paul to say, 'I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus,' induced David to cry, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' Ps. li. 10. And every religious man and woman is encouraged to desire, to look for, and to expect more than they have ever yet received of God's goodness and blessing, by the following declaration of Paul: 'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' Phil. iv. 19. And however much we may receive, there is still infinity before us.

The Church of the Laodiceans felt none of this imperfection. 'I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;' thus nothing was desired, nothing expected—they looked for nothing. There could be no religious growth, because there was no religious life. There was, as we have shown, an utter destitution of all the true principles or causes of religious vitality. There was no sense of need, and dependence, and imperfection. The door to the kingdom of heaven was closed, and locked, and bolted, and they did it themselves. How true is the Saviour's description of the real state of this Church,—'And knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked.' What infatuation! What insanity! To be in this condition in reality, and yet to fancy they were rich, and increased with goods, and had need of nothing! Yet such is the spiritual religious condition of thousands. They think they are rich when they have not one morsel of spiritual food; and have never tasted of it; they have never eaten of the bread of life; they have never been to the Gospel feast—to the fountain of living waters. They know not what is meant by intercourse and communion with God; they know not what that hidden life with Christ in God is, which Paul enjoyed. In reality, how poor, and wretched, and miserable those persons are who are strangers to vital religion, and yet say they are rich and have need of nothing. The real cause is, they are blind, their eyes have not been opened. May God open all our eyes, that we may understand our real condition—that we may not think we are rich, when we are in the lowest depths of poverty and wretchedness.

Grumblers.

Every community 'clept civilized is infested by bipeds of both sexes, who make the lives of their associates intolerable by their incessant grumbling. It matters not how much one may do for such people. If a dozen of their requests are complied with, inattention or want of promptness in regard to the thirteenth is the occasion for crimination and rebuke. And even when a person is trying to discharge every obligation towards such people, his motives are questioned and his acts are tortured into selfishness on his part.

Such persons are not fit to live in such a world as this. They give no one credit when any thing is accomplished in accordance with their desires, and they make their friends accountable for every failure they experience. Extremely selfish themselves, they fancy every body else as selfish, and with a pride and vanity as disgusting as it is abortive, they vainly attempt to procure enjoyment. But as enjoyment, in a refined sense, can be experienced only in promoting the good of others, such people are only miserable. They have no correct notion of what happiness is. Vain enough to suppose that every body is opposing and thwarting them, when, in fact, those who are not assisting them care nothing about them at all; they magnify every trifling and do injustice to every body with whom they come in contact.

And it matters little to such people that after denouncing a friend or acquaintance, they and the denounced have been really, all the time, exerting themselves in their behalf. The very next minute after they discover this they are ready again blindly to denounce the very same persons. These pests of society are everywhere. They do not live, neither any one live who is subjected to their lionship. Instead of cultivating qualities which would make them agreeable, they force their obnoxious qualities into company, and compel their associates to accept and approve them.

We need not say that such people are mistaken, both in their aims and ends. Their relatives may live in the same house with them but it is only because they cannot afford to change their residence. They may submit to their whims and caprices, however unjust those whims and caprices may be; but the submission is that with which one yields to any intolerable nuisance which he does not possess the power to abate. Thus we stand the grumbling, which from some persons is the only emanation. We pity them, for the grumbling is a disease which grows by what feeds upon it. It destroys the vitality of those who are exposed to it, and so degrades the grumbler that every one shuns his presence.

We are aware that those who have long been subject to disease, especially when that disease is irretrievably chronic, seem to have a prescriptive right to grumble. They first begin by describing their symptoms to everybody, and by asking every one's sympathy and advice. In time, they wear out the patience of their acquaintances, especially when their reiterated complaints become more annoying to others than the disease can possibly be to themselves. Then, if they really grow worse, they are neglected, for their story has been told so many times that it is disregarded and perhaps disbelieved.

Were we to inform a young person how in the least time, and with the least trouble, he could make himself utterly unbearable, we should say,—Pursue an unmitigatedly selfish career. Acknowledge no obligations to any body, but impose every obligation you can upon all your acquaintances and friends. If everything don't go to suit you, don't stop to enquire what the reason is, but denounce those who are trying to assist you. If you find you were mistaken, make no apology for your error, but denounce them for something else.—You will soon accomplish your object, for your friends will avoid you as they would a pestilence, and then you can have the pleasure of grumbling to yourself.

Many an acquaintance has pursued the path we have marked out, and the result has been uniform. Wearied at length with themselves after having exhausted the patience of every body else, they want to know why their company is undesirable? It is too late to ask this question. Their unjust and impudent course would have excluded them from any company which did not consider itself, in some sort bound to put up with their impudence, and when they have effected the alienation they may find its cause in the cultivation of the absurd propensity of grumbling. The young man reform this. The more advanced must grumble themselves and their companions into the grave.

Lat 47

What course did Jesus pursue with regard to this fallen Church, when in this pitiable and wretched condition? Did he cast it aside as beneath his notice? Did he command those in a better state to trample upon it? To prevent its rising again? No: he tried to restore this lost one,—to give new life to the dead,—to clothe the naked,—to make the poor rich, and the miserable happy. How his conduct harmonized with this description of his merciful mission,—‘A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench.’ ‘This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ ‘The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.’ Jesus gives this fallen Church counsel:—‘I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.’ How good was this counsel; it was exactly suited to their state—it was calculated to restore them. Jesus is an able counsellor. He knows the weaknesses, the disease and the wants of men, and he knows the proper remedy for every malady; and he is full of compassion. In this instance how mild and gentle, how good and gracious are his words. His counsel is that of a friend; our best interests are near his heart; he looks upon us and bids us live.

‘I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich.’ This gold implies spiritual and heavenly graces, particularly that ‘living faith which works by love.’ ‘Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith?’ Again: ‘That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire.’ This faith we may buy ‘without money and without price,’ for it is ‘not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.’ And whoever has this faith, is rich beyond all the wealth of the world.

‘And white raiment that thou mayest be clothed.’ This is an emblem of purity, of holiness. True vital religion promotes this; without virtue and purity there cannot be true happiness. And neither churches nor individuals can long maintain the semblance, the outward show of piety, after they have lost the life and power of godliness—the spirit and fervor of true devotion. They must go to Jesus, and buy of him white raiment, or the shame of their nakedness will soon appear before the eyes of the world.

‘And anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.’ This ‘eye-salve’ is a figure of the word of God, and the counsel implies that they should take for their guide the teachings and revelations of the Gospel,—to study the Gospel, and apply its teachings to their individual state and condition. The Gospel is sent ‘to open men’s eyes, and to turn them from darkness unto light;’ and there would be less of spiritual

blindness among professing Christians, if the word of God should become the subject of more general study and search. ‘Search the Scriptures,’ said the Saviour to the Jews of his day, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.’ If people thought more of this in our day, there would be more of vital religion in the world than there is. Those who imagine themselves to be rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing, would, in the light of the glorious riches offered in the Gospel, see that they ‘are poor, and miserable, and naked,’ and would ask of God in prayer with faith, that he would give them the bread and water of eternal life. And they would not ask in vain. Divine light would penetrate the darkness of their minds, a new life would diffuse its influence through their hearts, and they would become ‘rich’ in the possession of unknown joys and blessings. Such is the counsel of Jesus to the fallen.

The most affecting part of this message is the following, where Jesus represents himself as waiting to be admitted as the guest of his Church: ‘Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.’ Jesus, in his religion, waits for admission at the door of every heart. He is anxious that this heavenly guest should be introduced to the acquaintance of every human soul. He, therefore, stands at the door, and intimates his wish to be admitted. He is not a partial visitor; he goes to every heart, to the young as well as to the old. ‘Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door.’ It must be a free act—a voluntary thing; he will not break the door and force himself in. He will not have recourse to harsh measures to effect an entrance. He does not call to his aid thunder and lightning, and tempest—the fires of endless torments, and the shrieks of the damned, to alarm those within, and by this means gain admission. Jesus has nothing to do with these things. He knocks, and speaks with gentle voice, in tones of love and friendship. He stands, waiting patiently, and though he has been repulsed and denied admission so often and so long, he waits still, he is waiting now; O, make up your minds to receive him. Hear what he says,—‘I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.’—He will bring a feast of goodness and love, reciprocal communion will be established, and the kingdom of God take up its abode within you.—‘We all open our hearts to receive him.—’

each soul now say,
‘Come quickly in thou heavenly guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.’

AMBITIOUS HOPE S



What is more delightful to a young American lady than the attentions of Count? Should he make her an honorable offer, and bear her off to the home of his ancestors, how it would come up with Miss Sookey Dampin, who got away her beau last winter—how it would put to the blush those Flanagans next door who refused to ask her to their last party. How beautiful his compliments are too. With what delightful broken English does he lisp her praises—

‘You have one verrea foine voice, like one—what d’y e call ’im—de little bird in de dark!’

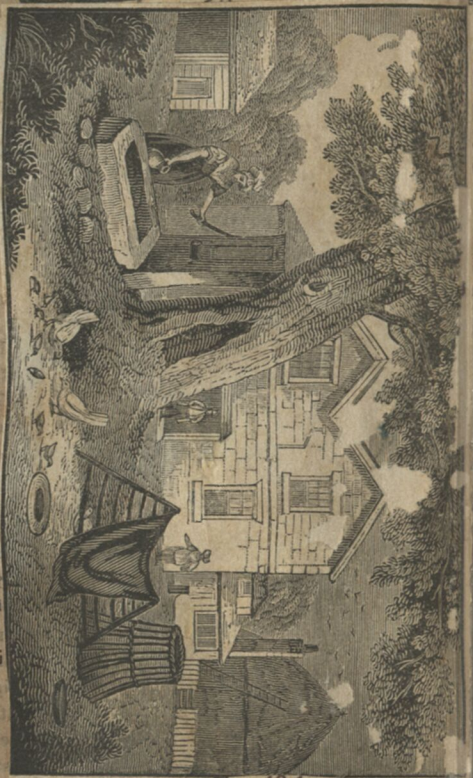
‘Little bird in the dark, Count! You don’t mean an owl, I hope!’

‘Beg ten thousand pardons, Miss. An owl—bloods! my honneur, madame, if hear von jontlemans say dat of you—de owl!—I put mine small sword on his head blood, madame. Dis is de bird dat sing in de night, like your voice. You pretty night gal!’

‘A nightingale! oh! Count, you do flatter me so—you Frenchmen are so lite!’

‘Not flatter you von bit, madame. No, not von leetle bit. You are von angel, vid vings, and de pain you make in my heart is de harrow of Cupid. cut my heart vid your eyes, and makes me berry miserable.’

So Miss believes that the Count has fallen heels over head in love with her as he tells her she sings divinely, she continues to squall over her notes, as North Wester was howling among the rafters. But she soon learns that the fine things have been said to half a dozen other boarding school misses, and each and every one of them is overjoyed at the idea of being run away with Count, until to complete her misery, and break her heart quite, she learns that amorous nobleman has been overhauled, and lugged up to the Criminal Court satisfy the demands of Justice—having dropped his knightly airs and laid aside princely garb to answer to the name of Jim Pease, the notorious counterfeiter.



Pizarro draws a line on the sand.
Equally with him



Scene at a New England Thanksgiving Dinner. See Page 17.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Paul Louis Courier thus writes to a female cousin of a series of terrors experienced by him—I was one day travelling in Calabria, a country of wicked people, who, I believe have no great liking to any body, and are particularly ill-disposed towards the French. To tell you why would be a long affair. It is enough that they hate us to death, and that the unhappy being who should chance to fall into their hands would not pass his time in the most agreeable manner. I had for my companion a worthy young fellow. I do not say this to interest you, but because it is the truth. In these mountains the roads are precipices, and our horses advanced with the greatest difficulty. My comrade going first, a track which appeared to him more practicable and shorter than the regular path led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head of twenty years? We sought our way out of the wood while it was yet light, but the more we looked for the path the further we were off of it.

It was a very black night, when we came close upon a very black house. We went in and not without suspicion. But what was to be done? There we found a whole family of charcoal burners at table. At the first word they invited us to join them. My young man did not stop for much ceremony. In a minute or two we were eating and drinking in right earnest—he at least; for my own part I could not help glancing about at the place and the people. Our hosts, indeed, looked like charcoal burners; but the house! you would have taken it for an arsenal. There was nothing to be seen but muskets, pistols, sabres, knives, and cutlasses. Every thing displeased me, and I saw I was in no favor myself. My comrade, on the contrary, was soon one of the family. He laughed, he chatted with them; and with an imprudence which I ought to have prevented, he at once said where we came from, where we were going, and that we were Frenchmen. Think of our situation. Here we were among our mortal enemies—alone, benighted, and far from all human aid. That nothing might be omitted that could tend to our destruction, he just, forthwith, play the rich man, promising these folks to pay them well for their hospitality; and then he must prate about his portmanteau, earnestly beseeching them to take care of it, and sit at the head of his bed, for he wanted no other pillow. Oh, youth, youth! how art thou to be pitied! Cousin, they might have thought that we carried the diamonds of the crown: and yet the sure in his portmanteau, which gave him so much anxiety, consisted only of some private letters!

Supper ended, they left us. Our hosts slept below, we on the story where we had been eating. In a sort of platform raised seven or eight feet, where we were to mount by a ladder, was a bed that awaited us—a nest into which we had to introduce ourselves by jumping over barrels filled with provisions for all the year. My comrade seized upon the bed above, and was soon fast asleep with his head upon the precious portmanteau. I was determined to keep awake, so I made a good fire, and sat myself down. The night was almost passed over tranquilly enough, when I was beginning to be comfortable, when at the time it appeared to me the day was about to break, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below me; and putting my ear into the chimney, which communicated with the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these exact words of the husband: 'Well, well, let us see—must we kill them both?' to which the wife replied, 'Yes!' as I heard no more.

How should I tell you the rest? I could scarcely breathe; my whole body was as cold as marble; had you seen me, you could not have told whether I was dead or alive. Even now he thought of my condition is enough. We were almost without arms; against us were eleven or fifteen persons who had plenty of weapons. And then my comrade was overwhelmed with sleep. To call him up, to make a noise, was more than I dared; to escape alone was an impossibility. The window was not very high; and under it were two great dogs howling like wolves. Imagine, if you can, the distress I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed to be an age, I heard some one on the stair case, and through the chink of the door, I saw the old man, with a lamp in one hand, and one of his great knives in the other.

The crisis was now come. He mounted—his wife followed him; I was behind the door. He opened it; but before he entered, he put down the lamp, which his wife took up, and coming in, with his feet naked, she, being behind him, said, in a smothered voice, hiding the light partially with her fingers—'Gently, go gently.' On reaching the ladder, he mounted with his knife between his teeth, and going to the head of the bed where that poor young man lay, with his throat uncovered, with one hand he took the knife, and with the other—ah, my cousin!—he seized a ham which hung from the roof, cut a slice, and retired as he had come in!

When the day appeared, all the family with a great noise, came to rouse us as we had desired. They brought us plenty to eat; they served us up, I assure you, a capital breakfast. Two rapons formed a part of it, the hostess saying, 'You must eat one and carry away the other.' When I saw them, I at once comprehended the meaning of those terrible words, 'Must we kill them both?'—*The Leisure Hour*.

A man who had had his ears cuffed in a squabble, without resenting the affront, being shortly afterwards in a party, and in want of a pinch of snuff, exclaimed, 'I cannot think what I have done with my box; it is not in either of my pockets.' 'Try your ears,' said a bystander.

AUCTION SCENE.

STROLLING through out city, we chanced into an auction room to see what bargains we could make.—The auctioneer was upon the stand with a piece of calico.

'Eight cents a yard!—who says ten?'

'I'll give you ten,' says an old lady.

'Going at ten, Going!—gone! Yours, madam; walk in and settle.'

'I didn't bid on it,' exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

'We'll thank persons not to bid if they don't want an article,' said the auctioneer. 'Going then at eight!—Who says more than eight?'

'Nine cents,' said an old gentleman opposite.

'Nine!—nine!—who says ten? Going at nine! going!—gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cents.'

'I didn't bid,' said the gentleman. 'I don't want it; I wouldn't give you five cents for the whole piece.'

(Auctioneer getting mad.)

'If any one bids again they will have to take the article or get into trouble, (throwing down angrily the piece of calico.) Give me something else. Ah! gentlemen here is a fine piece of *diaper*. What can I get for this? What do I hear?—anything you please?'

'I'll start it at five.'

'Ten,' says another,

'Twelve and a half,' says the third.

'Thirteen,' cries an old lady.

'Fourteen! fifteen!' cried several voices.

'Fifteen I am offered!—fifteen!—done at fifteen!—can't dwell—going! g-o-o-n-g—gone! Yours, sir. Step up, whoever bid.'

'No one came up—all eyes staring in various parts of the room.'

'Gone then, at fourteen! Yours, sir; walk up here!'

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

'Thirteen, then, madam; you can have it at your bid.'

'I didn't bid. What do you think I want of that article?' said the old lady, indignantly.

'Here, I'll take it at thirteen,' exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant stepped forward.

'Who says they'll take it at thirteen?'

'I do,' said an old fat-faced farmer.

'Well, sir, walk up and take it.'

'I'm afraid it's stolen goods!' says the fat-faced man.

The auctioneer, now quite made, sprang down, and was about collaring the old man, when a person right behind him, cried:—

'Don't strike him! It was me that said you stole them!'

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog apparently right at his heels, snuffed and barked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon the counter, he ordered the crowd to leave.

An acquaintance at our elbow, no longer able to contain himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a genteel little man passed out at the door, whom he told us was Blitz, the ventriloquist.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

'But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves; for the wind was contrary'—*St. Matt. xiv. 24.*

Fear was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud;
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But one was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, 'Be still!'

And the wild wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky!
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
When death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mad—
Oh! send thy spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say—'Peace, be still!'

'I belong to the press,' as the reporter said when arrested in a mob.

'We'll make a long story short,' as Hutchinson said to his stenographic pupil.

'A cat may look upon a king,' as the chap said when he stole into the museum to see the curiosities.

THE TRAVELLED WHISPER.

'I do not like to say anything about it,' whispered Mrs. Sawyer to her next door neighbor, Mrs. Ashton, but they do say that Miss Bates, our new music teacher, is no better than she should be. I don't think that I shall send Anna Maria or Sarah Jane. True, she comes highly recommended, but Mrs. Goodenough, whose daughter went to school last year, within twenty miles of Miss Bates' father, tells me that her daughter heard from one of her schoolmates, a slight whisper to Miss Bates' disadvantage; and people are best known at home, you know.'

Mrs. Ashton held up both her gloved hands in wonder and approval of this sentiment, and then hastened away on her round of morning calls, all the wiser for her visit to Mrs. Sawyer's.

Her next stopping place was at Mrs. Willis's. She found that lady over her sewing in the sitting-room and quite alone.

'I am delighted to see you,' cried Mrs. Ashton, half breathless from fast walking. 'It has been an age since I met you last. How are you and your charming daughters, Melissa, Ann, and Julia? The latter are at school, I dare say.—By the way Mrs. Willis, I have been greatly shocked this morning. I never should have dreamed of such a thing, as Mrs. Sawyer has been whispering to me. I can hardly believe it now. But I must beg you not to say a word about it to any soul living. I am so shocked to think such a thing could have happened! Pray don't mention it from me on any consideration, but they do say that Miss Bates the new music teacher has got a very bad character indeed, at home. Mrs. Sawyer has it on unquestionable authority, and has declined the idea of sending her daughters on that account. But she is young and pretty, poor thing! and I am very sorry for her, and wouldn't injure her for anything in the world!'

Mrs. Willis laid down her work with consternation depicted on her face; and the two ladies whispered and nodded significantly, for the next two hours.

At the end of that time, Mrs. Willis remembered that she had a host of calls to make, and tying on her bonnet, the two ladies went out together.

Before night, the whisper that Mrs. Sawyer had thoughtlessly echoed from the tongue of a school-girl, had travelled all through the village, and ten miles into the country, and there was a prospect of its travelling on, as far as the Academy of B. was known, and blighting in every family, where it was carried, the fair fame of a pale faced, sweet young creature, who bent with patient assiduity over her task, unconscious that a breath more fatal than the simoom of the desert had passed over her character. If there is not deliberate cruelty in thus murdering the reputation and destroying the influence of another, and that other a stranger, timid and sensitive as the Mimosa which shrinks from the slightest touch, tell me in what cruelty consists? And yet it was the work of a whisper; a thoughtless and unmeaning whisper. Miss Bates' reputation was re-established when she learned, after weeks of suffering, the exaggerated reports everywhere in circulation in regard to her, and brought testimonials of her innocence from her native town, and from the first persons in other communities, with whom she chanced to be before acquainted; it was re-established when she had staid long in the Academy of B., and lived down the aspersions so cruelly cast upon her.

But her case is not an isolated one. Many and many a reputation has been ruined by busy bodies, who have little to do at home, and go abroad for employment; who love to gossip over their neighbor's affairs, and help on with railway speed, THE TRAVELLING WHISPER.

WHAT IS WOMAN?

What is woman?—man's sweet Angel!
Gentle, tender, calm, and kind—
Ever loving, ever faithful
Is her soft and soothing mind.
A beauteous flower, born to blossom,
Giving gladness to the eye;
Half designed for man's fond bosom,
Half a creature of the sky—
Half a creature of the sky!

What is woman? ask her sorrow;
Know how deeply she can feel;
But when hope her heart would borrow,
Mark what joys she can reveal.
O'er her cheek each pure emotion
Of her soul is seen to fly,
As fair clouds with chaste devotion
Fleet o'er Luna's face on high—
Fleet o'er Luna's face on high!

What is woman? All forbearing,
Patience, prudent, seeming gay,
Though sad inward thoughts are wearing,
All unspoken, life away.
Thus she is a flower's sweet blossom,
Giving gladness to the eye,
Half designed for man's fond bosom,
Half a creature of the sky—
Half a creature of the sky!

A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it; it is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered. 'My dear Murphy,' said an Irishman to his friend, 'why did you betray the secret I told you. 'Is it betraying you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it somebody that could?'

THE OLD PASTOR'S ELEGY.

FAULTS.—A person is not aware, how much he loses, when he begins to look upon a small deviation from principle and rectitude, with a kind of complacent feeling. It is the beginning of a course which may end in utter ruin. The better course is, to be firm in your principles, and never yield to a single suggestion to depart from the well-tried paths of morality and virtue. One deviation from truth—one little error—a trifling fault—may pave the way for a life-time of sorrow.

A PARODY ON THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.
In the old church yard, by the banks of a brook,
Where so often he had sat down to rest his head,
The old pastor rests in his long and last sleep.
While the waters of a low, hissing requiem keep.
He has preached his last sermon—has wept his last tear,
No more shall awake him till Jesus appear.

The church that he planted and nurtured with care,
Has become a place of desolation and woe;
The graves of the good and the faithful are bare,
And the weeds of the world have taken their place;
He has preached his last sermon—has wept his last tear,
No more shall awake him till Jesus appear.

'T was a gloom-giving day when the old pastor died;
The storm heaved around him, the affectionate cried,
And the prayers of the good for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a father, a brother and friend.
He has preached his last sermon—has wept his last tear,
No more shall awake him till Jesus appear.



DOMESTIC RECIPES.

SHREWSBURY CAKE.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, five eggs, half a nutmeg. Beat the butter and sugar together. Whisk the eggs and add to it, with the nutmeg. Stir in the flour, roll out the dough and cut it in cakes. Bake in a quick oven.
DOVON DISCURE.—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of flour, two eggs, one table spoonful of rose-water, half a tea spoonful of nutmeg. Stir the butter and sugar together. Beat the eggs light and stir into it, with the rose-water; add the spice and flour.—Roll out thin and cut into small cakes.

Ship Company, New York to Boston, by the ship "Eg. Master."

one of the most
with bright hopes of
city of her fatherless boy,
se sadness melts in the
of her faith. It is a
picture which addresses itself to
the tenderest feelings of the hu-
man heart, and it is calculated to
make a permanently moral im-
pression upon them.

The following beautiful lines
were written by a much esteem-
ed friend, on our presenting him
with a proof impression of the
annexed engraving. He will ac-
cept our thanks for the offering.

THE FATHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. C. W. EVEREST.

Aye, child, an orphan's lot is thine,
Thro' all earth's pilgrimage of woe;
For he whose heart reposed on mine
Sleeps in the solemn grave below!

Weep not, my boy! vain, vain are tears:
Look upward to the glorious skies:
Far, far above the rolling years,
A Heavenly Father marks thy sighs.

A mother's voice remains to cheer,
A mother's hand thy steps shall guide:
To shield thy heart from anxious fear,
If weal befall—if woe betide!

Nay, fear not, child: a promise bright
Of heavenly hope, still whispers joy:
Run thou in Virtue's path aright,
And God shall bless my orphan boy!

HAMDEN, CT., Nov. 4, 1844.



May August 1844
aha very pl.



THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN....A NEW-YORK BOY IN WISCONSIN.

I think on the whole I am happy enough,
With my dogs so devoted, and poney so tough,
Which is, you must know, such a sly little elf,
That he'll not treat a soul to a ride but myself.

We are here in Wisconsin, a beautiful place,
Though as wild as a buffalo caught in a chase;
Yet I doubt if there's any thing wilder throughout
Than myself and my dogs, and my poney so stout.

I came from New-York, wherein had I remain'd,
To a shop or a counter I now were half chain'd,
With a boss twice as rough as my poney so dear,
Still making me smart with a box on the ear.

So blythe may I be, that my parents greave
Of your over-grown city, so vastly admir'd
And came out to Wisconsin, so fruitful and free,
Where we all are as happy as happy can be.

And I am the pet of the house, you must know,
For my father and mother they doat on me so,
That they think I'm the very best boy in the west,
Which I often times doubt, but of course they know best.

But my poney is snorting as though he would say,
"Leave your song, master Tommy, and let us away;"
And my dogs, too, seem vastly inclin'd for a run,
So I think I'll be off—its such a grand fun.

quell 20. 1844
x pleasant,
ha
Ship
ight moderate cha

aha pleasant
Ship going
at 42.50

Grace fatal to Sin.

"Moreover the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord. What shall we say? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid: how shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"—Rom. v. 20, 21; vi. 1, 2.

This is a most important passage. There is scarcely one more so. God forbids the offence would abound; he did not prevent it; he permitted it for wise and holy purposes. But by his grace he always intended to circumscribe sin. Sin is limited; it is under control; it can never abound more than grace.

"But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." This is plain preaching. What Universalist ever preached, on the subject of divine grace, with more plainness than this? It is pure Universalism too. Sin can never outstretch divine grace. If sin abounds, grace shall abound much more; and wherever sin abounds, grace shall abound much more.

Grace always has had, and always must have, the advantage, according to this rule. Such was the teaching of the great apostle to the Gentiles. At the point of doctrine to which we have come, though perfectly true, was very liable to misinterpretation, from persons not versed in the Christian doctrine.

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." According to this proposition, an indiscreet opposer might say, bad doctrine, bad doctrine. It is dangerous, it will lead men into sin. The more sin the more grace, according to this. If where sin abounded, grace did much more abound, then, to have much grace, let us have much sin, and it will bring it. Against this objection, Paul proceeds to reason, and inquires "shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" As though he had said, "some persons come hastily to this conclusion, that sin must bring grace, if it be true that where sin abounds, grace much more abounds." But, to prepare his reader for an answer to that objection, he inquires, "shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" He replies, immediately "God forbid;" and adds the true reason against such a course. "How shall we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

Now, reader, stop and reflect. "We that are dead to sin." Are you one of that number? Have you felt the influence of divine grace upon your heart? If so, you can live no longer in sin. It cannot be. "How can we that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" Thus Paul answers his former question. "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" It is impossible, for this plain reason, that it is the direct tendency of a knowledge of God's grace to produce a deadness to sin. If it produces a deadness to sin, a man under its influence, cannot live in sin; and of course, to attempt to "continue in sin, that grace may abound," is an utter impossibility.

There are many persons who suppose, or rather, who say they suppose, that the doctrine of divine grace and love, is of injurious influence on men. Why? It encourages sin, they say. How do they know? Did they ever try it? No. Well, did they ever hear a person who believed, say it encouraged sin? No. This is always said, by those who do not believe it. There is only one question remaining, which knows its influence best, those who believe it, or those who do not? Those who have tried it, or those who have not? Evidently the former. They all know that the influence of this grace on the heart, is good; they know it cannot be otherwise. It produces a deadness to sin, and of course cannot cause men to live in sin. O, that all who profess to believe in divine grace, did really believe in it. We are more fearful that we shall believe too little than too much in God's goodness. The more strong, penetrating, searching, our faith in God's love, the purer our purity and happiness we derive therefrom. Christian, think of these things.

To-morrow.—Who can tell how much is embraced in this expression? Though a few hours intervene between it and us—though it will soon commence its course—who is there that can read a single page and pronounce the character of its events?

To-morrow! Those who are gay may be sad. Those who are now walking the avenues of pleasure, led by the hand of hope, may be the subject of intense sorrow. Prosperity may be changed to adversity.

Those who are now on the mountain summit may be in the valley. The rosy cheek may be spread with paleness—the strong step may falter. Death may have overtaken us.

To-morrow! It may have entirely changed the course of our lives. It may form a new era in our existence. What we fear may not happen.

To-morrow! away with anxiety. Let us lean on Providence. There is a Being to whom all the functions of time are the same, and who is able to dispose of every thing for our wise improvement.

Written for the Freeman and Visiter.

The Invalid to her Mother.

BY MISS LAURA EGGLESTON.

Dearest mother, I am thinking
Of that better land on high,
Where no invalid is sinking—
No pale blossoms droop or die.

Come, and sit beside me, mother,
And converse of heavenly things;
Of the glorious "elder brother,"
Crowns, and harps of flaming strings.

Speak to me of life eternal;
Of the shining millions there,
Standing round the Sire supernal,
Breathing love's mellifluous air.

Mother! cease thy sighs and yearnings;
Bow to God's sublime behest;
To his Eden I am turning,
To a high and holy rest.

Mourn not, but adore Jehovah;
When in dreamless sleep I lie,
Throw no sombre pall above me,
Let no weepers o'er me sigh.

For me wear no robes of sadness;
Never toll a funeral bell,
When my spirit lives in gladness,
Where the angels' anthems swell.

Lay me by the fountain singing,
In the holy church-yard green,
Where the birds delight in singing,
In the weeping willow screen.

Mother, take my Bible holy,
Press it to my heart once more;
Keep it, dearest, for Ioka
May not read again its lore.

Blessed book of revelation!
How it happyfies the soul!
While the streams of free salvation
Through the holy spirit roll.

O! the boundless fields of glory
Are expanding to my eye;
And God's banners broad are o'er me;
I am not afraid to die!

"Not afraid to die!" Dear mother,
Yet 't is hard to part with thee;
Soon my sufferings will be over,
And my spirit will be free.

We shall meet in God's fair palace,
Where the trees of life do wave;
Where the streams of love's bright chalice
All the ransomed spirits lave.

German, N. Y.

THE COURSE OF LIFE.

[Translated from a beautiful Spanish poem by Jorge Manrique, on the death of his father, quoted in the thirty-ninth volume of the 'Edinburgh Review.']

Oh! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glories, glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
Come stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us naught behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them, the present shall delight—
Like them, decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall;
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and thrown,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
And Death the goal:
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Long ere the damps of Death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Hath passed away:
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where are the strength that mocked decay,
The step that rose so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows weariness and woe,
When age comes on.

Say, then, how poor and little worth,
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here:
Dreams of a sleep that Death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear.

And yet, to me is given
"A priceless hope" to cheer my spirits up,
And, when my barque of life is tempest driven,
I know the up

THE EVENING SKIES.

BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

Soft skies! amid your halls to night
How brightly beams each starry sphere!
Beneath your softly mellowed light
The loveliest scenes grow livelier!
How high, how great, the glorious Power
That bade these silvery dew-drops fall;
That touched with bloom the folded flower,
And bent the blue sky over all!

I love to glide in these still hours
With heart, and thought, and fancy,
When naught but stars, and waves, and flowers,
May give me their sweet company!
When far below the waves outspread
Glide softly on with liquid hue;
When winds are low—and skies o'er head
Are beaming bluely beautiful.

Oh, what a heavenly hour is this!
The green earth seems an Eden-home,—
And yet I pine amid my bliss,
For purer blisses yet to come!
How can my spirit gaze aloft
Upon your deep delicious blue,
And float to those far realms so soft,
And never sigh to flutter through!

And yet this spot, so still, so lone,
Seems formed to suit my mournful mood,—
The far blue heavens seem all my own,
And all this lovely solitude!
A voice seems whispering on the hill
Soft as my own—and on the sea
A living spirit seems to thrill
And throb with mine deliciously!

Yet, though my thoughts from care seem freed,
And a soft joy pervades my breast,
That makes me almost feel indeed
That hearts on earth are sometimes blest!
There is a spell in those hushed skies—
A something felt in this lone spot,
That makes my very soul arise
With longings for—it knows not what!

Beneath such skies I sometimes doubt
My heart can e'er have dreamed of sin—
The world seems all so calm without,
And all my thoughts so pure within!
Such dreams play o'er my folded lid!
Such heavenly visions greet my view!
I almost seem to glide amid
The angel-bands, an angel too!

O! has he left this world so vain,
And fled for ever far away?
And will he ne'er awake again,
Unto the light of earthly day?

Shall I behold that face no more,
So bright, so beautiful, and mild?
Nor hear repeated, o'er and o'er,
Those tones, which spoke the artless child

And must decay feed on the bloom
Of beauty, innocence and youth?—
With voice responsive, the dark tomb
Proclaims the sad and solemn truth.

He died ere he had gone astray,
Within the paths of vice and sin;
And folly's dark, illusive way,
His soul had ne'er delighted in.

He died ere he had felt the blight
Of poisonous slander's fatal breath,
Which, leagued with fiendish, dread despite
Seeks but its hapless victim's death.

No; calumny had never cast
Its dreadful venom o'er his name;
And envy ne'er had sought to blast
His spotless purity of fame.

But in his pure, infantile prime,
He bowed to holy Heaven's will;
And fled the bonds of flesh and time,
To where exists no grief or ill.

But though he's left us here below,
Why should we for him sigh or mourn?
For soon the grave, where he did go,
Must be our body's final bourne.

But let us look beyond the tomb,
To glorious mansions high above,
Where, clothed in robes of endless bloom,
He sings his Savior's deathless love.

And when the hand of death shall come,
To close my weary, wasting eyes,
O, may my spirit seek his home,
And meet him in his eternal skies.

As flowing waters to the thirsty soul,
As coming calm when stormy billows roll,
As strains of music breathed at even time,
As beaming planets in the vault sublime,
As words familiar in a stranger clime,
So friendship's stream glides through life's desert way,

So faith's pure star sends down its peaceful ray,
So words of love restore the mind oppressed,
The calm of virtue soothes the sorrowing breast,
And God's own promise calls us to his rest.

A man was one day wheeling a barrow
across a church-yard, when he was threatened by
a clergyman with condign punishment for his
daring outrage in polluting the consecrated ground
by his wheelbarrow. The man, scratching his
head, said, "I did not know but the wheelbarrow
was consecrated too, for I borrowed it of the
 sexton."

Is given by our Father,
Who knoweth for his children what is best,
And who at last the weary ones shall gather
To endless rest.

Barnard, Vt.

MY FATHER.

FATHER, 'tis long
Since round thee I
Waiting thy death
And said it was to me

Thou, guardian of my
Who soothed my grief,
Who always for me
Oh, thou couldst not

I scarcely wished on
I hardly thought I
So great a shock,—but
In heaven with God

The time is short—'twill soon be o'er,
Soon we shall be beyond life's shore;
And when death's angel shall appear,
Saviour, wilt thou be near.

How they get Married in Illinois

Mr. Henry Wheeler, of Greene county, and Minerva Steely, of Maccrissin county, wanted to get married, but their friends didn't want them to. They drove forty-five miles to Alton in order to escape this difficulty, but when they got there found that the law sternly required a license, could only be had from the County Clerk, who resided in another town. Not discouraged, they engaged a parson and jumped into a skiff, and were rowed over to a small bar in the river, directly opposite to Alton, where shortly after sunrise, in the State of Mo., surrounded by water, entirely isolated from the world and the "rest of mankind," but in sight of the whole city, they solemnly plighted their troth. They returned in a few minutes to the shore, where they were welcomed with cheers by the assembled people.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I saw her in her morn of hope, life's delicious spring,
A radiant creature of the earth, just bursting on the wing,
Elate and joyous as the lark when first it soars on high,
Without a shadow in its path—a cloud upon its sky.

I see her yet—so fancy seems—her soft, unbraided hair,
Gleaming like sunlight upon snow, above her forehead fair;
Her large dark eyes, of changing light the winning smile that played,
In dimpling sweetness, round a mouth Expression's self had made!

And light alike of heart and step, she bounded on her way,
Nor dreamed the flowers that round her bloomed would ever know decay—
She had no winter in her note, but evermore was singing
(What darker season had she proved?) of spring—of only spring!

Alas, alas, that hopes like hers—so gentle and so bright,
The growth of many a happy year, one wayward hour should blight—
Bow down her fair but fragile form, her brilliant brow o'ercast,
And make her beauty—like her bliss—a shadow of the past!

Years came and went—we met again—but what a change was there!
The glossy calumness of the eye, that whispered forth sweetest
The flush of the cheek—the lips compressed
The clench of the attenuate hands—proclaimed the strife within!

Yet for each ravaged charm of earth some pitying power had given
Beauty, of more than mortal birth—a spell that breathed of heaven;
And as she bent, resigned and meek, beneath the chastening blow,
With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seemed to glow!

No wild reproach, no bitter word, in that sad hour was spoken,
For hopes deceived, for love betrayed, and plighted pledges broken;
Like him who for his murdered sister prayed—she wept, but did not weep—
And her last orisons arose for him for whom she died!

Thus, thus, too oft the traitor man repays fond woman's truth;
Thus blighting, in his wild caprice, the blossoms of her youth;
And sad it is, in grief like these, o'er visions loved and lost,
That the truest and the tenderest heart, must always suffer most.

"THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL."

BY ALICE C. LEE.

"In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there's no such word as FAIL."—[Bulwer's Play of Richelieu.]

The proudest motto for the young—
Write it in lines of gold
Upon thy heart, and in thy mind
The stirring words unfold;
And in misfortune's dreary hour,
Or fortune's prosperous gale,
'Twill have a holy, charming power—
"There's no such word as fail."

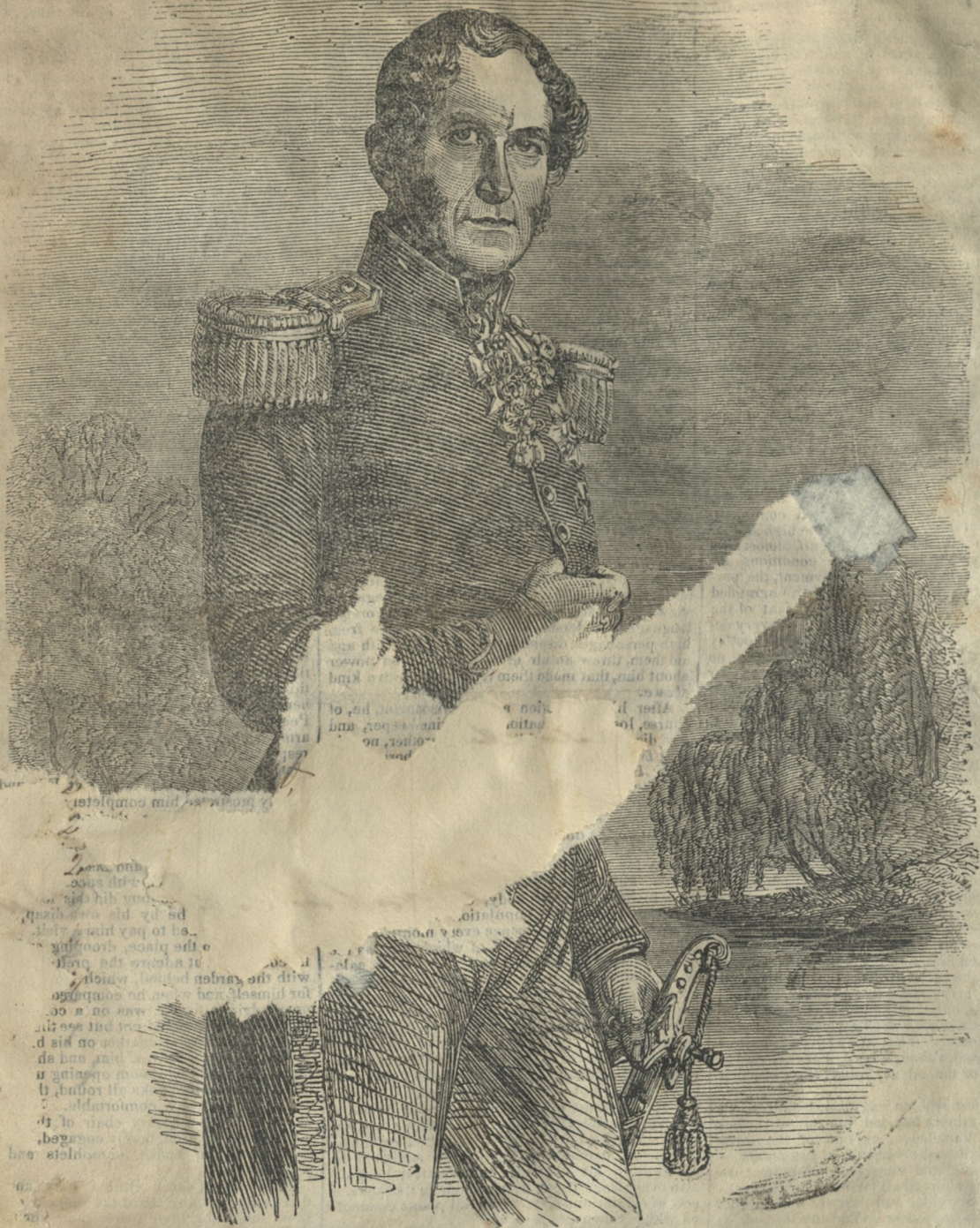
The sailor on the stormy sea,
May sigh for distant land;
And free and fearless though he be,
Would they were near the strand,
But when the storm with angry breath,
Brings lightning, sleet and hail,
He clings the slippery mast and sings
"There's no such word as fail."

The weary student bending o'er
The tomes of other days,
And dwelling on their magic lore,
For inspiration prays;
And though with toll his brain is weak,
His brow is deadly pale,
The language of his heart will speak,
"There's no such word as fail."

The wily statesman bends his knee
Before Fame's glittering shrine;
And would a humble suppliant be
To genius so divine;
Yet though his progress is full slow,
And enemies may rail,
He thinks at last the world to show,
"There's no such word as fail."

The soldier on the battle plain,
When thirsting to be free,
And throw aside a galling chain,
Says, "Oh, for Liberty!"
Our household and our native land—
We must—we will prevail;
Then breast to breast, and hand to hand,
"There's no such word as fail."

The child of God, though oft beset,
By foes without—within—
These precious words will ne'er forget,
Amid their dreadful din;
But upward looks with eyes of faith,
Armed with the Christian's mail,
And in the hottest conflict saith,
"There's no such word as fail."



LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

1 portrait, like its predecessor, is an engraving from a drawing by one of the distinguished Belgian artists, and is a very fine and high and deserved portrait of a man of his talents, the most able, the most energetic, and has all the force of a portrait.

2 now, in the 54th year of his reign as King, and in the 55th year of his age, he is a younger brother to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, recently deceased.

3 on Tennent, M. P. in his clever and thus glances at the character of the King.

4 "One thing, in Belgium, I cannot strain, the unrestrained candor and frankness of which each details his views and is the more remarkable, because the opinion is, if not directly least, to admit the existence of much complaint. I never met with less

bigotted politicians, and I have not seen a single individual whom I would designate 'a pe-y-man,' in the English acceptance of the term, that is, one who finds all right, or all wrong, precisely as the party with whom he sympathises be censured or lauded by the inference. But the fact is, there are no 'optimists' in Belgium as yet, and there is so much that is unsatisfactory in every department, that the consciousness of it forces itself upon the conviction, if not the admission, of every individual. The press, too, is equally unreserved, and in the shops of the booksellers we found numbers of publications devoted to the exposure of the present condition of the country.

The position of King Leopold must be anything but an easy one, if his ambition extends to the foundation of a royal dynasty for his descendants. The religious grievances of the nation are, it is too much to be feared, beyond his reach to correct; and the evils which beset and endanger its internal prosperity, arising out of the circumscribed resources of the nation, must look in vain to them for redress. The fundamental defect is the want

of an adequate consumption for the produce of the national industry; and for this ingenuity the Government has been ineffectually tortured to discover a remedy. It is idle to look to Germany or England for commercial treaties which would afford an opening for Belgian manufactures in competition with their own. Important concessions have been made to France, by the reduction of duties upon her produce, when imported into Belgium, but no reciprocal advantages have been obtained in return. On the contrary, ever since 1815, when the Netherlands were taken from her to be given to Holland, she has exhibited a waspish impatience to embarrass and undermine her prosperity. Prospects of colonization have been discussed, and even proposals made to other states for permission to attempt settlements on their distant territory; and where these have failed, commercial expeditions have been despatched to Algiers, to Egypt, to Brazil, to Bolivia, and Peru, all with a view to open a trading intercourse with the natives; but each and all have proved hopelessly unsuccessful.

PORTRAIT OF THE REVEREND TRADUCER OF AMERICAN CHARACTER, SYDNEY SMITH.

The Rev. Sydney Smith is by profession a churchman, by nature a wit, by choice an 'Edinburgh Reviewer,' by circumstances made a politician, and by patronage a canon of the Cathedral of St. Paul. He is altogether a man of most singular contradictions. He is a clergyman, but his writings have less of the gravity of the divine than of the acuteness of the man of the world. He is a Whig in his politics, yet his keenest satire has been launched at Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne. He is a dignitary of the church, and yet he has raised more laughs at the expense of the Bench of Bishops than any public writer of the day, with the exception, perhaps, of Fonblanque.

As a writer, the Rev'd Sydney Smith is best known in this country by his "Letters to the Americans" on the Repudiation of their State debts. He has lost considerable by investing his property in Pennsylvania State bonds, and his letters are characterised by the most bitter feel-



ing. From the tone of his last letter, however, he is evidently getting more easy respecting his Pennsylvania funds.

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.
Sir—The Locofoco papers in America are, I observe, full of abuse of Mr. Everett, their minister, for spending a month with me at Christmas in Somersetshire. That month was neither lunar nor calendar, but consisted of forty-eight hours;—a few minutes more or less.

I never heard a wiser or more judicious defence than he made to me and others, of the American insolvency; not denying the injustice of it, speaking of it, on the contrary, with the deepest feeling, but urging with great argumentative eloquence every argument that could be pleaded in extenuation. He made upon us the same impression he appears to make universally in this country; we thought him (a character which the English always receive with affectionate regard) an amiable American, republican without rudeness, and accomplished without ostentation. "If I had known that gentleman five years ago (said one of my guests), I should have been deep in the American funds; and, as it is, I think at times that I see nineteen or twenty shillings in the pound in his face."

However this may be, I am sure we owe to the Americans a debt of gratitude for sending to us such an excellent specimen of their productions. In diplomacy a far more important object than falsehood, is, to keep two nations in friendship. In this point, no nation has ever been better served than America has been served by Mr. Edward Everett. I am, Sir, your ob't serv't,
SYDNEY SMITH

April 17th, 1844.

Edg. Master,
August 27, 1841.
dear and pleasant

midnight calm!

It is a pleasant

Lat. 44° 01'

August 28, 1841.
pleasant,

to calm, & pleasant

a light rain
pleasant

and pleasant

white rain and



de corner ob Cornhill and Franklin Avenue to 'spute 'bout de ting, and we 'spute so long dat, wen we got to de sullar, we find dat de clam soup was all eat up by de rest. On dat 'casion your 'spected preacher gib utterance to de memorable words—'Dey hab licked de dish clean!'

Brudder Cole will pass 'round de hat.

AMEN.

THANKSGIVING DAY; A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

At five o'clock on Thanksgiving morning, Deacon Wilson arose as was his wont. No holiday made any change in his hours. Yet he no longer sprang from his bed with the alacrity which changed duty into pleasure; he rose because imperative necessity commanded it. There were the cattle to be fed and watered, and the poultry to receive the same attention, and there was, moreover, a fire to be made in the huge old kitchen fire-place.

For the deacon had now no servant or helper, and in the grey winter of his life, the whole burthen of managing his place had fallen on his shoulders. Fortunately they were broad and strong—fortunately his constitution was good, his spirits elastic, and his piety sincere, for his burthens and trials were indeed weighty. He had been comparatively rich—he was now in embarrassed circumstances. He had looked forward to the time when a son should relieve him of the most laborious of his toils, while a daughter performed the same kind office for his wife. Both had been disappointed—and now the old couple were the solitary tenants of that lone New England farm-house.

The deacon went mechanically about his morning labors; he drove the cattle to the water-tank; he supplied them with fresh fodder, and after seeing that they were comfortable, returned to the old kitchen. By this time the good wife had prepared a breakfast, and a genial fire of walnut was diffusing its heat through the apartment.

The old couple sat down to breakfast, after a blessing by the farmer, but the meal passed in silence. It was followed by a fervent prayer and the reading of a portion of the Scripture. After this, they adjourned to the sitting-room, where a good fire was burning, and where the old dame assumed her knitting, one of those incomprehensible pieces of female industry which seem to have neither beginning nor end.

"Well," said she, with a sigh, "this is Thanksgiving day. It doesn't seem like old times at all. We used to have a house full of company, frolicsome young folks and cheerful old people—and now we are all alone—alone."

"Last Thanksgiving," said the old man, "there was one with us, who seemed, to my old eyes, like an angel of light; with her fairy golden hair floating like glory on her shoulders, and her little foot making music as she moved about the old house. But even then there was a hectic flush on her cheek, like the red upon the maple leaf in autumn. When the January snows lay deep upon the hills, and in the hollows, we carried her to her last home—but God's will be done."

"You forget we have another child alive," said the old man. "No, I do not forget it," said the old man bitterly. "There is one living somewhere, who has brought disgrace upon our name—who has forgotten his parents and his God; who has drunk deep of the cup of iniquity, and who has brought ruin and woe upon his name and family."

"Do not speak so harshly of poor William," pleaded the mother.

"Why should I not? Was he not insensible to kindness—steered against affection? Did he not scatter my hard earnings to the wind? Is it not to him that I owe the prospect of beggary and destitution? Remember the first of February. That is the last day of grace. If the money comes not then—and God knows whence it is to come—we are driven from beneath this roof-tree—a pair of houseless beggars. Who will care for us then?"

"God will care for us," answered the old woman, raising her eyes reverently to heaven.

The old man made no reply, for his utterance was choked. At that moment the old clock that stood ticking silently in the corner, struck the hour of nine. The deacon rose.

"It is time to harness up old Dobbin," said he, "for we have a long way to ride to meeting, and the roads are in bad condition."

Their preparations were soon made, and the old couple, poorly but decently attired, sallied forth to their public devotion. The services ended, the deacon and his wife, as they issued from the porch, were kindly greeted by many old friends and neighbors, more than one of whom pressed them to come and partake of their Thanksgiving cheer. But the deacon shook his head.

"Many thanks, my friends," he said, "but ever since I have been a householder I have kept my Thanksgiving at home, and I shall continue to do so, as long as I have a house over my head."

So they rode home together. While the deacon drove up to the barn to put up his horse, the old lady opened the back door, which was always on the latch, and entered the kitchen. As she did so she started back. A stranger was seated by the kitchen fire, who rose on her entrance. He was a tall, stalwart man, dressed in a rough suit, with a broad-leaved hat, his countenance embrowned by exposure to the sun and wind, and his upper lip almost concealed by a heavy and luxuriant black mustache.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said with some embarrassment. "Finding no one answered, my knocks I took the liberty of walking in. I believe I owe you no apology, for I have officiated as turnspit, and saved your Thanksgiving turkey from burning."

"I am very much obliged to you, I'm sure," answered the old lady, pulling off her mittens. "But did you want to see me or the deacon?"

"Both of you," answered the stranger. "You have a son, I believe."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wilson, with hesitation, and casting down her eyes.

"I have seen him lately."

"Where?" inquired the mother, with increasing agitation.

"In California."

"Was he doing well?"

"Admirably. Mother! mother!" he added, impetuously throwing back his hat, "don't you know me—don't you know your William?"

He rushed into his mother's arms, and was clasped to her beating heart, while the tears streamed freely from the eyes of both. After the first passionate greeting was over, the young man asked—

"Where is sister Emmy?"

"Gone!" answered the mother, as her tears flowed forth anew.

William sank into a seat, and hiding his face in his hands, wept bitterly. The mother did not attempt to check him. She knew those tears were precious.

"And my father?" asked the young man, when he had regained his composure.

"He is well. But you had better retire for a while. Go to your old room, my son, it is just as you left it, and wait until I summon you."

It was with a fluttering heart, that the overjoyed mother went about the preparations for dinner, and when the table was neatly set, every dish in its place, and the turkey, smoking hot, waiting to be carved, she summoned the old man. He made his appearance at once, and took his seat.

Glancing round the table, he asked—"What is this, wife! you have set plates for three."

"I thought perhaps somebody might drop in unexpectedly."

"There is little danger—hope, I mean, of that," answered the deacon sadly.

At this juncture, Mrs. Wilson, with a mysterious expression, rang the little hand-bell, with which, in happier days, she was wont to summon her tardy children to their meals.

It was answered by the appearance of the long-lost William.

The deacon, who recognized him after a moment, gazed upon him with a stern eye, but a quivering lip that betrayed the force of his ill-suppressed emotions.

"So you have come back at last," he said.

"Yes, father, but not as I left you. Father—last Thanksgiving day I went into my lonely room, and there kneeling down, addressed myself to Heaven, and solemnly adjured the fatal cup which had brought ruin upon me, and wo upon this once happy family. From that day to this I have not touched a drop. Is my probation enough? Can you now welcome back your son, and bless him?"

"Bless him! yes! yes! bless you, my dear, dear boy," said the old deacon, placing his trembling hand on the dark locks of the pleader. You are welcome, William, though you came only to witness the downfall of our house."

"Not so, father," answered the young man joyously. "I have come back to save you—to atone for my prodigality—for all my errors. It was this hope that sustained me in the lone heart of the Sierra Nevada, when I was panting with thirst and dying of hunger. Thoughts of home, of you and mother, and of her who is now one of God's angels, enabled me to conquer fortune. I have come back with a store of gold—you shall not be a beggar in your old age; father, we shall keep the farm."

After this, it is unnecessary to add, that joy entered that old New England homestead. It was a chastened joy, for the shadows of the past yet mingled with the sunshine of the present, but the felicity which attended the prodigal's return was enough to compensate for many sorrows.—*Olive Branch.*

GONE TO BED.—An eminently holy man thus wrote on hearing of the death of a child:—

"Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister, that she is now so much more akin to the next world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two to bed, as children used to do, and we are very soon to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

LOOKING TO CHRIST.—Let this thought, that God cannot lie, keep in conscious safety the heart of every one who looks to Jesus. They who look shall be saved. The sun in the firmament is often faintly seen through a cloud, but the spectator may be no less looking at him than when he is seen in full and undiminished effulgence. It is not to him who sees Christ brightly, that the promises are made, but to him who looks. A bright view may minister comfort, but it is the looking (to Christ) which ministers safety.

WASHINGTON CAKE. No. 2.—One pound of sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, four eggs, one pound of flour, one tea cupful of milk, two tea spoonfuls of dissolved saleratus, three table spoonfuls of brandy, half a tea spoonful of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, one pound of dried currants washed, picked, and wiped dry. Beat the butter and sugar until it is smooth and light. Whisk the eggs till they are thick and add them to the butter and sugar. Stir in the flour brandy and spice. Flour the fruit and stir it in. Beat the whole very hard for fifteen minutes. Then stir in the saleratus. Line the sides and bottom of your pan with thick paper, butter it well, pour in the mixture and bake it in a moderate oven. For those who object to the use of brandy, two table spoonfuls of rose-water may be substituted in its place.—*National Cook Book.*

WASHINGTON CAKE. No. 1.—One pound of butter, one pound of flour, one pound of sugar, six eggs, one wine-glass of brandy, one grated nutmeg, one table spoonful of cinnamon, two pounds of dried currants, one table spoonful of dissolved saleratus, half a pint of rich milk. Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Beat the eggs very light and stir into it, then add the liquor, spice, and milk, then stir in the flour, lastly the saleratus. Butter a pan and bake it.

For winter's dreariness hours
Of storm and tempest were more bright and dear
Than Summer with her wealth of leaves and flowers,
If all were near,
Whose smiles and words I treasure
In memory's casket, ever fresh and bright;
Whose presence gave to life its choicest pleasure,
That often made the brightest scenes seem lonely,
In dark hours drear;
I know in my heart, only,
The gloomy shadows and the sad tones rest,
That often make the brightest scenes seem lonely,
In dark hours drear;

For winter's dreariness hours
Of storm and tempest were more bright and dear
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If all were near,
Whose smiles and words I treasure
In memory's casket, ever fresh and bright;
Whose presence gave to life its choicest pleasure,
That often made the brightest scenes seem lonely,
In dark hours drear;
I know in my heart, only,
The gloomy shadows and the sad tones rest,
That often make the brightest scenes seem lonely,
In dark hours drear;

Of all the precious number
Who sought on viewless wings a cloudless shore;
Of those who now are sinking into slumber,
To wake no more,
I know in my heart, only,
The gloomy shadows and the sad tones rest,
That often make the brightest scenes seem lonely,
In dark hours drear;
I know in my heart, only,
The gloomy shadows and the sad tones rest,
That often make the brightest scenes seem lonely,
In dark hours drear;

Like a dark mantle o'er thee,
Hiding the joys that in thy pathway shone,
Turning thy thro'ts from all things bright before thee
To dear hours flown,
How many have been singled
From out the band of friends that once were thine—
How few may meet again of those who mingled
"In and lang syne."





PORTRAIT OF FREDERIC WILLIAM IV., KING OF PRUSSIA.

This is another of M. Baugnet's faithful portraits of the crowned heads of Europe; and, for its *resemblance*, will, doubtless, be equally admired with either of its predecessors in our graphic gallery.

His Majesty Frederic William IV. succeeded to the throne of Prussia on the death of his father, Frederick William, in June, 1840. On his accession, it seems to have been expected that he would fulfil what were understood to have been his father's promise of a national representation. The King, however, in his answer, declared, that his father had been induced by the events that took

place in other countries, to take into serious consideration the meaning that might be given to his words; that, reflecting on the sacred duties of the royal office confided to him by God, he resolved to fulfil his promises; but, keeping aloof from the prevalent notion of a general national representation, he should follow, for the real good of the people, and with the sincerest conviction, the course best adapted to the German national character. The result was the establishment of provincial and district assemblies in all parts of the monarchy. Another popular part of the policy announced by his Majesty upon his accession was

his professed determination to uphold the nationality of his Polish subjects. A painful interest has, therefore, been excited of late, by the fact of his Majesty having expelled from his dominions 2000 Polish emigrants; but we hope that this serious charge may admit of further explanation than has yet been afforded.

The King of Prussia, it will be recollected, early in 1842, visited England on the christening of the infant Prince of Wales, for whom his Majesty stood sponsor. A faithful representation of the christening scene is given below, copied from an English engraving.



FRESH SHAD—FINEST OF THE SEASON.

We are rather perplex'd
About what to say next,
Though no steam car more swift than our Pegasus
runs,
While subjects are thicker than poets or duns.
Let us look where we will and one pops up its head
That if properly handled might waken the dead.
We've the Fourierites, seeking the world to amend,
Which the Millerites bring every month to an end;
While the stubborn old planet, unmoved by their
lore,—
Makes a jest of them both, and wags on as before

We've the aldermen's siege on fruit-women stout,
Wherein the besiegers were put to the rout;
For let bailiffs or aldermen do as they will,
Our women with apple-stands flourish here still.
We've our Vickers, and Hoags,
And other bright rogues,
Who when safely lock'd up in our tomb of a jail,
Pop out through the key-hole and give us leg bail.
And then we've our juries who never agree,
When a rogue has got plenty of money to fee!
For one there is still
Who, prove what you will,

No guilt in the lucky defendant can see:
Thus rich culprits are proof to our city strong box,
For their gold is a key that can open its locks.
Now here is a jury was ta'en on the spot,
While his Honor was telling them "what might
be what;"
But he told it vain, for the dollar almighty
Made all that he said appear flat, stale and flighty.
Thus justice was proved as *co-convenient* as blind,
And a jurymen's wallet, per contra, was lined.
So ye who would steal—steal enough for the jury,
And you're sure to be safe from dame Justice's fury.

CHANGE FOR MARKET. "My dear," said an affectionate wife, "what shall we have for dinner to-day?"
"One of your miles," replied the husband;
"I can dine on that every day."
"But I can't," replied the wife.
"Then take this," and he gave her a kiss and went to his business.
He returned to dinner.
"This is an excellent steak," said he, "what did you pay for it?"
"Why, what you gave me this morning, to be sure," replied the wife.
"The deuce you did!" exclaimed he, "then you shall the money next time you go to market."

A REMARKABLE DREAM. Every body in Alleghany county knows old lawyer Martin. He had the coolest way in the world of transferring money from the pockets of his client to his own. Old Ben Brooks, a rich but close fist farmer in the neighborhood, was one of his clients, and in their conferences there was always a pretty sharp contest who should outwit the other, the lawyer in the end generally getting the upper hand. One day they had been sitting for an hour or two, trying their wits to get the advantage of each other, when the farmer got excited, and suddenly turning to the lawyer, said:—

"Martin, I had a remarkable dream last night."

"Ah! had you?" said Martin; "what was it?"
"It was a terrible one," said Brooks, looking very solemn—"an awful one. I haven't fairly got over the effects of it yet. I can't keep it out of my mind for a minute."

"Well, tell it," said Martin, evidently struck with the farmer's manner.

"I dreamed," said the other, "that I was in hell, and the devil sat in his big chair, pointing out their places to his new subjects as they entered, one after another. I was surprised to see so many of my old neighbors come in. At length the door opened, and looking round I saw you enter. The devil told me to take this seat and another that; but when he saw you come in, he rose up, pointing to his own chair, he said:—

"Here, lawyer Martin, you take my seat—you can fill it a great deal better than I can."

THE GROWTH OF THE NORTHWEST. The tide of emigration during the past year has set strongly toward the Northwestern States; indeed it has exceeded all past years. The *Cleveland Plaindealer* says that by the 1st of January next the single State of Iowa will contain over half a million of persons. The census of the State in 1850 was but 193,000. In June, 1854, according to the State census, the population had increased to 326,000. With such a precedent, it is not improbable that at the next national census the returns will foot up nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants.

The State of Wisconsin, which is somewhat older than Iowa, nearly keeps pace with her neighbor. In 1850 the population was 305,000. The State census, which is now being taken, will, according to the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, show more than 600,000. If the ratio continues till 1860, more than 1,000,000 inhabitants will be found in that State. A parallel instance of such increase of population can hardly be found in the world's history.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH BY A PISTOL SHOT. On Friday night last, about 11 o'clock, Mr. George A. Billings was called from his residence by some ladies who informed him that there was a suspicious looking man lurking in and about the yard of the residence of Mr. Logee, in Clemence street, and requested his assistance to arrest him. Mr. Billings, in order to cut off the retreat of the suspected person, passed into Happy street (a short street running from Union to Clemence) with handcuffs in his hand, and there met the intruder making a hasty retreat, having been surprised by the ladies. He at once seized him by the collar, when a severe scuffle ensued, in which the villain drew a pistol and attempted to discharge it in the face of Mr. Billings, but their close contact to each other prevented his aim, and it glanced against the side of his head the instant it went off, doing him no other injury than stunning him by the shock, which caused him to release his hold.

Several females had gathered around the scene, and the cry of murder was raised, but no one seemed willing to assist him in the capture of this desperate man, and he made his escape, after being once felled to the ground by a blow from the hand-cuffs in the hand of Mr. Billings, who pursued him up Union and Westminster, through Sugar Lane and down Page street, where he lost sight of him, and gave up the chase.

The object of this desperado is supposed to have been the robbery of Mr. Logee, who was known to have been out late that evening with a large amount of money in his possession, but who fortunately returned unmolested, although another person came near losing his life in protecting him.—*Providence Journal*.

RATHER AWKWARD. A few days since a gentleman, who was en route for New York, got out at the station, leaving his "better half" sole occupant of the seat; returning, found a good looking gentleman occupying his seat and making himself sociable with his travelling companion, politely requested the stranger to give him his seat. "Your seat, sir?" said the stranger; "I don't know that you have any better claim to it than I have." "Very well, sir," replied our friend, "if you will keep it, allow me to introduce you to my wife." The stranger looked blank, and made very hasty tracks for the next car.

A PRESENT. At the close of the recent examination of the senior class in Brunswick College, Mr. Putnam, a member of the class, in the name of his classmates presented to Professor Cleveland a beautiful cane worth \$50, as a token of their respect for him as a man, and their appreciation of his faithfulness as an instructor. The *Brunswick Telegraph* says that the "Professor has been here from the very opening of the College; a period of more than fifty years, has instructed every successive class, has shared in all the adversity and prosperity of the college, but never before received a caning from the students."

THE OLD BONNET.

A STORY FOR AUTUMN.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

It was a black chilly day in November. The wind went wailing like a living thing among the naked trees, and dying away in hollow murmurs through the leaf-bestrewn valleys.

But in the parlor of Mr. Birdlong, all was as cheerful as May. A fire in the grate cast a genial warmth through the richly furnished room, and the light from the somber sky stole in through heavy damask curtains, casting a crimson shade over everything—over the soft richly plied carpet—the nicely polished chairs, sofas and tables, and even staining to a deeper glow the cheeks of two young girls, who sat with some net work in their hands before the fire.

They sat and gossiped about the dress, manners and habits of the various individuals whom they knew. They were the daughters of a rich merchant, and had just made their entree into the world.

"I think," said Susie Birdlong, the elder of the two, "that that Jane Dixon, to whom we were introduced at Mrs. Myers' yesterday, can't be much. Did you notice her dress? Her gloves fitted her hand well enough, but she has, I dare say, worn them a dozen times before, and her bonnet looked as though old Madame Noah might have worn it into the Ark. She had but little to say, I noticed, and I consider that proof positive that she can't talk, for when people can talk, they generally do. At any rate, I don't like the looks of her bonnet; and I mean to cut her acquaintance, let who will visit her." Her sister smiled an approving smile, and then the two proceeded to dissect the character of others.

But let us turn to Miss Dixon, the young lady who had drawn upon herself censure, by daring to wear an antique article of dress. She sat, upon the same morning in which we have introduced the Misses Birdlong to the reader's notice, in a parlor equally well furnished—equally cheerful, and in her hands, strange to tell, was the very bonnet—the old fashioned bonnet, which might have belonged to Mrs. Noah. She was turning it around, and contemplating the appearance of its faded ribbons. Every now and then, as a wilder blast swept by, she however raised her head with an anxious expression upon her face to listen. Once she laid down the bonnet, and went to the window to look out.

"It is a bitter day," she said to herself, mentally. "I wonder how that poor Irish family, the McCarties, will get along? I think that I must go over and see after them. Let me think! If I can manage to wear my old bonnet another winter, I can afford to buy wood for them, and by curtailing some other expenses, I could send those two oldest children to school. Once educated they could aid in the education of the younger members of the family. As it is, all are growing up in idleness and mischief. I think I must try to do this. But that old bonnet does look shabby. Yet I can repair it, by re-trimming it, until it will look neat, and why need I care if it does not look fine? Those who know and love me, will not care what kind of a bonnet I wear—those who do not know me, certainly need not concern themselves about my dress. I think that I shall manage to wear it." So saying she went back to the seat—took up the unconscious object of the soliloquy, and after re-trimming it, went out to look after the McCarties.

In the Irishman's hovel she was received with clamorous demonstrations of joy. Her face became as radiant with good humor and benevolence as an angel's. She bought the wood and entered the children's names at school.

On her way home she met Susie Birdlong, accompanied by several fashionable acquaintances, not one of whom chose to recognize her. Had she been fashionably dressed, the result would have been different.

Was she a gainer or looser by wearing that old bonnet? Her own happy heart, as she mounted the steps of her father's mansion, and took it carefully off, whispered "a gainer." The angels, those bright intelligences, who, bending from the Mount of God, keep watch over the actions of men, and shout to each other for joy when they see mortals "bearing one another's burdens," and fulfilling the "law of love," shouted in one united chorus, then, we fancy, "A GAINER;" but Susie Birdlong, and several individuals belonging to her highly aristocratic circles, thought otherwise.—*Madison Family Visiter.*

SINGULAR MONOMANIA.

The 'Tribune' says, that in the second tier of one of our most popular theatres may be seen every night (when she is on the stage,) a tall, nervous looking man, watching with lynx-eyed vigilance a pretty and favorite actress, and seeming at times as if he were about to leap upon the stage and carry her off. Upon being questioned as to his anxiety, he is not at all reserved; he replies frankly that he knows that the theatre will, ere long, burn down; that the fire will begin in the scenery over the stage, when the favorite actress is at the foot lights; that he will then throw himself upon the stage, seize her in his arms, and before the panic stricken and doomed audience shall have blocked up the doors, he will escape with his precious burden. For this act of heroism, he is confident that he will be rewarded with the hand and heart of the fair creature whose beauty has so bewitched him. This seems to be a curious method, indeed, of wooing a bride; but then many people court and marry under feelings no less absurd and lunatic than these.

SONNETS OF THE STREET.

BY E. G. A.

NO. 9.

Immortal Shakespeare says "This world's a stage!"
It is most truly! and there's none that play
A heavier part, in this most stirring age,
Than does the news-boy—herald of the day!
His hasty voice is heard from morn till night,
Crying the list of every day's events:
Whether of shipwreck, fire, or Congress fight,
It's all the same to him—he gets his pence,
And that's enough! If news be scarce, he'll shout
To some old tune, like this "Here's Bee, Mall, Times,
Second Edition, extra—all about
The steamboat accident!"—and often chimes
Some "Horrid Murder!" just by way of small variety;
A "humbug" he! but just such humbugs make society!

NO. 10.

I thought the other day, to pass an hour,
I'd go and view the "Wisdom of the State,"
Alias, our "Representatives" in power—
Thinking to see a Council grave, sedate,
Debating on our Commonwealth's best good—
But oh, what dire confusion met my gaze!
With hats upon their heads, some sat, some stood—
Their legs were crossed and cocked all sorts of ways
As if their boots were wet, and fain would dry 'em!
While eating nuts and apples seemed to be
The "subject" fore the House!" For this *per diem*
They get "two dollars and roast beef!"—while we
Their poor constituents (alas, the sad confession!)
Of wonder at the cause of such a lengthy Session!

NO. 11.

'Tis four o'clock, P. M.—Our richest streets
Are crowded with the Beauty of the town:
Wealth walks abroad, and jostles whom it meets—
Pain struts along, with loose and topping crown,
And Fashion, with its vain and tinsel show,
Flaunts by, in all the "glory of a day!"
Just view those dainties—how scornfully they go,
Proud in their haughty silks and rich array!—
Alas, what is the secret of their pride?
'Tis Money, that all-potent Power which rules
And sways Society—which does decide
'Tween high and low, but not 'tween men and fools!
Alas! this city, famous for Divines and Scholars,
Has one great curse—its Aristocracy of Dollars!

NO. 12.

'Twas yesterday forenoon, in Bowdoin Square,
I saw a crowd collected on the walk—
Wondering what caused such great commotion there,
I hastened to the spot: loud was the talk
Of all the standers-by—on every face
Was pictured consternation, at the sight
Of something in their midst! I reached the place,
Exclaiming "What's the row?" A merry wight
Was standing near, and answered, "You should sing
'What is the bustle?'"—Then I caught a glance
At something on the ground—a nameless thing,
That's worn by school-girls, and their maiden aunts!
Now, Ladies! I'd advise, whenever you go shopping,
To fasten on your bishops tight—or they'll be dropping!

NO. 13.

What honest votaries of Law and Order
Were those that met last week in Faneuil Hall!
Poor Abby Folsom! how they twitched and jaw'd
her,
And she, poor dame, how she did shriek and bawl!
They pulled her down as often as she rose,
Which operation sorely seemed to vex her:
I wondered in compassion for her woes,
Why didn't some old Bachelor annex her?
That Abolitionist that held her then,
What office had his party settled him in,
To go for "liberty of speech" in men,
But not allow such freedom in the women?
Poor Abby! thus to use you, 'twas indeed a pity,
But then you know, 'twas in—a free enlightened (?) city!

NO. 14.

Oh, whew! what bitter, biting, freezing weather!
It almost makes our very blood run cold!
It bites thro' blankets, broadcloth and shoe-leather,
And on our bodies takes a gripping hold!
What though you're sitting by a stove red hot,
You freeze your back while roasting well your shins:
It almost makes you tremble for your lot,
And e'en begin repenting of your sin!
And I do think 't would be no more than right
If some of our great millionaires should freeze,
Who never think, throughout the winter's night,
That Cold and Hunger have the power to seize
A single human being!—but with souls so greedy,
They, in their downy beds, forget the poor and needy!

Is it not beautiful to see a lovely little girl of
some five summers, with a countenance all en-
joyment, romping with a noble dog, in a green
mowing field where the oaks are few and far be-
tween—her golden ringlets fluttering to the
breeze, and her bonnet, overrunning with blue,
white and yellow flowers, flung carelessly on the
grass near at hand.

'I shall make a noise in the world,' as the
louse said when he was about being cracked.
'Don't disgrace yourself by walking with me,'
as the thief said when the constable had him in
charge.

The person who looks at a verdant landscape is
supposed to have 'something green in his eye.'
'I can't be beet,' remarked a poor carrot to a
sympathising onion.

Eye-TEM.—Do you think you'll ever regain
your sight? asked a lady of a blind man. 'Not
eye,' was the sad reply.

Announcements.—Sheep-ticks, wood-ticks, and bed-
ticks, are troublesome enough in all conscience,
but poli-ticks are the worst of all ticks.

THE JENNY LIND EXCITEMENT IN NEW YORK—HER ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION—EXTRAORDINARY SWEETNESS, BRILLIANCY, EXCELLENCE, AND TWADDLE.

From the account in the New York Herald, of yesterday, of the reception of Miss Lind, it would appear that the Nightingale had been more than idolized,—emphatically *Fanny, Es-lered*, on her arrival in Gotham.

On the gallant ship steaming up to the Quarantine, Mr. Barnum accompanied the Health Officer on board, and there met the Nightingale, when cordial salutations were exchanged. On seeing the American flag, she paid it homage by kissing her hand to it with all the fervor of a child, exclaiming, according to the Herald, "There is the beautiful standard of freedom, which is worshipped by the oppressed of all nations."

Whether she uttered this in her native dialect or not, our informant doth not state.

She appeared to be delighted with every thing she saw. On nearing the wharf, she expressed her astonishment at seeing so many persons, all respectably dressed—such a crowd as she had never seen on the docks of the old country. She inquired, "Why, Mr. Barnum, have you no poor people in this country? Every body appears to be well dressed."

The Herald goes on to say:—

Meantime, the foot of Canal street was covered with human beings, who had congregated there all the day, in expectation of getting a sight of the Swede; and when the news arrived that the Atlantic was coming up the river, the excitement became intense, and there was a perfect rush, up to the time of her reaching the dock. The strong wooden gate leading to the dock was closed, and kept by the police of the Fifth ward, and only those who obtained orders were admitted. Meantime, "the pressure from without" was tremendous, and all the docks around were covered with men, women, and children. There were trains of coaches drawn up in front of the entrance to the dock, the flags of Sweden and the stars and stripes floated on the breeze together, and every appearance indicated that "a coming event had cast its shadow before."

On reaching the wharf, exactly at two o'clock, a deafening cheer greeted the ship and her noble passenger. Every eye was strained to see her, but she did not make her appearance on deck. Some of the knowing ones whispered "There is Barnum; watch him; she will be with him." It is true Barnum was on the wheel-house, but Jenny was now in the cabin.

From the gate half way up the dock, a beautiful arcade had been erected, consisting of a double row of pillars, festooned with evergreens and flowers, and covered overhead with the flags of the Union. The front (next the ship) had a triumphal arch of the same materials, surmounted by a stuffed eagle, with a bouquet of flowers in its beak, as if presenting them to the guest of the United States. In front was the inscription, in large letters upon a white ground—"To the Nightingale," "Jenny Lind, welcome to America." Here Mr. Barnum's private carriage was drawn up, and from this to the gangway of the ship was extended a carpet for her to walk on.

In the meantime, the gangway was being hoisted on board, but such was the anxiety to get a sight of her, that many gentlemen climbed up the stakes, at the risk of their lives, and were compelled by the police to come down.

At length Captain West, commanding the Atlantic, appeared, with Jenny Lind leaning on his arm, wearing a blue silk bonnet, and having in her hand an exquisite bouquet, presented to her by Mr. Collins. A simultaneous shout of exultation ascended, that made the welkin ring, and told the multitude outside the gate that the Nightingale had shown herself. By her side were Mr. Barnum, Mr. Jules Benedict and Signor Belletti. Captain West led her to the carriage, which was a rather plain one. The carriage was so surrounded that it seemed impossible for her to get into it. The choicest bouquets were showered upon her, and when, with the exertions of those friends who accompanied her, she at length gained the interior of the carriage, the people got up on the horses, while others climbed the carriage roof, and bouquets were thrown to her in profusion. She bowed with that soft and simple grace for which she is distinguished, and her face spoke more of emotion than any words could express. At this moment was heard a wild hurrah. The people who had been kept off with hard fighting by the police, at length made one tremendous rush, carrying the gate in with them, and this heightened the excitement to such a pitch of wild tumult, that some apprehension was felt, for a few minutes, that Jenny Lind might be injured. There appeared to be no hope of getting through the crowd. The driver had only to battle for it; he whipped the horses, which he found to be useless, and then he whipped the crowd, when immediately the Nightingale put her head out of the window, and said with much excitement—"You must stop; I will not allow you to strike the people; they are all my friends, and have come to see me." This sentiment was received with a deafening cheer, and the crowd made way themselves, influenced by the soft, persuasive accents of the Swedish Philomel.

The carriage then drove to the Irving House. An immense gathering soon collected at the corner of Chamber-st. and Broadway, in the hope of seeing her at one of the windows. At length she made her appearance, when a unanimous cheer, loud and long, greeted her, and an electric enthusiasm stirred the entire multitude. She acknowledged the heartfelt welcome by repeatedly bowing to the people with a most fascinating grace, and then withdrew.

The suite of apartments prepared for the Nightingale are truly magnificent, being furnished in the highest style of art. The gorgeous sitting-room is fit for a queen, and off it is a splendid bed-room, to which is attached an elegant bath-room with bathing apparatus.

The flag of Sweden and Norway floated from the flag-staff of the Irving House all the evening. Jenny Lind is twenty-nine years of age, but does not look more than twenty-five. She is not what many persons would regard as a very beautiful woman; but she possesses a beauty vastly superior to mere symmetry of features—a soul beams in her face, lighted up from the bright intelligence within, especially when she is excited or speaks.

GRAND SERENADE TO JENNY LIND.

At midnight, the New York Musical Fund Society, numbering some two hundred musicians, gave a grand serenade to Mademoiselle Lind. George Loder's magnificent band was selected, and was led by himself. Some twenty companies of the New York firemen escorted the band and Society to the Irving House, and the crowd that assembled there at that hour exceeded any thing witnessed in New York for a generation. There could not be under 20 to 30,000 persons present, and the greatest excitement and enthusiasm prevailed when the object of all this honor appeared at the window. There was a succession of vehement cheering for several minutes. Her face could be seen very distinctly by the people, from the bright lights immediately in front of the hall door. When the firemen succeeded in clearing a space for the band under the window at which she appeared, the band struck up "Hail Columbia," followed by "Yankee Doodle," and when she was told they were the national airs of America, she exclaimed "How beautiful! how splendid!" and alternately laughed and wept.

She waved her handkerchief earnestly, and requested Mr. Barnum to call for an encore—a request that was followed by tremendous cheering. The band then played "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle" again, when she expressed her admiration as rapturously as before, and intimated that she would sing the former during her stay in New York. She clapped her hands with the greatest enthusiasm. After playing several pieces, the band concluded with "God Save the Queen." She then took her leave of the serenaders by waving her handkerchief rapidly for several minutes amidst the most rapturous applause we ever witnessed.

Immediately after the serenade concluded, the following committee from the Musical Fund Society waited upon her to her apartments, to present her with an address, and welcome her to America in the name of its musicians:—Henry C. Watson, George Loder, J. A. Kyle, Allen Dodworth, John C. Scherof. Mr. Watson, on being introduced by Mr. Barnum, read the address.

Jenny Lind, who held her head to the ground during the reading, said, her voice half choked with her emotions, "I am sorry I cannot express my feelings, but I am sure you will understand what I mean, and that I am very grateful for your kindness, and I hope in future to merit your approbation. I trust you will excuse my bad English. The sight there to-night (pointing to the widow) was the most beautiful I ever saw." (Applause.)

The deputation, after conversing a few moments with Jenny Lind and Mr. Barnum, then withdrew, and the Nightingale retired to her downy nest. May her slumbers be sweet and profound.

There—there! That's glory and gas enough for one day.

NEW YORK, Monday, Sept. 3.

The excitement about Jenny Lind, which is entirely unprecedented in this city, so far from subsiding, is on the increase, and will continue to increase to the end. The all-engrossing topic of conversation yesterday was the Nightingale. During the day, a large crowd collected around the hotel, in the hope of getting a sight of her.

The ladies stopping at the Irving House requested to be introduced to her, and she appointed 12 o'clock to meet them in the ladies' drawing room. Mr. Howard, the proprietor of the hotel, conducted her thither, and introduced her to the lady of Commodore Stockton, who then introduced her to about 500 ladies. She shook each by the hand, and conversed with several, particularly the old and children. All

were delighted with her gentle, warm hearted and unaffected manner.

At 2 o'clock a carriage drew up at the Chambers street entrance to the hotel, and a large crowd immediately collected, as it was whispered she was going out to drive. Shortly after, she was conducted by Mr. Barnum to the carriage, amidst enthusiastic cheering, and M. Benedict and M. Belletti followed and took their seats opposite. It was sometime before the carriage could get through the crowd, from the great anxiety to see the great object of attraction. At length, having got into Broadway, it drove to the Jenny Lind Hall, the Tabernacle, Niblo's Garden, and Barnum's Museum—all of which were examined with a view to the future concerts. The party then drove to Castle Garden, which was also scrutinized, particularly with regard to a slight echo, which, it is said, destroys in some measure the effect of the voice. What conclusion Jenny Lind and the artists who accompanied her arrived at in reference to this objection, we are not in a position to state. Suffice it to say, that no place is fixed upon as yet, though it is determined to commence the concerts on Wednesday or Thursday of next week.

We may as well mention here that the general price of the tickets will be three dollars, but that the choice seats will be auctioned and will probably bring ten dollars. Certain it is, that Mr. Barnum has been offered one thousand dollars by one gentleman for one hundred tickets, and the same price for one hundred more by another gentleman. It is the wish of Jenny Lind that the tickets be made low; and Mr. Barnum has expressed his determination that they shall be on such a scale that every person will have the opportunity of hearing her before she leaves New York.

In the evening she was visited by Mrs. Barnum and her daughter, who had come from Connecticut to see her at the request of Jenny Lind, Mr. Barnum having telegraphed home to that effect.

All sorts of presents were sent yesterday to her, and Mr. Beebe had the measure of her head taken for a riding hat. Tickets were sent to her from Newport, for the fancy ball there, which she could not accept in consistency with the fulfilment of her engagement.

The elegant manner in which her suite of rooms has been fitted up for her by Mr. Howard, reflects great credit upon his taste. The furniture, which was expressly procured for her, is of the most superb description, and must have cost at least \$6,000; the chairs and sofas are of the finest carved rosewood, and covered with the richest damask satin, and everything else is in keeping.

Jenny Lind has with her a middle aged cousin, named Mdlle Annasen, who, with Mr. Benedict, takes care of her affairs. Indeed, Mr. Benedict has been, through life, to her as a father. He was the first to predict her success and he has ever since contributed all in his power to fulfil the prediction.

The prize compositions for the Jenny Lind welcome amount to the vast number of about 600. The committee met last night; but it will take them a week to get through such a batch of rhyme.—[N. Y. Herald, Sept. 3.]

The Tribune, of yesterday, says—

We heard yesterday, quite a characteristic anecdote of the voyage. Mdlle Lind was in the habit of questioning the sailors and engine hands concerning their labor, their homes and families, &c. Much of her time on deck was spent in this manner. One day, overhearing one of the engine hands singing a song in his rude way, she insisted that he should sing it from beginning to end, for her benefit. The sturdy seaman willingly complied, whereupon she produced four guineas, which she gave him as the price of her ticket. This is the story as it was told us.

'What's a pun said one fellow to another.—
'It's a play up *pun* a word.'

A Spanish writer, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says: 'they are in mourning for the many hearts they have broken.'

'Have you found your dog which was stolen?' asked a gentleman, on the door step of a certain provision store, the other day. 'No, not exactly—but I know where they sold the sausages!' was the reply.



KING OF THE FRENCH, DELIVERING HIS SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF THE CHAMBERS.

Our Paris correspondent has furnished us with a graphic narration of the august ceremony at the recent session of the French Chambers, which is so faithfully delineated by the artist, in the above sketch:

The Chambers renewed their session, and the customary ceremony was celebrated yesterday, under a splendid sun and blue sky, the usual good fortune having attended Louis Philippe's public days. From the Tuileries to the Palais Bourbon more than ordinary precautions had been adopted. The procession marched between two lines of National Guards and troops of the line, whilst squadrons of cavalry kept off the populace one hundred yards at least from the military lines. Thus nothing but a glimpse of the royal carriages rapidly passing could be obtained by the crowd, and the King's vehicle, by an excess of precaution, had General Jacqueminot at one door and General Gourgaud at the other. The Pont de la Concorde and the Pont Royale were covered with troops. All the posts in the capital were doubled, and the garrisons of the surrounding towns and villages came up as if for a state of siege. The royal cortege precisely at ten o'clock left the Tuileries, the cannon of the Invalides giving the signal.

Salvos of artillery announced the King's arrival at the Chamber, where he was received by the grand deputations of Peers and Deputies. Let me first describe, however, the physiognomy of the interior. As early as eleven o'clock the tribunes or boxes reserved for the public, admitted by tickets, began to be filled. The Chamber assumed a different aspect from the last meeting. Then all was mourning. Now elegant toilettes were remarked on the ladies, of varied hues. The crimson velvet canopy, with its *faisceau* of tri-colored flags over the royal chair, or throne, was without the weepers of black crape. Two *tabourets*, or stools, on

each side of the King's seat, were placed for the Duke of Nemours, the future Regent, and the Duke de Montpensier, the youngest son of the King. The Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville are abroad. The assemblage amused the long hours of waiting by criticising the parliamentary stars as they entered. The famous Timou (M. de Cormenin) was much stared at, as the writer who had damaged the royalty of Orleans the most seriously. Odillon Barrot, the leader of the Left, with his bald head and restless action, was decidedly a "lion."

General Pajol, whose march to Rambouillet upset the throne of Charles X., and who has been so lately disgraced by Louis Philippe, was the object of much attention. The celebrated orator Berryer, with his fine head and melancholy face, attracted all eyes. He has lately lost his wife, to whom he was much attached, and it has been rumored that he was going to turn monk and leave the world, but his presence dispelled the rumor. He was warmly greeted by every body as the faithful champion of a fallen cause. Little Thiers, with his great spectacles and sardonic expression, entered just before the Count Mole. The latter looked every inch a peer, and the former did not belie his appearance of a truly Parisian *gamin*. The entrance of the *Corps Diplomatique* in the box reserved for them, created a buzz. The members thereof were in full uniform, with their stars, orders, &c. The Pope and the Pope excited hilarity by their animated conversation. Count Appony's Hungarian costume, and Prince de Ligny's brilliant uniform were declared by the ladies to be unique. The fair *Francoises* indulged in some jokes at the red coat of Lord Cowley. By the way, I had a sight-seeing hunter from England sent to me. He was indelitable in his inquiries, and was therefore a bore. His great curiosity was to see Marshal Soult. He mistook the usher of the

chamber, a member of the council of state, and divers peers for the gallant Marshal. At last the ministers took their seats on the bench before the throne, and a wag signified to him the corpulent figure of Admiral Duperre, the Minister of Marine, as Marshal Soult. Our Englishman gazed at him for some time, and then exclaimed, "Why, he is a bigger man than Lablache!" The real Marshal, I am glad to say, looked well. Guizot threw his disdainful glance at the opposition, inviting it to the attack. The entrance of the Royal Family into their box was followed by a marked deferential silence. The Queen was absent from indisposition. The King's sister, the stateswoman-like Princess Adelaide, the pretty and amiable Princess Clementine, and the handsome Duchess of Nemours occupied the box. The Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris and the Duke de Chartres, were absent. Queen Christina was in a tribune, looking less fat, and more handsome. Just before the King entered the Ministers took their seats.

At twenty minutes past one the usher, with a loud voice, cried out "Le Roi," and Louis Philippe entered the passage to the left of the throne. At the dozen steps leading up to it he paused, and took out a large pocket-handkerchief. He ascended amidst a profound silence, and when he bowed to the assemblage there was some cheering. "Sit down, gentlemen," said his Majesty, and down the Chamber sat. Having seated himself, with his sons on each side, he took out the speech. His voice faltered at the first paragraph, but he coughed and resumed the reading. At the paragraph referring to the Eastern affairs he turned the wrong leaf of the speech, and had to recommence the passage. He spoke out in a louder tone on Spanish affairs, which passage was applauded. His Majesty, in the last passage, again betrayed emotion, and the cries of "Vive le Roi" were renewed with greater vigor.

Dear, dirty, magnificent Gotham—all hail!
For, taking you down from your head to your tail,
There is not in this world, and there never will be
Such a dirty, magnificent city as thee.

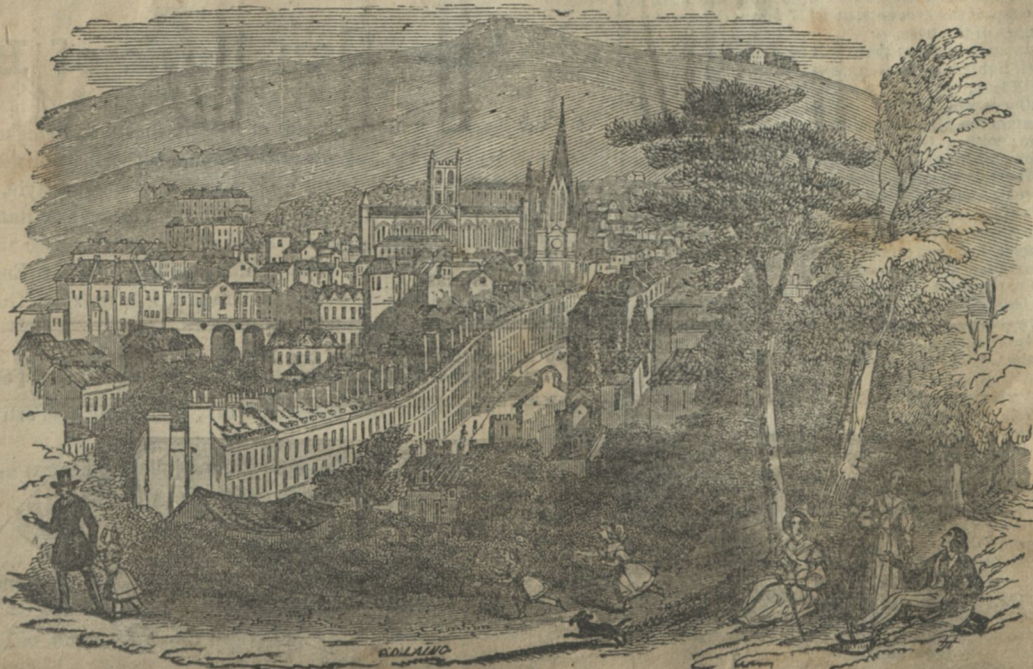
Without any flattery—
From Bull's Head to Battery,
You are the most wonderful conglomeration
Of all that is muddy and fair in creation;
For taking your houses,
Your dames and their spouses,
Your rivers and bay,
Your bachelors gay,
And girls they all doat on,
Not forgetting your Croton!

The angels themselves were but little to pity
Were they doom'd to inhabit so brilliant a city.

But alas! and alack!
You've an awful drawback
On your virtues so charming,—
For by all that's alarming, [broom'd,
Your streets are so slushy, damm'd up and un-
That I fear to be swallow'd in mud you are doom'd.
Some folk give us this thing, and some folk give
that

As the cause of the litter
Your streets that embitter;
But I think one might win if he wagered a hat,

That Hercules able,
Who cleaned out the stable,
Put an end to that pride of all scavenger's work
By sweeping the rubbish right into New York.
But howe'r this may be,
Here old Gotham you see,
As it look'd long ago,
When both high Dutch and low [way,
Had it all to themselves, and when land in Broad-
That show-case of fashion—that magical spot,
For which now scarce the gold mines of Mammon
might pay,—
Was sold at the rate of a penny a lot.



THE STUTTERING POET.

On board of a Nantucket whale ship which was cruising several years since on the Pacific, there was a character whose humors, actions and remarks were the pastime of the entire ship's company. He was something of a poet withal, and was besides afflicted with an impediment in his speech. This, however, only had a tendency to make him the more amusing. One day, while the ship was running along before a five knot breeze, the cook fell overboard. Our stuttering friend noticed the accident, and in the greatest trepidation, rushed to the cabin companion-way, and thrust down his head to give the information to the captain:—"Ca-ca-cap'n-cap'n," said he, with all sorts of contortions of face, "te-te-de-ph-ph-th-th," but in his hurry, he couldn't articulate a single word to save his life. "Well," roared the captain, "if you can't say it, sing it—you fool!" "Be-be-be-be

—Overboard is Barnabas,
And half a mile astern of us!"

at last shouted he, and capered round the deck like a mad man, to the no small amusement of the sailors, notwithstanding they felt that a man was overboard struggling for his life.

QUAKERISM.

Charles —, a Chatham Street tailor, was once a Quaker, and the reason of his laying aside the straight coat was this. The yearly meeting of Quakers takes place in May, and the city members of that worthy people are bored with the visits of their country friends.

On one of these occasions, there fell to the lot of Charles, an old Quaker, his wife, and his son-in-law and wife—four in all; Charles gave them up two of his best rooms for their week's visit, and treated them with great hospitality. At the breakfast-table, one morning, the old gentleman turned to his host, and said:—

"Friend Charles, wouldn't thee like a pail of fine butter?"

"I would, friend Abner."

"Well, I have some very good, and thee shall have one."

The pail of butter was furnished, and the gentleman and his relatives seemed to like its flavor during the week as well as city people. The day finally came when friend Abner was to leave the city, and he came to the shop of his host to bid him farewell. After the usual salutations, thanks, &c., he observed:—

"Friend Charles, thee has forgotten to pay me for the butter."

Charles was taken somewhat aback; but recovering himself, he pulled out his pocket-book.

"How much is it, Abner?"

"Twenty pounds, at one and eight pence, comes to —"

"Yes, yes, friend Abner, here is your money."

Abner deposited the cash in his sheep-skin wallet, and departed. Charles turned round to one of his workmen, and told him to hand down his grey coat, at the same time pulling off his "shad belly."

"Lie there, old straight collar. If that is Quakerism, I'm — if I'm Quaker any longer."

THE RUSTIC.

Of tattered robe all reckless the while,
She climbed the rugged hill with eager feet;
Caught the first waking of the morning smile,
And felt her heart with joyous wonder beat,
As slowly by the mountain vapor swept,
Lifting itself in fleecy folds away
From lake and stream, and grove and vale, that slept
Within its down, like weary child from play;
A hardy girl she was, yet fair, withal,
Who with the butter-cups and wild brook played,
Till Labor claimed her for his daily thrall,
And she, in kirtle short, and gown arrayed,
Left, at his bid, her home in that sweet dell,
Blest with the hum of bees, and song of whip-po-will:

AN IRRESISTIBLE PLEA. The New York Knickerbocker Magazine tells the following:—

Speaking of "little folks," we have them at our house—Frank, three years old, and Ada, one year. They have a very kind and indulgent mother, and persuasions and rewards, in the shape of *bon-bons*, frequently take the place of the more severe discipline that once was considered indispensable. Ada was a "little out of sorts" one day, and crying lustily; her mother, handing her a cake, said, "Take this, and stop your crying." Frank, who had been playing merrily a moment before, suddenly burst into a terrible fit of grief: "Mamma, give me a piece of cake to stop my crying!"

The Origin of the Paletot.

Count D'Orsay, then reigning as the king of fashion in London, was one day returning from a steeple chase, mounted on a race horse, and followed by a jockey, when he was overtaken by the rain; a common accident under the amiable British climate, but against which he found himself entirely unprotected. The jockey had forgotten to provide for his master the supplementary overcoat that he usually carried carefully folded and attached to his back by a leather belt. The shower increased; and the king of fashion was threatened with taking cold, when he perceived a sailor, dressed in a broad and long jacket of coarse cloth which enveloped him comfortably from his chin to the middle of his legs.

"Here, my friend," said Count d'Orsay, stopping his horse, "will you go into this shop, and drink my health till the shower is over?"

"With pleasure," replied the sailor.

"Well, then, take off your jacket, and sell it to me; you will not want it while you are in the house, and you can buy another after it has done raining."

"Willingly, my Lord."

The sailor threw off his covering, Count d'Orsay gave him ten guineas, put the clumsy jacket on over his frock coat, and, thus equipped, purrled his horse, and rode into London.

The rain had ceased while this bargain was going on. It was the hour for promenading in Hyde Park; and here he made his appearance in the midst of the elegant crowd, with his sailor's jacket worn as an overcoat.

"How original, how charming! it is delicious!" say the dandies.

The next day all the fashionables of London had similar coverings, and the Paletot was invented; the Paletot which has made the tour of the world, and which still flourishes after ten years' wear. This was its origin.

Eugene Guinot relates this, with several other amusing anecdotes of the late Count d'Orsay, in a letter to the editor of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, from which paper we translate it.

A SPIRITED WIFE.—Russell was recently singing in a provincial town "The Gambler's Wife," and having uttered the words,—

"Hush, he comes not yet!
The clock strikes one,"

he struck the key to imitate the sudden knell of the departed hour, when a respectably dressed woman ejaculated, to the amazement of everybody,—"Wouldn't I have fetched him home!" All on Mrs. Caudle's lectures were concentrated in that little sentence.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

BY MASTER JONAS, (IN HIS THIRTEENTH YEAR.)

The season of plenty is near, boys, hurrah!
Thanksgiving will soon be here, boys, hurrah!
Then labor away with good cheer,
Though older and colder, the year
Grows gloomy and sad, what matter, my lads?
Thanksgiving will soon be here!

Our skates, how they'll ring on the ice, boys, ha, ha!
We'll bind them on in a trice, boys, ha, ha!
But we'll listen to mother's advice,
Who fears we shall fall through the ice!
Yet who'd be afraid, with a skate or a maid,
Of falling, or breaking the ice?

But the poultry that quack by the door, boys, ah yes!
And the hogs that will grunt no more, boys, I guess!
When the sound of their grinding is o'er,
And there's no one their loss to deplore,
We'll hail the sweet grace of a Minister's face,
And the turkey that quacked by the door.

But won't the old hogs have to take it, boys, O dear!
In winter as hot's we can make it, boys, O dear!
We'll scald every hide till it's naked,
Then the butcher shall cut it and flake it,
And O, what a shout, when he hands it about,
And we blow up the bladder—or break it.

Our sport—it will be pretty tall, boys, I guess!
At play with the girls in the hall, boys, O yes!
At blindfold and button we all
To laughing and joking will fall;
And O, the sweet kisses we'll get from the misses,
Till Thomas comes home from the ball!

Yet alas! for each juvenile head, boys, too true!
Thanksgiving is very soon sped, boys, too true!
But the innocent brutes that have bled,
Will no longer need to be fed!
O, the life we will live upon Thanksgiving Eve,
If mother don't send us to bed!

Kennebec Journal.

THE DIFFERENCE.—As a gentleman was walking in the street, he saw at some distance ahead, half a dozen men proceeding at a slow and measured step to their day's work. In a minute or two he overtook them, and soon looked back upon them far in the distance. "What makes the difference?" said he to himself: "I was the son of a poor laboring man. Why am I not like these men, now plodding on in the same condition of poverty and toil? Evidently for the same reason that I have left them far behind me. From my earliest childhood whenever I have had anything to do, I have done it with my might, whether working by the day or by the job. These men are working for others—I suppose by the day. They will take a 'slow and easy' motion. They will plod on so, through life, and never rise any higher. If we would win the prize, we must run for it."—N. Y. Observer.

The Drunkard's W.

BY J. D. HICKY.

The midnight winds are whistling where
A lovely woman weeps;
A sinless child is bowed in prayer,
While yet another sleeps.
But, hark! he comes with tottering tread
Along the lonely way,
For whom her briny tears are shed—
For whom the child doth pray.

But comes he with the wonted word
Of kindness on his lip?
And bends he with affection now
The fondled kiss to sip?
Doth prattling babe his coming bless,
With smiles serenely bright?
Or writhes he gifts of tenderness,
To yield it more delight?

No! demon's hand is lifted high,
To strike the cruel blow;
And wrath is flashing from his eye,
On her whose tears fast flow.
The babes he once so fondly pressed
Close to a father's heart,
No more are lovingly caressed,
But now are hate depart.

Oh, once if but his steps drew nigh,
How quickly would those tears
In joyous ecstasies be dry,
And lulled those troubled fears;
But now he comes, and not the thrill
Of joy bounds through the heart,
And but their tears grow wilder still,
And warmer tear drops start.

Scarce five short years have passed away
Since, trembling at his side,
Surrounded by the bright array,
She stood his blushing bride,
And fervent, although scarcely heard,
Was then her soul-breathed vow;
And thrillingly his soul it stirred—
But Oh, how altered now!

And had they told her he would prove
Less kind in other days,
Than when he breathed his ardent love,
And woke in her his blaze,
How would she then those words have spurned
With anger on her brow,
And with confiding look have turned
On him who spurns her now.

The fading rose upon her cheek—
The want within her cot—
Alas! alas! too well they speak;
How altered is her lot!
No more for her the music swells
Within the gilded hall;
And sadly on her memory tells
The songs that from them fall.

But stay! tis morning; and the sun
From out his hiding creeps,
And he his labors hath begun
Who heaven's high precept keeps;
He who at rosy dawn begins
What heaven approves of well—
He comes—with words of healing wins
The drunkard from his hell.

A Year is passed; and now the rest
Let fancy's thought supply—
Deep sighs no more her woes attest,
No tear drop dims her eye;
But now within the festive crowd
As sweetly Mary sings,
As gayest maiden, and as loud
Her pealing laughter rings.

A little more; I may not yet
Thus leave fair virtue's track;
I must not in my lay forget
Who won the drunkard back.
But cease, my lay—I will not mar—
Nor dare such off'ring bring—
I will not, since I should but jar
The praises angels sing.

AN S A now I mean 2 write
2 U sweet K T J,
The girl without a J,
The belle of U T K.

I l der if U get the 1
I wrote 2 U B 4;
I sailed in the R K D A,
And sent by L N Moore.

My M T head will scarce contain
1 calm I D A bright,
But A T miles from U I must
M—this chance 2 write.

And 1st should N E N V U,
B E Z, mind it not;
Should N E friendship show, B true,
They should not B forgot.

But friends and foes alike D K,
As U may plainly C,
In every funeral R A
Or uncle's L E G.

From virtue never D V S;
Her influence B 9,
Alike induces 10 derness
Or 40 tude divine.

And if U cannot cut a —
Or cause an!
I hope U'll put a .
2 1?

R U for annexation 2
My cousin?—heart and U
He offers in a J,
A 2 of land.

He says he loves U 2 X S,
U're virtuous and Y's,
In X L N C U X L
All others in his P's.

This S A until U I C
I pray you 2 X Q's;
And do not burn in F E G
My young and wayward muse.

Now fare U well, dear K T J,
I trust that U R true—
When this U C then U can say
AN S A I O U.

Song of the American Girl.

A Story with a Moral.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory.
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story;
Her lofty hills and valleys green
Are smiling bright before us,
And like a rainbow sign is seen
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips
For those who meet her foe;
For glory's star knows no eclipse
When smiled upon by woman,
For those who have the mighty deep,
And scorn the threat of danger,
We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep
For every ocean danger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her freedom;
Our prayers are for her gallant band
Who strike without honor leads them.
We love the countless air we breathe,
The freedom's endless dower;
We'll twine for him a fadless wreath
Who scorn's a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
Of Italy's proud and glittering;
Of Scotland's heath—England's fair,
And nymphs of Shannan's waters;
We heed not all their boasted charms,
Though lords around them hover,
Our glory lies in freedom's arms—
A FREEMAN, FOR A LOVER!

Song of Peace.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Awake the song of peace—
Let nations join the strain;
The march of blood and pomp of war
We will not have again!
Let fruit-trees on our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair;
And on our mountain steep—the songs
Of happy swains be there!

Our maidens shall rejoice,
And bid the timbrel sound;
Soft dreams no more shall broken be
With drums parading round.
No tears for lovers slain
From lovely eyes shall fall;
But music and the dance shall come
In halcyon joy to all!

The rider and his steed,
The path of fame is o'er;
The trumpet and the trumpet
Shall sound no more!
No fields of victory won
With blade and battle-brand—
A nobler triumph shall be ours—
A bright and happy land!

Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control;
Nor widows' tears, nor orphans' sighs,
Could touch his iron soul!
But, lo! the mighty's fallen—
And from his lofty brow
The chaplet fades that circled there—
Where are his trophies now?

Look to the countless graves,
Where sleeps the thousand slain!
The morning songs no more call forth
The stirring bands again!
The din, the strife is past,
Of foe with falling foe—
The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads
And quiet they rest below!

Sound high the harp of song,
And raise the joyous strain;
But war's rough note be it ne'er heard
To swell the chords again.
But all its trappings past—
Vain pomp of bygone years—
To ploughshares grind the pointed sword,
To pruning-hooks the spears!

Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace;
Then strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning woes, shall cease.
Come with that spirit free,
That art and science give;
Come, with the patient mind for truth,
Seek it, and ye shall live!

Then earth shall yield her fruits—
The seasons forth shall bring,
And summer fair shall pour her sweets
Into the lap of spring!
While autumn, mellow comes,
With full and liberal hand,
And gladness then shall fill each heart
Through all the happy land.

THE HARP, THE ANGEL, THE FLOW-ER, AND THE STAR.

There's a harp within my soul,
Dearest friend!
There's a harp within my soul,
And its wayward echoes—
Like the music of the spheres—
O'er the rainbow brow of years—
Wild and high its notes ascend—
There's a harp within my soul,
Dearest friend!

And a bright wing'd angel there,
Dearest friend,
And a bright wing'd angel there
Sits with waving golden hair,
And on aolian strings
Gently droops its fairy wings;
With my own its whispers blend—
There's an angel in my soul,
Dearest friend!

There's a flower within my heart,
Dearest friend!
There's a flower within my heart,
And its perfume scents a part
Of some bud which drooped and died
Upon life's withering bier;
Proudly o'er its tomb I bend—
There's a flower within my heart,
Dearest friend!

There's a star bends o'er this flower,
Dearest friend!
There's a star bends o'er this flower,
Watches o'er its sleep each hour,
Prints love's kiss upon its leaves;
When its waking bosom heaves;
Would that their two lives might blend—
The star and flower within my soul,
Dearest friend!

Harp and angel in one tone,
Dearest friend!
Harp and angel in one tone,
Star and flower one bloom alone,
What wild music then would rise!
What rich perfume seek the skies!
Would, oh would they all might blend—
Harp and angel, star and flower,
Dearest friend!

LAURA LORRENER
Cumberland Iron Works, Tenth, Nov. 1.

CHEAP LIGHT!
THE SMOKE BURNING
TENT-LAMP designed exp-
for using the very cheapest oil
and grease—is now suffi-
ciently known and appreciated,
so the dealer advertising it again
performs a duty. Let those who
have vexed with poor oil and a
lamp, procure one of these ex-
traordinary contrivances, and if
more than satisfied with its pe-
neance, it will be contrary to ex-
perience. The Lamp costs
and \$1.25 each.
N. B.—Oil for sale also
quantity, (not less than one gallon) at 75 cen
each.

Under guise of the following little story, the *Trenton True American* teaches a most valuable lesson to housekeepers and young beginners in life:—Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no practical use to anybody but for the dam. That dam turns it to a good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many months are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people.—They get enough money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose.—Dam up your expenses, and you'll soon have enough occasionally to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it, my friend!"

THE MUSE IN THE BUSHES.—A down-east poet, in one of his desperate efforts, thus eloquently sets forth his choice of life:

Some poet's theme is the foreign clime
Or a life on the raging sea;
But a life in the woods with the cot—
And a TATER patch for me.

AN IRRESISTIBLE MAIDEN.

True to the habits of a matron of the olden time, Mrs. Allen has always shown a delicate sense of propriety in her deportment and conversation. She looks back with some pride to the days of her belle-hood, and speaks occasionally of the sixteen offers received before she was eighteen; but with her characteristic regard for decorum, tells of the reproof she once administered to one over-forward suitor. In the mountainous parts of Virginia, where carriages were but little used, the men and women were accustomed to travel altogether on horseback. Miss Tate (afterwards Mrs. Allen) was one day in attendance at a funeral, after the conclusion of which the newly bereaved widower rode up to the side of her horse, and to her extreme surprise, expressed a wish that she might be induced to consent to fill the place of the dear departed one whose mortal remains had just been laid in the grave. The young lady regarded him with astonishment and displeasure, and sternly forbade him to name that subject to her again under a year. Just a year from that day he proposed in due form, and was rejected!—Mrs. Ellett's "Pioneer Women."

A SETTLER.—I entered a log school-house once, where a "Dobatin' Society" was holding forth upon the question: "If a man saw his wife and mother in the water drowning, which should he help out first?" The question was considered with animation upon both sides for a while, when a "backwardness" began to manifest itself. The president desired debaters, "if they had any thing to say, to continue on." After a pause, a peaked-looking man in the back part of the house got up and said, with considerable confidence and embarrassment: "Mr. President: I think if a man saw his mother and wife in the water drowning, he ought to help his mother out first: because, you see, if his wife *did* get drowned, he could get another one, but he couldn't get another mother, not easy!"

This settled the question, and the verdict was given "accordingly."

POPULAR MELODIES.—"I give thee all, I can no more," (as the widder remarked when she marshalled in her nine children by the late husband, before the astounded vision of the new one.)

"Oh, say not a woman's love is bought," (as Mr. Green observed, when he bought Mrs. Green a new shawl to keep the peace.)

"I know a bank," &c., (as the gen'l man said, ven he vos a shinnin' it to save a protest.)

"She's all my fancy painted her," (as the expiring mouse uttered, while in Pussy's claws.)

"Give me a cot in the valley I love," or anywhere else, if it'll only keep the cold out, and is a vell-furnished vun, (as the gen'l man in reduced succumst'nces said to his rich cousin.)—Clinton Courant.

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THE MEXICANS IN TEXAS --- SACKING OF COL. THOMPSON'S RESIDENCE AND ABDUCTION OF HIS TWO DAUGHTERS.

The last Snake Story.—'I reckon this 'ere part is pretty considerably productive, stranger, is n't it,' said a squatter, who had just arrived in one of the new Mississippi settlements, to a person whom he met, one of the regular meat-axe breed.

'There's not such another country between this and the State of Buncombe, in North Carolina,' replied the Mississippi settler.

'Raise a good deal of copping, eh?'

'Lots of it.'

'All-fired quantities of game in this section, I s'pose.'

'Considerable of a sprunkling. More 'specially snakes.'

'What sort of snakes?'

'Rattlesnakes and copperheads.'

'Oh! git out! du tell! I want to know if they are so almighty thick.'

'Rayther. Dad and I went out this morning snake-hunting—killed only a cord and a quarter—but then it was a bad snake morning, and you must make some allowances.'

'Oh! I'll make any 'lowances and track out of the settlement at the same time. But say, jest 'tween ourselves, if it had raly been a good morning, how many cords do you 'magine you'd a killed?'

'Five is about an average.'

'Five! You don't say so!'

'Yes I do though.'

'Which is the shortest way out of this 'ere settlement? I've strong ideas of sloping forth-with.'

'Keep right straight ahead.'

'Well, I wish you a good day. Give my best 'pects to your dad, and tell him I hope he'll have better snake weather next time he goes. I'm off.'

A dandy, whose countenance was so ugly that he did not dare to sleep alone, was giving some of his extra flourishes, in a public house, the other day, when he was observed by a Yankee, who walking up, asked him if he did not fall into a brook when young? 'Why, what do you mean you impertinent scoundrel?' said the fop. 'Well, now, I didn't mean no harm, nor nothin'; q'ly you've got such an all-fired crooked mouth, I thought you might have fallen into a brook, when you was a boy, and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry.'

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

Some short time ago, in one of the villages on the Frith of Forth, lived a lady whose husband had long before gone to sea; and never having heard from him for some years, she believed him to have been dead. At the time her husband went to sea, Mrs. S. lived in a town in England; but after giving up hopes of his return, she removed with her only daughter to her native country, Scotland. In the course of years, a probationer of the Church of Scotland came to officiate as a missionary in the parish, and formed an attachment for Miss S. Seeing no immediate prospect of obtaining a church at home, he resolved on transferring himself to one of the American colonies, and received an appointment there from a colonial missionary society. Having been united to Miss S. he took his departure, leaving his wife and mother-in-law to follow as soon as he could have prepared for their comfortable reception. They accordingly left Scotland some time afterwards for America. In the meantime, among the settlers over whom the young divine's charge extended was a comfortable farmer, also named S., who made inquiries after the history of the minister's wife and her mother, and expressed an anxious desire to see them on their arrival. They did arrive safe; and on reaching the minister's habitation, Mr. S. was sent for to be introduced. Judge of the surprise of all, when on the entry of Mr. S., the newly arrived females found him the long-lost husband and father! Having been unable to trace his family in England after a protracted absence, he had returned to America, where, by a singular coincidence, both he and they found those they had given up for lost. The parties, we are glad to say, are now living comfortably and happily in the New World.

MAKE A BEGINNING, OR YOU WILL NEVER HAVE AN END.—The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed put in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings' bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all very important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating, erring outcast, is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning. A beginning, and a good beginning, too, is necessary:

Had not the base been laid by builders wise,
The Pyramids had never reached the skies.

HOW TO RUIN A SON.—1. Let him have his own way. 2. Allow him a free use of money. 3. Suffer him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath. 4. Give him full access to wicked companions. 5. Call him to no account of his evenings. 6. Furnish him with no stated employment.

MATERNAL TENDERNES.—The superiority to all selfish consideration which characterizes maternal tenderness, has often elevated the conduct in low life, and perhaps never appeared more admirable than in the wife of a soldier of the 55th regiment, in America, during the campaign, in 1777. Sitting in a tent with her husband at breakfast, a bomb entered, and fell between them and a bed where their infant lay asleep. The mother begged her spouse would go around the bomb, before it exploded, and take away the child, as his dress would allow him to pass the narrow space between the dreadful messenger of destruction and the bed. He refused, and left the tent, calling to his wife to hasten away, as in less than a minute the fuse would communicate to the great mass of combustibles. The poor woman, absorbing all care in anxiety to save her child, tucked up her garments to guard against touching the bomb, snatched the unconscious innocent, and was hardly out of reach, when all the murderous materials were scattered around. Major C——, of the 55th regiment, hearing of this action, distinguished the heroine with every mark of favor. She survived many years to lament his fate at Fort Montgomery, in the following month of October.

ANECDOTE OF NOAH WEBSTER.—Some years ago, the great lexicographer passed through this region on horseback, to visit a brother who lived in Madison county. When he had reached the town where his brother resided he met a boy going to school, and the following conversation passed between them:—'My son,' said the learned doctor; 'do you know where Mr. Webster lives?' 'Yes, sir; and be you a relation of his'n?' 'Yes.' 'Well,' continued the boy, 'you ain't brother of his'n, is you?' 'Yes.' 'Well, it can't no way any how be that you is the man that made the spelling book, can it?' 'Yes.' 'By golly,' rejoined the boy, 'as he gazed with awe struck wonder upon the venerable doctor, 'that's a fish story.' The old gentleman often recurs to this incident as one of the most pleasing reminiscences of a long horseback ride.

I cannot look with gladness
Upon the brilliance of their sure decay;
Their rustling murmurs have a tone of sadness
That seems to say—

'We are passing from thee slowly,
Like those who filled thy heart with brief delight,
Then went to mingle with the pure and holy
In realms of light.

How oft thy tears have started,
As thou hast spoken that sad word, farewell,
When, one by one, the dear ones have departed,
Whose absence fell

MY AUNT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still the strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone:
I know it hurls her—though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her wrist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter earl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her grasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell!

Her father—grandpa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed ah! would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
'Two towels and a spoon.'

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they saved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins;—
O never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandpa brought her back;
(By day-light, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track)
'Ah!' said my grandpa, as he shook
Some powder in his pan;
'What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?'

Alas! not chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been;
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

me & pleasant

the English
least the dicks
your &c

Postally arrived

THE YOUNG SAILOR: OR, AN ORPHAN BOY'S RESOLVE.

BY WILLIAM M. THOMES.

CHAPTER I.—THE DEPARTURE.

It was a bright, pleasant day in the month of September, 1838. A fresh breeze was blowing from the westward, sending outward-bound vessels swift down Boston harbor; and many a white sail could be seen dashing past the outer light-house, with every thing spread to catch the freshening gale. Ship after ship cast loose from the wharfs and hastened after their white winged sisters, while hundreds of quiet and noisy citizens assembled on the decks watching the exciting scene.

There was one large and lofty ship, which lay at Lewis' wharf, with her topsails sheeted home, the American flag floating at her peak, and a blue Jack at her fore royal mast head. Many people expressed surprise at her not departing with the rest of the fleet; but still she lay there, ready for sea, while her crew sat wondering why the pilot did not come, and calculating whether they would have time to run up and get one glass before he arrived. Then they looked anxiously at a short, thick set man, who was walking the wharf with every appearance of rage and impatience, and came to the conclusion he would send them back if they made the attempt; and well they might have thought so, for Captain James Tarbell was not the man to let his sailors set foot on land after he had once got them aboard his ship.

Captain Tarbell was a man about fifty years of age, and for twenty annuals had been master of a vessel, accumulating a considerable property during that time. The fine large ship which sat so stately in the water, partly belonged to him. He was of the old school of sailors, blunt and sulky to every one he did not like; yet there were times when he had been known even to sing a song, or tell a pretty good story; but then the captain always denied it the next day, and people were too polite to insist upon the truth of the statement, as it only made him cross.

As he walked the wharf, perfectly regardless of the crowd, damning and swearing at pilots in general, and the one who was to take him out of Boston harbor in particular, we will try and describe a man who could never get his officers and crew to make a second voyage with him.

He had a hard, rough looking face, with a sandy colored beard on each cheek, reaching nearly to his large, bright red nose, while his two little grey eyes glistened from beneath heavy light colored eye brows; his hair was of a coarse wirey brown, and cropped close to his ears. He was dressed very neatly in rich broadcloth, and seemed to take some pains to show to the crowd the extreme fineness of his ruffled shirt bosom, for every few minutes he would stop in his walk, take out an enormous large silver watch, look to see what time it was, thrust it back with a jerk, a pull at his ruffled shirt bosom, and then recommence walking and swearing worse than ever. It was in one of these consulting moments, that a low, trembling voice inquired—

"If you please, sir, will you let me go in that vessel?"

"What?" thundered the captain, fixing his gray eyes upon a poorly clad boy, about fifteen years old, who stood pale and trembling before him, meeting his stern look with an anxious glance.

"Will you please to take me with you in that ship, sir—and I will work all the time, sir, if you want me to," murmured the boy, rapidly, his large black eyes filling with tears at the captain's cross look.

"Who in the devil's name are you, who want to go to sea?" growled the captain.

"My name is Edward Norris, sir, and I ain't got no father nor mother, nor body who cares for me," said the boy, digging his fists into his eyes to wipe away the tears.

"Have you ever been on salt water?" snarled the captain, a little modified, surveying the light form before him, and thinking if he could use of any use on board the Growler.

"Oh, yes, sir; I worked my passage all the way from Bangor, in a sloop, and I know how to steer if it don't blow hard," replied the lad quickly.

"Do you call that being on salt water?" sneered the captain. "I tell you what, my lad, I believe you have run away from your parents, or else committed some crime, and now want to escape. Tell me the truth, or I will take the skin right off of you."

"Oh, don't, sir, if you please. I only ran away from my uncle, who wouldn't give me enough to eat, and kept me at work all the time, and whipped me when I played. I never did anything wrong in my life, except—"

"Except what, you little rascal? speak quick," said the skipper, looking awfully savage.

"I—only—have rotten apples at the lawyer when he took all of mother's furniture after she died," stammered the boy, not daring to recount the captain's eyes.

"Did you do that, you little vagabond?" snarled the captain, a smile lighting up his face.

"Yes, sir, but I am very sorry for it, and will never do so again."

"And you actually rotten-appled a land-shark, did you? It is the best recommendation you could bring me," said the pleased captain, rubbing his hands, and thinking how many dollars he had had to pay them for obtaining his acquittal from courts of justice, when he had been up for abusing his crew.

"Then you will let me go with you, sir?"

"Do you think you could stand a flogging every day, to make you grow, boy?" Tarbell asked.

The boy hesitated a few moments, and appeared to consider of it, and then inquired,

"Will you give me plenty to eat, and not whip me very hard?"

"Yes, you shall have plenty to eat. I always give my men enough grub and enough work, so their food will not distress them. Where is your chest?"

"I haven't got any chest, sir. Here are all the clothes I have. Wont there be enough?" the lad asked, looking at his rather ragged suit.

"Enough, no. I am going to Valparaiso; do you know where that is?"

"Not far from New York, sir."

"New York," smiled the captain, now in pretty good humor. "It is a long ways from New York. Mr Redman," he continued, elevating his voice, and then seeing his mate looking over the bulwarks went on: "Take this boy, and tell the steward to make him lend a hand in the cabin. Jump aboard, you young rascal, and I will make a man of you yet."

Those last words sank deep into Edward's mind. "He will make a man of me," thought the youngster. "Won't I go back and lick uncle when I am one?"

"Here, steward, is a Jimmy Ducks the captain has shipped," said the mate, taking Edward into a splendidly furnished cabin, and introducing him to a stout, black fellow, busy at work in the pantry.

"Bery well, sir, I can gib him plenty ob employment," replied the sable gentleman, surveying Norris from head to foot, as though he was about to purchase the lad.

"What can I do first, steward?" asked Ned.

"Do you goes in de order cabin and ask the young misses if she wants any thing."

"The young mistress," repeated Ned.

"Yes, de young misses, the captain's darter. You isn't stupid, is you?"

"Oh, I didn't know there was ladies aboard," replied Edward, taking off his cap, and brushing his black curls back from his forehead, descended a few steps into the lower cabin, and gazed with astonishment at a young girl who was seated on the transom, with her bonnet off and her hair curling in ringlets about her neck. She was only ten years old, yet Ned thought her the prettiest little girl he had ever seen, so he stood gazing at her without remembering his message.

"What little boy are you?" she asked in a pert manner, looking at him in surprise, with her large blue eyes opened to their widest extent.

"The man on deck said I was the Jimmy Duck," answered Edward.

"You are my pa's cabin boy, I suppose. He said he should get one to wait upon me. So, Master Duck get me some water, instantly," and the little beauty looked as haughty as a duchess.

Do you want it to drink, ma'am, or to wash with?" asked Ned.

"To drink, sir, I washed my hands and face before I left home. They don't look dirty, do they?"

"Oh, no," said Ned, leaving the cabin, and getting a tumbler of water from the steward, hastened back to the little girl, who took it with a very condescending air.

"What name must I call you?" asked Ned, awe-stricken with her lofty air.

"Miss Emily Tarbell, sir. Don't you forget it. Ask the steward if he will give me a lump of white sugar; will you? Tell him I have't had but one lump this morning," she answered, coming down from the lofty position she had assumed. Edward sprang away to do her bidding, but to his surprise the steward told him she couldn't have any more sugar, for if they come short, the captain would be "down on him," and with a heavy heart Ned bore the unwelcome news back to the little girl, who declared the steward was a "dirty nigger," and she would tell her pa of him, and have him whipped.

As soon as Captain Tarbell had seen Ned aboard the Growler, he commenced walking the wharf, and swearing as bad as ever, and as he looked at the fleet of ships which were rapidly disappearing out of sight, he ground his teeth and stamped on the wharf with rage.

"Hallo, captain, all ready, I see," cried a good natured looking man, making his way through the crowd.

"So, pilot, you have come at last. Hadn't you better wait a few hours longer, until the breeze dies away," asked Tarbell in a sarcastic tone.

"Just as you say, captain. My wife was taken dangerously sick. I had no idea all the pilots were out, or I should have had to leave her, bad as she was, to attend to you. Thank God she is better now, and if you are ready, I am."

Tarbell's mouth was opened and prepared to say something offensive, but the words "sick wife" prevented him. Springing aboard the

Growler, the pilot followed, and as he turned to look at the captain to see whether he was ready to cast off the fasts, to his surprise, two large tears were slowly coming down his weather beaten cheeks. That man, who appeared so hardened, could cry like a child when anything roused a recollection of his departed Emily, who had been dead for six long years. She was the only being in the world he had ever truly loved, excepting his daughter, who promised to resemble her mother in features, if not disposition.

"Cast off, pilot, as soon as you please," exclaimed Captain Tarbell, hoarsely, going into the cabin.

Clap on your larboard fore braces, Mr Mate—so, that's well—let go that bow line there, if you please—stand by the after one—haul out the sparker—brace round those head yards—let go the after line—hoist away your jibs—stand by to square in your after-yards as soon as we weather that schooner at anchor—square in—well your main yard—toprail yard well—belay your crotchets braces—square in your head yards, Mr Mate, then board fore tack, and loose top-gallant sails and royals, fore and aft—steady as you go—mind your steering, you sir." Such were the orders of the pilot, as he stood on the quarter deck of the Growler, and carried her safely out of Boston harbor, on her first voyage to the coast of Chili for copper ore.

"Well, daughter, we are off at last," said Tarbell, entering the lower cabin where the little girl was holding her court. "Well, what are you doing here, you young rascal?" he continued, his eye catching a sight of Ned.

"Waiting upon Miss Emily Tarbell, sir," was the prompt reply.

"So you, young jade, you have found somebody to wait upon you already, have you?"

"You know, pa, you said I should have a little boy to attend me, and I am so glad you have got Jimmy Ducks," and the little beauty put her arm around her father's neck, and pressed her soft white cheek against his rough face.

"Nonsense, girl! his name is Edward Norris, not Jimmy Ducks. The young vagabond whom I had shipped ran away, so I took this fellow."

"Don't you think, pa, the steward would n't give me a lump of sugar when I sent for it?"

"If I catch him giving you sugar, I will sweeten his back for him. Because your aunt indulged you in all your follies, you expect to be here, hey? Put your bonnet on and wrap that shawl around you and come on deck; and you, Ned, go to the steward and see if he can't find something for you to do;" and the captain, taking his pouting daughter by the hand, led her on deck, while Ned went to learn the mysteries of cleaning knives and forks.

"You will have a fine run, captain, the first twenty-four hours," said the pilot, as Tarbell reached the deck. "The Growler moves fast through the water. We are most up to the ships which started before us."

"Yes, sir," muttered the gratified captain, who liked to hear his daughter and ship praised. "I have never been out-sailed since I had command of her; if I am not two hundred and fifty miles from Boston to-morrow at this time, I shall be disappointed."

"She will do that if the wind holds good. But who is this, your daughter or a passenger?"

"My only child living. I am going to take her with me this voyage, for company, and to break her of some of her pert habits."

"I thought she looked enough like you to be your daughter," said the pilot.

"My nose ain't red like pa's, is it?" said Emily to the pilot; but that gentleman had to pay particular attention to the steering at that moment, and pretended not to hear, while her pa gave the little hussey a shake, and in another minute she had forgotten her question.

"As I have got no boat with me, captain, I shall have to 'heave to' and let the pilot boat run up to us and take me aboard. I won't detain you long."

"I am sorry, pilot, to be obliged to stop; but of course I can't carry you with me,—so heave to as soon as you like."

They were now abreast of the outer Brewster. The fore-sail was hauled up, the head yards braced, the crotchets and mizzen topsails yards pointed, and the Growler, after the helm was put down, came up broadside to the wind, with her main topsail hove aback, when she lay as steady as though she was at anchor.

"Any letters, captain, to send ashore?" my boat I see is coming," observed the pilot.

"No; I always do all my business before I sail. Stay, go to Splurge & Co's, and tell them if there is any inquiries for a boy named Edward Norris, to say I have got him with me in the Growler. That's all."

"Well, good by, and a pleasant passage. I'll see Splurge for you,—any letters, Mr. Mate? Good by little Miss; hope you won't be sea sick."

"Ah, I shan't be sick, and if I am I shall take some of pa's brandy,—he drinks it every time he is sea sick," he says," replied Emily, unconscious of her father's cross look.

The pilot made no reply, but lowered himself into the little boat which had come alongside, and in a few minutes had left the Growler to pursue her voyage. The helm was put up, the after yards squared in, and as she passed

off, the head sails were trimmed, and in two hours time studding sails were set aloft and aloft. Just before sundown Ned staggered aft to catch the last glimpses of land, and would see for many days. But no sigh burst from his little bosom—for he was going to be made a man of.

CHAPTER II.—MRS. NORRIS'S SURMISES.

"What in the world can keep that boy so long at the mill?" asked a thin faced man, with sharp, wicked looking eyes, addressing a pale, sickly woman, who was nursing an apparently half-starved infant by a poor fire.

"Perhaps he is waiting his turn, and it will keep him later than usual, Mrs. Norris," said the woman with an effort, looking at her husband's cross brow, and pressing her babe close to her bosom.

"You know that's a lie, as well as you want to know; he is playing on the way, and you want to excuse him, as you always try to do from my just correction. Remember, 'spare the rod, and spoil the child.'"

"I do not think, James, you have spared the rod with the poor boy. Do you think if your brother was alive he would approve of so much whipping bestowed upon his only child? Recollect how his dying mother begged you to take good care of her darling. I know how I should feel if I had got to leave my child in other people's charge."

"You would have the boy grown up in idleness, I suppose, and do nothing but set in the house and take care of that sickly brat, with its eternal squall. I think different, and as long as I have him to look after, he has got to work for his living. I am not rich enough to support all the town paupers, because they happen to be relations," replied the husband, fiercely.

The wife sighed, and appeared to consider how much further she might venture with her husband before he got really angry, and at last replied—

"I do not think, James, you will have him long to take care of, and I should not be surprised if we never see him again."

"What do you mean, Jane—do you think he has run away?" asked the husband, with visible alarm.

"I only surmise so, James."

"Well, what makes you surmise so, eh? Come, speak quick."

"Because I overheard him ask neighbor Brinley, when he was going to Bangor, how far it was from there to Boston."

"And you never told me until now," roared the husband. "Do you know what it will cost me if I have to hire another boy in his place; or don't you care any more for my welfare than to see me squandering money away on help? I have a great mind to send you home to your folks, poor as they are."

"But I didn't think, dear James, he would run away; I supposed it was all boy's talk. If he has gone, let him go, and I will try and work harder to make up his loss; and don't send me home, James, will you? my parents can scarcely get along now, without being burdened by me. I would work much harder if I had the strength and did not feel sick, but I will do better in future, I promise you—only look at me kindly and speak to the babe. I shall not plague you much longer, for I cannot last a great while, and then you can marry somebody who will make you a better wife than I have ever done, although I try hard, James, to please you, and will try harder, if you will only let Edward escape,—will you, dear?" and the poor sick wife tried to put the baby in his arms, but the brute pushed her from him, and, getting up, took his hat and left the house.

"I wonder what ever induced me to marry that sickly thing, when, with my money, I could take my choice of any girl in the neighborhood," muttered Norris, walking rapidly towards a large white house, which stood a short distance from his own. "I thought she would die years ago, but she only appears to live to spite me. It is incredible how much money I have paid for doctor's stuff, and doctor's attendance, for her."

"Why, Norris, where are you going so fast this afternoon?" called out a large, stout man, at work in a garden fronting the white house. "Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Brinley,—how does your excellent wife do, and that pretty little boy of hers?" answered Norris, his face suddenly assuming an agreeable expression.

"Pretty tolerable, I thank you; won't you walk in and see them?"

"No, not now—I have got to go to the mill and see what has become of that lazy nephew of mine, whom I sent away early this morning with some corn. You haven't seen anything of him, have you?"

"Not since morning," then, as Norris strode away, he muttered, "neither do I think you will see him again, if he has followed my directions, and got aboard the Charming Sally, at Bangor."

When Norris arrived at the mill, he found his horse and wagon, but Edward had fled; and although he followed him as far as Bangor, he did not know of his departure for Boston until the return of the Charming Sally. The captain brought news that he had lost sight of him in Boston, and did not know where he was.

The Growler had good winds, and one month from the time of her leaving Boston, she crossed the equator, and stretched along the southward and westward, with fresh S. E. winds; and Tarbell would walk the quarter-deck and grin a savage smile to see her go.

"Come here, you Ned," he said one day, "having worked up his reckoning, and the ship had made a better run than he expected, so he felt good humored.

Ned dropped the basket of dishes which he was carrying to the cook, and flew to obey the captain, who he considered greater than kings he had read about.

"Do you know how to read and write, hey?" Tarbell asked, as the boy stood before him, dressed in some of the captain's old clothes, which the sailors had altered to suit his small size.

"Yes, sir, a little," Ned answered, counting the seams in the deck.

"What do you mean by a little? hold your head up and speak out so that I can hear you," ordered the captain.

"I can read very well, sir, but I can't write much, and people say they can't understand that little I do write."

"Why did n't you learn to write, hey?" said Tarbell, looking at the boy as though he intended to eat him.

"Because, sir, uncle kept me at work all the time," replied Ned, boldly. He had got accustomed to Tarbell's ways, and knew he was not gross as he pretended to be.

"Well, hereafter, every afternoon, from two till four, do you sit down in the cabin with me, and learn to write and cypher, and if I hear either of you talking, I will knock your teeth together. Come into the cabin and your joint lesson now. Let me see your books; go wash them, you dirty rascal, before you commence."

These studies were of great benefit to Ned, soon was able to write a better hand than the captain himself; and then Tarbell, having a liking to the boy, gave him lessons in navigation; and such was his quickness at it, that he soon was able to work the ship's sights, and tell the latitude and longitude promptly as the skipper himself.

One pleasant afternoon, just before they reached the latitude of the Falkland Islands, an unusual fine day for that part of the world, the captain, after giving them their lesson, had turned in, and was snoring loudly. Emily had thrown her books aside, and was taking a large doll out of a drawer, was arranging a cap on its tumbler head.

"You know, Ned," she whispered, after she fixed the cap to her satisfaction—"I want you to call me Miss Emily Tarbell. Say plain Emily, won't you?"

"You know you are not plain, Emily," replied Ned, in reply, glancing at the captain's room.

"Now I am handsome, because my aunt, who lives in Boston, said I was. But I mean without the Miss."

"If you wish me to; but your father will like it."

"Tell him I told you to. Do you intend to sea all your life, and be captain, and have a red nose like pa's? because, if you don't like you any more."

"Miss Emily, I mean to be a sailor and sea, and one of these days I will be rich and have plenty of money, and then I'll marry you."

"At will you do then, Ned?"

"I marry you and take you to sea with me, you shall go to every place in the world you want to see, and have the biggest ship on buy."

"Will you give me plenty of raisins and not be stingy like pa of his sugar?"

"I shall have as much as you can eat, and I'll be too," replied Ned, carried away by the story, and speaking louder than he intended.

"Hush, hey!" yelled the captain, poking his head out of the state-room, and glaring at the pair.

Ned dropped her doll and took a book, and Ned was very busy cyphering. What would have done is uncertain, but at that moment the mate appeared and announced in sight with the American flag union, so the captain took his spy-glass and looked at the ship.

"What ship is that?" asked Tarbell to his mate, looking through his glass.

"I thought she was, by the looks of her fore-sail; see how black and smoky that and fore-sail looks."

"What in the devil can that be? I am not a search of whales, and I don't afford to lay out two or three hours."

"I suppose I shall have to heave to for him to come down. He moves as slow through the water as though he had a dozen wheels below."

ing astern?" and Tarbell walked the quarter-deck, growling at the interruption of his passage.

The main topsail was backed, and they lay waiting for the stranger to approach, who came leisurely towards them, as though there was plenty of time, and they did not feel in any hurry. The wind was high, and it got to be most sundown before she drew near enough to hail.

"Bark, ahoy," thundered Tarbell, through his speaking trumpet.

"Hullo," came back in answer.

"What bark is that, and what do you want?"

"The Henry, of Stonington. What ship is that?"

"The Growler, of Boston. What do you want?"

"Can you let me have a barrel of vinegar? My men are all sick with the scurvy. Seen any whales lately?"

"I—your whales," Tarbell muttered—then continued, "Send your boat on board and get it."

In a few minutes the Henry rounded to under the lee of the Growler, and one of their light whale boats came dawning over the water, and by the time it had arrived alongside, the vinegar was ready on deck.

"Pretty fair looking ship of yours, captain," said the mate, who came in the boat, glancing over the white deck and clean paint of the Growler. "We took you for one of Uncle Sam's men-of-war until we got close to you."

This touched Tarbell in the right place, so he invited the officer into the cabin, gave him a glass of brandy, and a file of Boston newspapers. The whaler was homeward bound, and intended to touch at Pernambuco for fresh provisions, most of her men being down with the scurvy. Tarbell gave him a package of letters to take home, and the officer took his leave, highly pleased with his visit. In a short time the two ships were miles apart,—one returning to make their homes glad with their presence, and the other to pass a year or two on a foreign coast.

"If you please, sir, will you let me stand watch with the rest of the men, instead of tending the cabin?" said Ned, one day to the captain, when he thought that personage was in good humor.

"Got tired of cleaning knives and forks, hey? Want to be a sailor, do you?"

"Yes, sir,—you said you would make a man of me, and I would like to begin now."

"Very well. Mr. Redman, take that boy in your watch, but keep him aft here during the night, and learn him what you can. He will study deviltry enough without mixing with the men."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the mate, and from that day Ned took an active part in making and taking in sail, and got to be as handy aloft as some of the older men. During the long watches in the night Ned would steal forward among the crew and listen to their strange yarns about shipwrecks and haunted vessels, until his hair would almost stand upright, and if he was sent aloft he would glance anxiously up, expecting to see the ghost of an old sailor seated on the cross-trees, fiddling. Mr. Redman was a kind hearted man, and took great pains in explaining to him how to do things properly, so that before they had arrived at Valparaiso, he knew much more than boys who had been at sea for two or three years.

Cape Horn, with its gales, sleet, rain, snow and cold weather, was passed, after enduring the usual amount of head winds. Fine weather came again, and in a few days they expected to reach port. There was a strong breeze the night before they arrived. The Growler was running under easy canvass, expecting to make the land the next morning. During Ned's watch, between twelve and four, he stood looking over the bulwarks on the side of the quarter-deck, thinking if his uncle was not sorry for beating him so bad, when he chanced to look ahead, and distinctly saw a light. It was but for a moment, yet he was certain that it was one, and at no great distance.

"Mr. Redman," he cried, to the mate, who was walking the weather side of the deck, "I see a light ahead."

"Where is it, Ned?" asked the mate, springing to his side.

"I saw it but a moment ago, sir, yet I have seen nothing of it since."

"I guess it was a star, Ned. We are some ways from land, unless our reckoning is wrong."

"There it is, sir, again."

"Good God, so it is—close aboard of us. Hard down your helm—down with it. Let go those jib sheets and strike the bell," yelled the mate, and as the Growler luffed up into the wind, a huge black mass, towering high above them, dashed past, heaving the water in the air at every surge, while above the noise of flapping sails could be heard the shrill pipes of a boatswain's whistle, and a stern voice giving rapid orders; and so near was the vessel that a biscuit could have been tossed in either one of the port holes which frowned upon the Growler.

"What ship is that?" cried Tarbell, who had been awakened by the bell, and sprang on deck to see what the matter was.

"The United States frigate United States, from Valparaiso. What ship is that?"

"You couldn't hear me if I should tell you," growled Tarbell. "If she had struck us with that broad bow of hers, we should have been

crushed like an egg shell. Brail the sparker up, and let her wear round, then keep her course again, Mr. Redman;" and the captain retired below; but before he went to bed, he took a light and looked upon Emily, who, amid the noise had not awakened, but lay with her white arms folded upon her breast, unconscious of the danger through which she had passed. The old man shaded the light with his hand, and gazed long and earnestly upon her sweet face, and then bending down, softly touched her lips with his own; and as he raised his head, a tear fell upon the sleeping girl's bosom. Carefully retiring, he closed the state-room door, and went to his own bed, but he slept no more that night, and the next morning he looked so pale and haggard that the mate asked him if he was sick, and little Emily requested permission to mix some of his medicine, which he kept in a square case, but the captain only grumbled at their taking notice of his illness, and declared he felt as well as ever.

CHAPTER IV.—LAND, HO!

Tarbell, and his mate, and Emily, were eating breakfast the morning after their narrow escape. The little girl declared her pa should have awakened her, so she could have had a look at a frigate under sail. The captain only smiled at his daughter's prattle, and made no remark.

"That boy, Ned, has got a sharp pair of eyes; had it not been for him, we should scarcely have been eating breakfast here this morning," said Redman.

"So, he was the first to see the light, hey? You don't keep very good look outs in your watch, do you?" gruffly responded Tarbell, his smile instantly leaving when he began to converse with the mate.

"I always have two men stationed on the top-gallant forecastle, sir; and I take care they are awake," said Redman, drinking his coffee very hot, and turning red in the face.

"Humph! when I was mate of a ship, I did not trust to the men, but kept my eyes about me."

"Do you wish me to mount on the look out, forward, captain Tarbell?" asked Redman calmly.

"No, sir; I want you in your place, aft; but I don't want to be run down by every vessel which sails the ocean," snarled Tarbell.

"Do you think, sir, I do not do my duty, and look after the safety of the ship?" inquired Redman, meeting the captain's revolting look unmoved.

"If you did duty as you should do it, how happens it that you could not see that ship last night before she was on top of us, ah—st?" replied Tarbell, working himself into a passion.

"But, pa, hadn't the frigate ought to look out in the night as well as other vessels?" asked Emily.

"Silence, you jade. Go away from the table, and get two lessons before dinner for interrupting your father;" and the little girl got down from her seat and went pouting into the lower cabin, where, instead of learning lessons, she got her doll out, and arrayed it in a new costume.

"Captain Tarbell," said Redman, after Emily had left, slowly rising from the table, "I do not give you satisfaction. When we arrive at Valparaiso, will you let me have my discharge, and get somebody who will suit you better than I can?"

This was new kind of language for Tarbell. He had always been accustomed to receive submissive replies to his growlings, and while he was lost in astonishment at his mate's audacity, Ned's voice rung out, loud and clear, the ever-welcome cry of

"Land, ho!"

"Where away, Ned?" inquired Tarbell, who had come on deck as soon as he heard the cry, without answering Redman.

"About two points off the weather bow, sir," replied Ned, who had been perched on the main royal yard ever since seven o'clock.

"Very well, come down and get your breakfast," said Tarbell, and then turning to Redman, after having looked in the direction Ned had pointed, through his glass, he continued, "Get the studding-sails on her, after you have checked the yards in a little. We are some way to the windward, by the look of that high land. Keep her off two points. So, steady. How does she head now?"

"North-East-by-East, sir," responded the man at the wheel.

"Keep her so," and Tarbell dove below to consult his charts.

"Come, Emily, you must have that hair of yours curled, and your prettiest dress on, by the time we arrive in port, so that you can go ashore with me."

"And I needn't learn any lessons to-day, and you will let Ned go too, won't you, pa?"

"Ned go with you? No, indeed. He must stay aboard the ship. You may put your books up for to-day."

"But I shan't have anybody to plague, unless Ned goes, pa," but Tarbell did not hear her remarks, being busy with his chart.

CHAPTER IV.—LAND, HO!

The Growler, under the influence of a fresh breeze from the southward, rapidly approached the bold, rugged coast of Chili, but it was near

three o'clock in the afternoon before they got a glimpse of the city of Valparaiso, with its whitewashed houses and fleets of shipping in the bay. Flags of all nations were floating in the light breeze which swept over the high hills that protect the vessels from southerly gales; but in the strong northerly nothing stands between them to prevent the heavy swell of the Pacific Ocean from dashing in upon the exposed ships, with all its fury.

The wind died away, leaving the Growler about two miles from the anchorage, and there appeared no prospect of getting in unless a breeze sprang up.

"There is an English frigate, an American man-of-war, and a French seventy-four laying there at anchor. I wish to the Lord they would send their boats out and tow me in," muttered Tarbell to his mate.

"They are most too afraid of work for that. I have seen man-of-war boats tow ships into port, but it was a number of years ago," replied Redman.

"I believe they are coming, after all, from the American man-of-war," exclaimed Tarbell, looking through his spy-glass. "There are three boats down in the water, pushing towards us. And here comes four more from the Englishman—well done, John Bull, you are a good fellow, after all. Now for a race. Jonathan has got the start, but the Englishman is close after him. As I live the Frenchman has determined to outdo all, and has sent away five boats; they are pulling as though they were determined to reach us first. See them come. Jonathan holds his own yet, but the Frenchman is creeping up rather close. John Bull has not got warm yet—the Frenchman will expend all his breath before he has been pulling ten minutes—see how sullen the Englishmen are—their oars strike the water without the eighteenth part of a second's variation—look at the Frenchmen, first quick, then more slow—how emblematical of the two nations—one cool, calm and steady, the other hasty, impatient and fiery—can't bear to toll patiently, but wish to succeed at once—see, they are being left behind already—ah! Johnny Crapou, the Lord never intended you should excel on the water—the land, with a musket in your fist, is your proper sphere. Now for the Englishman and Yankee: a fair match—four boats alike, and the men descended from the same ancestors, very probably—look at the officers in each boat urging the men on; those midshipmen would rather give a year's pay than to be beaten—look at the cutters pass the heavier barges—now two Yankee and two English cutters lead the way. Look at the strain, and their oars buckle. You have got to work hard, John Bull, if you pass those Yankees. How they come! The officers of the ships are in the rigging watching the result; the English gain a little, but he's lost it as quick. Half a mile more, boys, will tell the story. The Americans are gaining—they increase their distance. The United States forever! Here they are alongside; give them a rope ahead, Mr. Redman," and the captain removed the glass from his eye, and looked as pleased as though he had seen a thousand dollars.

A little fellow, not so large as Ned, in a midshipman's uniform, sprang on deck, and then turning addressed the coxswain of the boat: "Haul ahead, Jim, and get hold of the tow line before those Englishmen arrive," and then advanced to pay his respects to Tarbell.

"Where are you from, Captain?" he asked.

"Eighty days from Boston," replied Tarbell.

"What American man-of-war do you belong to, sir?"

"The Cyane. But pardon me, I did not see that you had ladies on board before. Allow me, Miss, to congratulate you upon your safe arrival in port."

Emily looked at him with her large blue eyes, and wondered if he was captain of an American man-of-war. Her father, smiling at the little fellow's gallantry, replied, "This is my daughter, sir, and the only passenger I have."

"Pardon me, Miss, but after gazing so long at the dark eyed beauties of Chili, it seems refreshing to meet one of the beautiful blondes of my own country," and the scamp bowed low, as he removed his golden banded cap.

"Are you captain of the Cyane, sir?" asked Emily.

"Not yet, Miss, but I shall be in a few years," he answered, without a particle of a blush.

The boats now arrived thick and fast. In a few minutes the Growler moved through the water at the rate of two or three miles an hour, propelled by a hundred and twenty oars, which the twelve boats contained.

While they were slowly approaching the anchorage, the sails were clewed up and furled; that prevented Ned from watching the midshipman, as he had been doing while there was nothing else to do; it grieved him to the heart to see a stranger speak to Emily, and in such a self-assured manner.

"Will you walk into the cabin and take some refreshments?" said Tarbell to the young gentleman, while he was trying to make himself agreeable to his daughter.

"I thank you, sir, a glass of Madeira wine would not do me any harm in my present state."

"Then walk in, and you will find the bottle set. Excuse my not coming; I must pick out a good place to anchor."

"No apologies, captain, I can wait on myself," and the midshipman, who should not

I have a good rope this side, and will ease her over high enough aft—well forward—lower away roundly—let go—jump on there, Jim, and don't let a man enter until I tell them to go—pass those oars down—go up, one of you, and cut that mizzen top gallant sail from the yard for a sail,—don't turn pale, men; I will not leave you,—fill a barrel with water from the scuttle-butt—now steward—

"God save me, Mr. Norris—I am a lost nigger."

"Get on your feet, and see if there can be anything got out of the pantry to eat," replied Ned, sternly, to the affrighted negro.

"God help me, Mr. Norris, I dares not go—what will become of me, a sinner," moaned the fellow, who was always religious in a gale of wind, and when there was any danger. The steward was but a sample of a great many whose flesh are not clothed with black skins—sincere repenters when death stands at life threshold, ready to claim them for the grave; but if they survive, their religion flies with their disense.

Ned did not waste any more words, but dispatched men to bring all the bread and meat from the fore-castle, while the cook threw into the boat a bucket full of uncooked beans he had been picking over for the next day. Any attempt to enter the cabin was fruitless,—the smoke was pouring out of the windows and door in thick black clouds, that would have suffocated an intruder; and it was with a heavy heart Ned took a compass from the binacle and passed it into the boat. The men worked admirably, and in a short time all the provisions were in the launch that could be got at, while the men stood waiting for the word to embark.

"Now help me get the captain into the boat, and then we will put off," cried Ned, turning to where the old man sat, scarcely conscious of what was going on.

The men started to obey, but at this instant the pent-up flames burst off the hatches and rolled fiercely up, setting fire to the mizzen-stay, and leaping from rope to rope until the whole of the mizzen rigging was in flames. The seamen hesitated, and looked from one to the other. At this instant the steward sprang up, shouting—

"God save poor nigger,—the powder! the powder!"

With yells of terror the men hove themselves into the boat. In vain Ned strove to prevent them—a panic had taken possession of their minds, and it would have required a large force to restrain their flight.

With shouts to one another to let go the painter, they endeavored to push from the side of the burning vessel; and while they were thus waiting to cut the rope, Jim sprang upon the rail.

"Put off, if you want to, for a bloody set of cowards that ye are. I can stay here with Mr. Norris and the skipper, and if my time has come, I will die like a man, without desiring a slipmate!" and Jim looked at the men with contempt.

This speech caused them to hesitate.

"He is right," cried one, "if we go without Mr. Norris we shall have no navigator. Let us wait for the old man."

"Shove off, for God's sake shove off," shrieked the negro, shaking with fear, and he endeavored to open his knife to cut the painter; but his hands trembled so that it dropped into the water.

"Come, Captain Tarbell, rouse yourself—we have not a moment to lose—the boat is waiting—steady him on the other side, Jim," said Ned, hurriedly.

"And is Emily going, Ned," asked the captain, his thoughts wandering to his daughter.

"Emily is safe, sir, at home, I hope,—thank God she did not come this unlucky trip."

"And my wife is going too—I can't go without her," and Tarbell made an effort to resist, but was forced along to the gangway, a rope tied around him, and he was lowered into the longboat, safe.

"Now then, Jim, jump in, and I will cast off the painter," said Ned, hurriedly heaving over to the men two or three monkey jackets and a sou'wester.

As soon as Ned was safely in the boat, the oars were got out and they were shoved off.

"Give way, men, for a few minutes," he cried, "and then we will lay and look at the last of the Growler. Poor Redman has got a better shroud than a hammock could make. No sharks will trouble his remains, and he will rest in peace, now that the great captain of us all has shipped him for a cruise," said Ned, sorrowfully, the many acts of kindness the mate had bestowed on him rising in his mind.

"Amen—bless God for my scape from dat powder."

"And do you think your life is any more valuable than mine?" asked Ned.

"No, Mr. Norris—I no think that—but I is gaged to a yellar gal of Boston; so dis nigger likes to look out for number one."

Ned thought of his own boyish love for Emily, and he wondered why it had not inspired the steward with some of his courage; but then, the father of the negro's flame was not on board, and that made some difference with the two lovers.

"Lay on your oars, men—we are out of reach, if the powder does explode," and the

sailors turned and looked mournfully upon the Growler, which was now one mass of flames, catching the sails, and running up the back-stays, burning the lifts of the yards, then fastening upon the tall tapering masts, until both would fall, causing the fire to burn more furiously, and sending the sparks flying to the leeward.

"What ship is that burning, Mr. Norris?"

Ned turned in surprise, and by his side stood Tarbell, who had risen, unassisted, from the bottom of the boat, and stood with bare head, gazing at his burning vessel.

"Alas, sir, that is all that remains of the Growler. Who would have thought this morning to have seen her slowly consumed by fire before dark, and we looking on, without the power to save even our clothes?"

"Are you sure it is the Growler, Ned?" asked Tarbell, looking at him earnestly.

"Yes, sir, too well do I know it is her."

"Alas, alas!" moaned the old man, wringing his hands, "for five and thirty years I have been at sea, as boy and man, and never had an accident happen to me before. What will they say in State street when they hear Tarbell has lost a ship?"

The old man paused and watched the course of the flames for a moment, while there was a breathless silence in the boat. The tears ran down his cheeks as he continued—

"It was all for Emily's sake Ned, I continued to follow the sea,—I wanted to be rich on her account,—she is my only child living; if I could have made one or two more voyages I should have been rich, and then could have married Emily to some good man and stayed at home and played with my grandchildren. I am afraid I shall never see her again. I dreamed of her mother last night, but she did not look smiling as she usually does,—I should have known some accident was going to happen;" and Tarbell bowed his head to the gunwale of the boat and wept in silence.

Ned did not attempt to console him—but he felt for the old man, and knew by his own feelings what a pang it must cost him to see the Growler, he loved so well, consumed by fire.

The men looked at each other in silent dismay, and then cast their eyes upon the ship, waiting for the explosion which they knew must soon take place. Spar after spar fell crashing upon the hull, and in a short time after the main topmast gave way, the ship's stern was lifted high out of the water, and the dull heavy report of the ignited powder burst upon their ears, sending burning brands and flaming rigging whizzing through the air like rockets, and sparks and smoke rose in a cloud, and were caught by the light breeze and bore far away towards the coast of Africa. The Growler pitched heavily forward, rolled sluggishly from side to side, and settled slowly into the water.—There was a hissing sound heard as the two elements struggled for supremacy—the flames rapidly decreased, and in a few minutes down went the poor vessel, stern foremost, leaving a few ripples upon the surface of the ocean, and a mass of half burnt, blackened masts.

No one broke the silence. It appeared to Ned that he had lost the only friend he had in the world. He thought of the many happy days he had passed with Emily in the cabin, and it was not until Jim spoke that he aroused from his reverie and considered what was to be done next.

"Don't you think we had better pull up and see if there is anything worth saving, sir?"

Ned gave the orders, and they rowed slowly among the articles which floated, but nothing could be found worth taking aboard, while the men rested and looked to Norris for their next movements. He tried to get Tarbell aroused, but without success. The captain only moaned, and did not appear to understand him, and the young man found he should have to depend upon himself until the old man's mind got regulated.

"What do you think it is best to do, Jim? you are the oldest man in the boat, excepting the captain. Let us hear what you propose," said Ned, anxious to take counsel.

"Where are we," asked Jim, "and what land is nearest?"

"The coast of Africa was the nearest to-day at noon—we were in one degree north latitude and twenty-five west longitude. There are two or three islands nearer than Africa, but with no chart it would be impossible to find them; whereas if we steer east, we shall strike the main land somewhere, and a west course would bring us either on the north or south American coast, but with no provisions it will be impossible to reach land unless we could live without eating."

"I is 'posed to Africa—you want to sell poor nigger for slave, don't ye?" asked the steward, beginning to get alarmed.

"Shut up that broad basket of yours, Snowball," replied Jim, coolly considering the chances.

"In the first place, we have a good boat, and a sail, if we can only rig it. In the next, don't you think it would be as well to collect all the grub there is in the chest, including those raw beans which are spilt under foot, and put it under your charge, aft, and allowance it out each day. I am willing for one to take my share without grumbling, although I like a good growl as well as any one."

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"Your advice is good. There are seventeen of us all told, and if the grub should be eaten at once there would be only enough for one or two meals," and as the men handed the bread aft Ned stowed it away in the stern sheets."

"We are in the track of outward bound crafts," said Ned at last, "and I think we had better lay here all night and see if some vessel does not come this way to find out where the smoke originated."

They all agreed to this, and looked anxiously around the horizon, to see if there was any thing in sight. Nothing but sky and water, met their view. The men seated themselves in the bottom of the boat and on the thwarts, speaking in low whispers.

Night came swiftly on, and as it grew dark Ned placed a jacket over Tarbell, and was glad to see he had fallen into an unquiet slumber, sit and watched the stars as they revealed themselves one by one, until his weary head sank against the gunwale of the boat, and slept soundly.

Norris was aroused from his deep sleep by a heavy fall of rain striking upon his face, and starting to his feet, he for a moment forgot where he was; but his stiffened limbs and wet garments reminded him of his position. Another squall had arisen during the time that he had slept, and the wind whistled, and dashed the waves against the sides of the boat, while the rain poured down in torrents once more. Seizing an oar, he put it out astern, and got the launch before the wind; then called on the men to bail the boat out, and wrap the sail around Tarbell, who needed it more than the rest, owing to his illness and age.

The sailors obeyed without a murmur; the wind died away, the rain passed over, and the stars came forth again, looking as cheerful and bright as though there was no misery in the world to shine upon.

Once more the men composed themselves to sleep, but Ned set up by Tarbell's side, and waited for morning. The old man had not spoken during the night, and it was only by his deep breathing that Norris thought he must be better; and as soon as daylight broke, he stood up and looked for a sail, but nothing was in sight. The men slowly stretched themselves, and also gazed, but their sad looks proclaimed their ill success.

"How do you feel this morning, sir?" inquired Ned of Tarbell, as soon as he found he was awake.

"Better, but very weak. I remember every thing now excepting what deprived me of my senses. My body appears to have been buried although I can't recollect how. I distinctly recollect your putting me into my berth, then the smoke filled my room, almost depriving me of breath. I tried to move, but found it impossible, and the next thing I recollect was the burning of the Growler. Where is Redman?"

"Alas, the same stroke of lightning which prostrated you, deprived him of life, and his ashes are now mingled with the ocean," replied Ned.

"He was a smart man, and the most faithful mate I ever had with me. It is a pity he married before we left; but if I ever get back to Boston, his wife shall not want."

"What do you think it is best to do? We will be governed by you, the same as when we were aboard the ship," asked Ned.

"Our best chance would be to lay here in the track of vessels, and get picked up. If we should land on the coast of Africa, it is doubtful whether we should find anything but burning sand with no water; there are not provisions enough to last us until we could reach either of the two nearest ports, Liberia or Sierra Leone, where we should meet civilized people. It would take us two weeks to row there, even if we had a chart and quadrant to find the way. The wind cannot be depended upon in this part of the world."

The men had listened to every word the captain said, but did not appear to agree with him. Every one but Jim, Ned and the steward, declared it was better to be making an effort to save themselves, even if they had to row, than to lay there doing nothing; and so loudly did they murmur, that it was decided to eat their spare breakfast, and then shape their course for Liberia.

After they had finished their meal, and drank sparingly of the water in a small barrel, the oars were got out, and they started upon an almost hopeless undertaking. Five oars was all the launch contained, and one of these had to be used to keep the boat straight according to the compass. As one party got tired another took their place, and thus the day wore away. Again a small allowance of food was distributed, and after sunset, heartily tired of pulling all day, under a broiling sun, the men threw themselves on the bottom of the boat, declaring they could not pull, night and day, with such a small allowance of grub. Norris encouraged them, and took his regular turn at the oars; but already the men had got disheartened, and would not listen to him as they did the day before; while Tarbell did not attempt to say much, feeling too weak.

During the night they got another shower of rain, and filled up the barrel, and when daylight came they once more strained their eyes to catch sight of a vessel, but nothing was to be seen, nor did they get a breath of wind to cool their heated brows during the long day, and when night again came, loud murmurings testified the hardness of their fate.

In spite of the badness of the fare, and the small quantity allowed him, Tarbell improved. Ned offered to divide even his allowance, but the old man refused, and eat his small piece of bread and handful of raw beans as though he had never indulged in better living.

No rain fell during the night, but a light breeze blew until daylight from the eastward, and although Tarbell tried to convince the men that as much was lost in the night as they made during the day, they received it with a sullen look of incredulity.

The sun poured down the next day, hotter than ever, and frequent drains were made upon the water. In vain Tarbell urged them to be more careful and drink less—they received his advice with insults, and swore the provisions should all be divided out at once, or they would not trust them in Ned's charge any longer. Just before sundown their request was complied with, and each man greedily clutched his share and stowed it away about his person, while some nearly demolished all they received on the first night of the dividend.

Day after day passed, until the tenth morning dawned upon their misery. The bread was all consumed, the water gone, and a few dry beans was all that some of the more fortunate possessed. Too weak any longer to use the oars, they were laid in the launch, and the men sat quarrelling about the scarcity of eatables which had been put in the boat. Ned felt himself growing weaker day by day, but still he thought more about Emily's father than he did of himself; but it grieved him to see the flesh shrink, and the old man's eyes grow bright with an unnatural lustre.

His own tongue was parched for the want of water, and during the night he would spread his handkerchief, and after it was damp with dew, suck the moisture until he felt some relief, and Tarbell tried the same method with success.

On the eleventh day, the negro steward became delirious. To his imagination ships were close at hand, but would not take him aboard, then he would fall upon his knees and pray, and the next moment blaspheme with impotent rage. Towards night his thirst became so intense, in consequence of excitement, that he drank freely of salt water, although repeatedly cautioned by Tarbell and Ned that it was the worst thing he could indulge in. Deaf to their remonstrances, and furious from the effects, he declared he was going to walk to Boston to see his Diana, and sprang overboard and swam from the boat.

Ned called to him to come back, and endeavored to rouse the men to make an effort to save the poor fellow, but they sat and looked at the negro with stoic indifference, and before Tarbell could lend his assistance, there was a wild cry heard. With a convulsive effort the negro hove himself partly out of the water, and then disappeared. A slight ripple, and a red streak denoted where he had went down, and then there slowly rose in view two enormous fins, which after sporting for a minute, slowly came towards the boat.

"A shark! a shark!" cried the men in one breath; "he will never leave the launch while there is a man aboard of her."

The monster leisurely swam around them, and came so near that his enormous jaws, as he opened and shut them to clear his mouth from the pieces of clothing which adhered, could be distinctly seen, bristling with white teeth, and Ned shuddered and clung to the boat with a firm grasp, while he felt a sickening sensation creep over him, as he thought of what perhaps his fate might be in a few days.

"I will give the bloody brute a punch, if I can master strength enough," said Jim, taking up the boat-hook and waiting until the shark came within a few feet of the launch, when he made a feeble lunge, and the sharp point entered the shark's rib. A slight flap of the tail was all the notice the monster took of his injury. Jim put his weapon down, without attempting to use it again; and all night long could be seen, by a bright sparkle in the water, the wake of the shark, as he slowly made the circuit around the unhappy men.

Daylight came, but brought no relief. A calm still rested upon the ocean, but neither land nor sail could be seen, although Ned strained his eyes until they ached, and felt that he could not last long without relief. Three or four of the men drank salt water, and then became, like the steward, delirious; and when Ned laid down by Tarbell's side, for the night, and prayed for rain to quench his burning thirst, two or three splashes were heard in the water, a gurgling cry for succor, to men who were not able to give them relief, and the souls of three brave men passed into eternity.

That night, for the first time, since his recovery from the effects of the lightning, the captain commenced talking wildly. Ned lay awake, and watched and listened to his ravings. Once more he appeared to live in the presence of his wife, and called her by the name of Emily; then he complained to Ned for restraining him when he wished to go and meet her, and partake of the rich fruits which she held up to his view. He had but the strength of a child now, and Norris lay partly upon his jacket, and used his feeble arms to keep him from rising and throwing himself into the sea.

The next day a light breeze blew from the northward. The men did not look for a vessel as usual, but sat down in the bottom of the boat in sullen despair. There was a muttering

among them for a few minutes, and Jim, honestly, whispered to Ned that the sailors intended to draw lots, to see who should be sacrificed to save the others from death. Norris turned away with disgust, but the men proceeded and collected some small sticks, which they arranged in equal degrees of size, then placed them in a covered hat, the whole being well shaken up, and passed off to the captain to draw first; the one who obtained the stick slightly stained with blood, produced from a person's finger, was to choose the manner of his death, and yield himself quietly into their hands.

Tarbell without hesitation put in his fingers and obtained a blank; then it was passed to Norris, who thought how young he was to die, and turning away his head, trust in his hand, drew it forth, and found his time had not yet come—and with cool composure the lot went round, until a young Dutchman produced the red stick. No word was spoken for a few minutes after, and then the poor fellow quickly arose, and throwing himself upon his knees before Tarbell, begged him to intercede and save his life; but the captain's feelings were hardened, and he refused to do anything for him. Not so with Ned. His young heart was pained at the man's danger.

"Let him live, men, until night. Do you not know that there is a fine northerly breeze, and we must see some vessel to-day. At least, spare him a few hours, and then, if nothing turns up"—He ceased speaking, and gazed with an anxious look in the direction that the wind came from. Could he believe his eyes, or was it but fancy? Within two miles of them, with studding-sails spread, and royals set, came a noble looking vessel, steering directly for the boat.

"Sail, ho!" he cried, convinced at last it was no optical delusion.

In an instant, men who before could hardly move, through feebleness, now stood upon their feet and looked at the approaching stranger.

"It is a ship—we are saved! God bless you, Mr. Norris, for seeing her first. Hurrah, boys, we shall get a glass of water now," and they clasped one another's hands, and wept for joy, while Ned hastily rigged a shirt upon an oar, held it up, and then they all joined in a feeble cry to attract the attention of those on board the ship.

On she came, making the water foam before her broad bow, everything drawing, and so near that a man could be seen at work upon her flying jib-boom. Still it was evident the boat was not seen; and again and again did did those in the launch raise their voices to attract attention. Suddenly, the man who was at work on the boom commenced "laying on," and then a person came forward and looked through a spy glass for a minute. He was soon joined by two others, who gazed in turn, and then there was a rapid hauling-in of studding-sails, and by the time the ship had got ready to pull up, faces could be plainly seen from the deck of the stranger, looking with wondering eyes upon the skeleton forms which the boat contained.

In half an hour's time, thirteen men—all that remained of the seventeen—were safely on board the Caroline, of New York, Capt. John Richards, bound for the Cape of Good Hope and Canton. By kind treatment, careful attention, and a moderate use of stimulants, every man's life was saved, and before they had arrived at Cape Town, Ned was able to land a hand in working the ship.

After they got into port, Tarbell reported himself to the American consul, while the men were placed in comfortable quarters, until they could be sent home. The old captain declared that he had made his last voyage; that he should go back to Boston, and live with his daughter for the remainder of his life. The Growler being well insured, would enable him, after recovering, to possess enough wealth to render another trip unnecessary.

There was a passenger aboard the Caroline, largely engaged in shipping, at Canton. He had been on a visit to his friends in New York, and was now returning to his business again. Taking a fancy to Ned, he made him proposals to go to Canton and sail as mate in one of his ships for a year, and then be master, with an interest in the freight.

Norris asked Tarbell's advice. There was a struggle in the old man's heart, when he heard of the offer, and he tried to persuade him to return to Boston. Still he confessed he could not do so well by sailing out of the United States; but being anxious to advance the young man's welfare made him yield a reluctant consent. He parted with Ned with many protestations of writing by every ship that left Boston. Norris simply told Tarbell to remind Emily that he lived in hopes of seeing her again, and shaking hands, he went aboard the Caroline, with Jim, whom Captain Richards had shipped. The anchor was weighed, and with a stiff breeze they left the bay. The next morning, Table Mountain was not to be seen. They arrived safely in Canton, and our hero commenced his duties aboard one of the country ships, manned by Lascars; and so well was he liked, that his patron does better, even, than he promised.

Tarbell arrived safely in Boston, and astonished the insurance officers by politely requesting them to pass over what was his due. Emily wept when her father recounted the dangers through which he had passed, and the old

man was never tired of relating how his brave boy had carried him in his arms through the smoke, and then offered to share his scanty allowance of food; and he would impress upon the minds of his hearers that he was the captain who had made a man of him. And Emily used to lay awake nights and wonder if Ned would learn how to waltz and dance among those horrid celestials, so as to be able to take her to balls and parties when he got home. But after a while she did not think so much of Norris, for a new candidate for her favor entered the field, being no less a person than the little midshipman, who had come on board the Growler at Valparaiso. But even he got an order from Washington to proceed to sea, and the next time Emily spoke to him he had been promoted to a lieutenantancy.

We shall not follow our hero's fortunes among the Chinese—nor tell how he beat off four piratical junks, who had dared to attack him all at one time, and for which service he received handsome presents from the foreign merchants at Hong Kong; but after seven years of service, he found that he possessed between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars, and he longed once more to tread upon his native soil, and look on the face of Emily, who amidst all his wanderings, he still remembered and loved. Hastily closing up his business, he took the overland route, by the way of Egypt and England, arrived at Liverpool in safety, and then embarked on board the Cunard line, for Boston.

It was a beautiful day in the month of June, as the steamship Europa came up the harbor, and made fast at the dock in East Boston. A swarm of coachmen were clamoring loudly for passengers, and every one was in a great state of excitement, from the custom house officers to the news gatherers, who were endeavoring to secure English papers in advance of their contemporaries. After the confusion had somewhat subsided, Norris, who had stood looking on, thinking how different his situation was now upon his second return, to what it was on his arrival in the Growler, called a coachman who had but two passengers, and had his trunks taken from the ship and put on the carriage, and then drove to the American House.

After dinner, he dressed himself carefully, and as he looked in the glass and brushed the slight beard he suffered to grow upon his face, he thought whether the captain would recognize him, and he almost regretted not writing to let Tarbell know that he was coming home.

"I wonder whether Emily will remember her Jimmy Ducks?" smiled Norris. "But it is hardly possible—my features are so tanned by exposure, and if I judge aright, my form has increased with my years. I don't believe her blue eyes are as pretty as they used to be when she was a little girl. She must be old enough to think about getting married by this time. I hardly believe she will like me as well now as she did when I was a boy. I am afraid she is a sad coquette. Won't I bother her by talking in the Chinese lingo, as she did me by chatting Spanish, although I shall have to make it up as she did"—and after completing his toilet, he left the hotel, and slowly walked up Washington street.

Norris smiled as he looked up and saw the old sign of Thimble & Co., and he had a great mind to stop and order a suit of clothes, to see how much he would cheat in making them up. Old objects appeared familiar, and as he arrived opposite the South church, the clock struck three. It sounded as natural as it did when he passed it daily, and he could scarcely realize that he had not heard it before for nearly eight years. The street was thronged with ladies and fine looking men—pretty misses swept past the dark looking Norris; they concluded he must be some Italian count, and declared he was a love of a man, while Ned muttered to himself that they were not half so handsome as his little Emily must be.

Bedford street was gained, and he turned from Washington's crowded thoroughfare; his heart beat quick, as he passed a new block of buildings, which stood upon the site the old house formerly occupied. At length he turned back, and looking at the door plate, found the name of Stone; and with trembling hands he rang the bell, and as the door was opened by a green daughter of the green Isle, a sweet voice accompanied by the heavier tones of a man, and the music of a piano, fell upon his ear.

For a while he gazed at the girl without the power to utter a word, listening to that voice which his heart told him belonged to Emily. But the singing of the man sounded harsh, and he felt a pang of jealousy stealing through his bosom; the second he had ever known.

"If you please, sir, what do you want?" inquired the girl, looking at him with amazement—and the sound of her voice aroused him to a recollection of what he had momentarily forgotten.

"Does Captain Tarbell live here now?" he asked.

"To be sure he does, and he is up stairs at this blessed moment," returned the girl.

"Please to announce that a gentleman would like to see him," said Ned.

"Yes, sir. Will ye walk in the parlor, and I will tell the captain that ye is here. He is busy writing, and the lord only knows whether he will come down, or have ye up there," and thus saying, she opened the parlor door, from whence the music proceeded.

Norris removed his hat, and entered a neatly

furnished room. His eyes fell upon a young girl, with brown hair, curling in ringlets on her neck, seated at the piano, and as she raised her dark blue eyes in astonishment at the intrusion, it needed no prophet to tell the young man that the Emily he had left a little girl had grown up to be a handsome, finely formed young woman. At her side stood a good looking man, about Edward's age, dressed in the naval uniform of the United States; but a heavy frown gathered upon his brow as he looked up from the music before him, and saw the entrance of Norris.

Emily did not recognize him; and Ned was about to speak, when the officer whispered to the fair girl, so loud that he overheard every word.

"Who the deuce is that intruding here?" But the lady did not answer, and continued on with her music.

With a cold bow, Ned walked to another part of the room, and taking up a book from the center table, pretended to read, but the subject could not have been very entertaining, for his eyes wandered to the two young musicians very frequently.

"If ye please, sir, the captain wants ye to send up your name, as he is very busy," cried the Irish girl, bursting the door open and interrupting Ned in his literary researches.

"Tell him," replied Ned, with one eye on Emily, "that my name is Edward Norris, and that I have just arrived home from Canton." As the girl disappeared, there was a slight noise at the piano. Ned turned his head, and pretended to be looking at an engraving; but a small, white hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice which sent the blood in torrents to his face, sounded in his ears.

"Why, Edward, do you not remember little Emily? How strange that I should not recollect you! You have grown so tall, too—how black you are—what homely whiskers!"—and the little gipsy stopped to take breath.

"I believe this is Miss Emily Tarbell," said Ned, with most provoking coolness, dropping her extended hand, without giving it so much as a little squeeze.

"To be sure it is. What is the matter with you? Did you bring home a silk shawl for me? You said you would, you know."

"I also promised you a parrot, but I thought I heard one when I came in the house," replied Norris, trying to work himself into the belief that he had been a very ill used man.

"You did hear one—how strange. But excuse my forgetfulness. Allow me to introduce Lieutenant De Hopeful—the same one who came off to us at Valparaiso. Well, what is the matter?"

Both of the young men retained their seats, without offering to advance and shake hands, and as they coolly nodded their heads, and closely scanned each other, with frowning brows and flashing eyes, there was a rivalry springing up between them as to who should possess Emily—the United States Navy against the less pretending merchant service. The lieutenant possessed the smoothest tongue and a well fitting uniform. Ned was the best looking, and he had saved the life of the lady's father.

While Emily stood looking from one to the other, the hoarse voice of the old captain was heard, swearing at the Irish girl for not getting out of the way. The door was thrown open, and in rushed Tarbell, as fast as his old legs could carry him, with slippers and dressing-gown, both very much worn.

"Why, Norris, can this be you? Why did you not write and let me know that you intended to come home? Say something, can't you? Why is the devil don't you speak?" thundered the old fellow, shaking Ned's hand with all his strength, and surveying the young man's well built form with delight.

"I wished to take you by surprise, and I am so glad to see you once more, that I can scarcely find words to express my joy," returned Ned, delighted to see the captain looking so well.

"Well, well, we will talk over every thing in time. You knew Emily, didn't you. She hasn't grown a bit, do you think she has? Come here, you jade, and kiss Ned. Ah, Lieutenant, I didn't know you was in the house. There stands a man that I took to sea with me when he was a boy; but I made a smart sailor of him. If you could have seen him bear me in his arms through the smoke, and then offer to divide his allowance with me when he was starving for the want of food, himself, you would have thought he was smart. Ain't you going to give Ned a kiss, you hussey, hey?"

"I don't think, pa," replied Emily, blushing, and looking at the expectant Ned, "that he deserves one. He would not speak to me after he came into the room, and when I wanted to shake hands he merely reached his fingers out and then drew them back, as though he was afraid I should hurt him. I really believe he is married to one of those horrid Chinese women, and don't consider American ladies worth noticing," and Emily shook back her curls and laughed.

"Nonsense, girl, he wouldn't think of marrying without asking me. He feels a little bashful, the same as I am sometimes, and I like to see it in a young man. Are you going to do as I tell you, hey?" asked the old Captain, looking at his handsome daughter with pride.

"Nay, I will spare Miss Tarbell the trouble of coming to me," and with a malicious look at the lieutenant, Norris arose, and advancing

to where Emily stood, by the side of a table, and quietly put his arm around her waist, and as she raised her head to look at the bold man, he brought his lips in contact with the lady's, and took not only one kiss, but three or four.

There was no appearance of haste in the operation—all was done in the most quiet, gentlemanlike manner; yet the lieutenant thought he was the most clumsy fellow he ever saw, and he wondered how Emily could bear to have such a person near her.

"There, there, sir, I think that will do," cried Emily, breaking away from Ned's arms. "I will never accuse you of coyness again. I hope that you have not been practising how to kiss in China; but you are not near so awkward as you used to be."

At this instant the gallant De Hopeful pleaded an engagement and left, much to Ned's joy, who now, that his rival was out of sight, once more became the social being that he usually was in company.

"Come up stairs, where my sister is. You can stay and practice on that thing," said Tarbell to Emily, pointing to the piano.

"But I have been practicing all the afternoon, father, and I now want to hear Edward's story. I think I should have a vacation the rest of the day, after submitting to such a punishment as you imposed on me. My face burns now where those homely whiskers of Ned's touched the skin," and Emily rubbed her cheek until it looked so pretty that Norris wished her father would make him repeat the operation.

"Well, come along, then. You would have your own way, even if you was married, I believe," grumbled the captain, as he led the party up stairs.

"Here, sister, is a stranger for you. Do you recollect him?"

Mrs. Stone had just come down from her chamber, and had not heard of Edward's arrival. She looked at him for a moment, and then taking his hand, exclaimed—

"Bless me, brother, if it is not Edward Norris. How you have grown—and you are all tanned up. You know, brother, I was saying this morning, at the breakfast table, that there would be a stranger here before night, because I put—"

"Fiddlestick with your old woman's signs—I don't believe a word of it, nor anybody else who has got reason. At sea there is some use in having things foretold, so that a person can prepare; but surrounded as you are on land by doctors and ministers, of what use would they be, hey?"

This was a subject of frequent discussion between the captain and his sister. There could hardly have been two more superstitious people, yet neither would believe the other's signs. The captain contending that sea-faring people were the only class which received favors of the wonderful kind; and Mrs. Stone, stoutly at the idea that a black cat could not tell every thing that was going to happen. Luckily, Emily interfered, and restored harmony.

"Now, Norris, tell us how you succeeded in the East Indies," said the captain, after he had told Mrs. Stone the particulars of his journey and all about his health.

"When I arrived, Mr. Howard instantly gave me a chief officer's berth on board of one of the largest teak built ships that was ever launched at Singapore. I was in her six months, when the captain died, and then I took charge, and carried into Canton one of the most fortunate loads of rice that was ever sold; and so pleased were the owners, that they did not insist upon my continuing as mate, for the remaining six months, but let me have the command, which I kept, without any accident of importance, until I left for this city. Jim was with me as second mate during all the time I was there, but I am afraid he spent his money as fast as he earned it."

"And you have had enough of that kind of work, hey?" said Tarbell.

"I don't know," answered Ned, carelessly. "I liked the life I was leading, and may go back again in a few months," and he looked hard at Emily to see what she would say, but that interesting young lady was coolly curling her hair by running it over her fingers, and did not even appear to have heard him, and the disappointed Norris almost vowed he would go out of spite.

"You won't do no such thing. Spurge and me are going to build a large ship, on a new principle—regular clipper. She will be a beauty. Take one third of her, and you shall be captain. What do you say, hey?" said the old gentleman, rubbing his hands.

"What trade do you intend to put her in?" inquired Ned, reflecting.

"The California and China trade. Of course you have heard of the discovery of the gold mines? ships are in demand—crowded with passengers and freight. There is a fortune to be made at the business. Ezad, if I was not so old, I would make a trip there myself."

"I heard about the gold excitement just before I left China, but I thought it was a device to populate the new territory."

"No humbug about it, Norris. Spurge has got a sample of the gold in payment for some goods he sent out a year ago. Will you go in with us, hey?"

"I will let you know in a day or two, captain. Now, I want to talk with Emily and Mrs. Stone about old times."

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"I should think it was about time to devote some attention to me. But I shall punish you, and leave all three to talk as much as you please, for I have an engagement this evening," said Emily, trying to look indifferent.

"And pray, Miss, where do you think of going this evening?" inquired the captain, crossly. "To the Howard, father, to hear the Seguin. The lieutenant invited me before Edward came. Went you go, and take Aunt, and then Captain Norris will make one of the party."

"I wish the lieutenant would keep himself away, the conceited puppy," muttered the captain. "Ned, you had better go with them, but I shall stay at home, and sister and her husband will keep me company."

"I beg to be excused," said Norris, coldly, beginning to feel jealous again. "I don't wish to intrude where I am not wanted."

"The lieutenant would be delighted to have your company, and I am sure I should," laughed Emily.

But all their persuasions could not induce Ned to go. "Neither would he accept a room Mrs. Stone offered him, and after agreeing to meet Tarbell at Splurge's, the next morning, he tore himself away, and returned to the hotel, as miserable as a man could be."

But when the curtain arose, at the Howard, Norris stood in the lobby watching a very handsome young girl in the boxes, who attracted a great deal of attention, by the simplicity of her attire and the earnest manner in which she was addressed by the officer at her side; and when Norris returned to the hotel, one of his fellow passengers inquired the name of the opera performed; he declared that he had forgotten it, and sat smoking cigars all alone, until the house closed, when he went to bed, and lay thinking about Emily all night, and as morning dawned, he had come to the conclusion not to sneak to her again if he could possibly help it.

The same day, Norris met Tarbell at the store of Splurge, and after some talk, agreed to take a third of the new ship; and in the afternoon, there were hurried preparations going on at the ship-yard in East Boston. The old captain once more found plenty of employment superintending the building.

"Why don't you come up to the house now, Norris?" inquired the old captain, about two weeks after his arrival home. "What is the matter with you, hey?"

"You know it requires somebody here to drive the work all the time, if we want the ship finished before winter," replied Ned, not wishing to give his real reasons.

"They don't work here of nights, do they, hey? Couldn't come evenings, I suppose?" and the captain looked hard at the young man's flushed face.

"I have been busy evenings, reading and visiting new friends."

"And you like new friends better than old, hey?" returned Tarbell, in an offended tone.

"Do not think so, sir. You and Mrs. Stone shall retain the first place in my affections," replied Ned, warmly.

"Well, well, I will not be too hard on you. Young men don't like to sit all the evenings with old fellows like me, and since Emily has given that lieutenant his discharge, I—"

"Has the lieutenant been dismissed?" asked Ned, interrupting Tarbell.

"Why, yes, didn't I tell you about it? He wanted to marry the girl, but she did not care about him, so he has gone off mad. I never liked the fellow; but Emily may have any man she prefers without my interfering."

"To show how much I like old friends, I will come up and take tea with you this evening," replied Ned, eagerly.

"That is right—never hang back. Your reading won't suffer, will it?" Tarbell asked, looking steadily at Norris.

"I'll read after I get home, to make up for lost time," and Ned walked away to meditate.

That evening he was punctual to his appointment, and received a warm welcome from Mrs. Stone and her husband, while the lady was full of inquiries as to what had kept him away so long. Emily made some remarks about his absence, and they all sat down at the table in good spirits; and as soon as Emily had finished drinking tea, Ned asked her to perform a few tunes on the piano; then he had to assist her in arranging the music, while Tarbell sat in the other room, smoking his cigar—his sister was busy about her household duties, and Mr. Stone went back to his store.

"How did you like the opera, the other evening?" asked Emily, during a pause.

"Did you see—that is very—how did you know that I was there?" stammered Ned, at length.

"Because I saw you standing in one of the lobbies, looking as cross at something as a man could look. Perhaps the singing did not please you."

"Oh, yes, it was excellent. I enjoyed myself very much. You also appeared to be pleased."

"Yes, I like opera music very well. I had a very agreeable gentleman for company; but you might have come and spoken to me."

Ned looked at his watch, and said he didn't think it was so late, and arose to go.

"Why need you be in such a hurry?" asked Emily, leaving her music stool and standing before him.

"Oh, yes, it was excellent. I enjoyed myself very much. You also appeared to be pleased."

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"Oh, yes, it was excellent. I enjoyed myself very much. You also appeared to be pleased."

"Yes, I like opera music very well. I had a very agreeable gentleman for company; but you might have come and spoken to me."

but as he turned and looked at the blushing girl, pride gave way, and taking Emily by the hand, he led her to a sofa, and seated himself by her side.

"Emily," he exclaimed at last, "when I went to the East Indies, it was to acquire a fortune sufficient to offer you a home. During all the time that I remained there, the thought of you urged me on to renewed exertions to acquire wealth—when my ship's deck was covered with piratical Chinese, I thought of you, and my arm was strengthened—and when they sued for mercy, I remembered Emily, and their prayers were granted—when presents were bestowed upon me for that service, I accepted them for you; and during the long passage home, I counted the days as they passed slowly away, with impatience, because I was out of your society. In a few months I shall again be upon the ocean, and without your presence a ship will have no charms for me. Can you accept an honest man's hand, hardened and blackened though it may be by toil and exposure, or do you tell me to perform the voyage alone?"

Norris ceased speaking, and awaited the young girl's answer. She sat a moment in deep thought, and then laughed heartily. Surprised, indignant, Ned sprang for the door, but before he opened it, a white hand was laid gently upon his arm, and looking around, he saw Emily's face no longer in smiles.

"You can't bear to be plagued now, can you, Ned?" she softly whispered, and with one arm around her waist, Norris led her back to the sofa.

"Why did you laugh at me?" asked Ned, still keeping one of those little hands clasped tightly in his own brown paw.

"Because you thought a ship would have no charms unless I was aboard, when there are vessels leaving every day, with husbands only too glad to get rid of their wives."

"Yes, but they have no wives like Emily," cried the infuriated Norris.

"And you will not be jealous?"

"No, indeed—jealous of you?"

"And will you cut those homely whiskers off, so they will not scratch my face when you want to kiss me?"

"I will cut my head off if you wish it."

"I will see what kind of a husband you make first, before I request you to do that. There, I didn't ask you to kiss me, so you will please!"

"Hello, I don't hear that thing going," cried Tarbell, coming into the room at this interesting period.

"It is because Ned was explaining something different," cried Emily, getting up and leaving the two men together.

"She is a wild jade, and I don't know what I shall do with her," said Tarbell, looking at the retreating girl.

"I will tell you what to do with her," Ned replied.

"What, let's hear?"

"Give her to me in marriage," and Norris tried to look bold, but couldn't.

"Are you in earnest, hey?"

"Perfectly serious, sir, I assure you."

"Have you asked the girl?" inquired the astonished Captain.

"Yes, sir, and she is willing."

"Then I am, Emily, come here—but no Emily could be found that night.

In three months the new ship "Pass All" was launched, and duly reported in the papers as being the best looking vessel afloat; and then they described how much she had and the dead rise was desecrated upon, the points where she excelled the old-fashioned ships pointed out to view, and many other things, which every body read and nobody understood, excepting ship carpenters, who had grown grey-headed in the business. But what cared the reporters—they had gone all over the craft with note book in hand, and listened to the builders' words, and out they came in print the next morning.

The same night the ship was launched, there was a great lighting up of a house in Bedford street, and Ned arrayed in black coat and pants and white vest, looked very well, but the bride deserved a handsome compliment for the neatness of her dress, which was made of white muslin, high in the neck, without ornaments of any kind, excepting a small rose bud on the bosom; her hair curled prettier than ever, and her eyes grew bright and dim by turns.

Tarbell was in a great state of excitement, and swore at the Irish girl for keeping the minister waiting so long at the door, while Mrs. Stone was uttering prophecies, and declaring the marriage would be happy, because the black cat kept coming into the parlor, when her proper place was the kitchen.

They looked well, Emily and Ned, as they stood before the minister, and repeated the vow that united them for ever. As they seated themselves, after it was over, Ned whispered to the blushing girl something which she would not tell her father, but somebody stood near and overheard it. The substance was this:

"Do you remember the resolve I made one afternoon in the cabin of the Growler, when we were learning our lessons. It is now accomplished—we are married."

A pressure of the hand was all the reply Emily made, but she thought of his promise to buy her a doll, and she wondered whether he would keep it.

At this moment the bell rung, and the Irish girl, who, regardless of Tarbell's cross looks, had been peeping through a crack of the door, announced that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Norris in the sitting room. Ned excused himself from his fair bride, and hastened out to see could possibly want him.

"Do you know me, Edward," said a dark eyed man, with a thin, hatchet-looking face. "I am your uncle Norris."

Old injuries arose in Ned's mind, but he felt too happy to entertain ill feelings against any one just then, so he shook hands with his uncle, and inquired after his aunt Jane.

"Ah, Edward, your sainted aunt has left me for another and better world, I hope. Two years ago she died, leaving me and one child alone in the world," and the hypocrite tried to squeeze out a few tears.

"Have you got married again?" inquired Ned.

"Yes, after living so happily with my first wife, I could not remain single. Besides, my child needed a mother, and a year and a half ago I married a widow who had a little property; but we did not live as comfortable as when you were with us."

"What is the reason?" asked Ned, smiling at his pitiful look.

"Ah, she is of a different temper from my dear Jane. She has ruined me by her extravagance, and when I complained she would lock me out of doors, until I begged her pardon."

"And you submitted to it?" cried the happy bridegroom.

"Not at first. But you have no idea how strong she was in her arms; so I had to give up, and let her do as she pleased. Now I have escaped from her and want to go to California, but have no money to pay my passage."

"I will give you the money," returned Ned, "if you will call on me on board the 'Pass All,' tomorrow morning. I would take you in my ship, but I shall not sail for a month, and you would not like to wait, I suspect."

With a thousand thanks, his uncle took his leave, after declining to go in and see the bride, and the next day he got the money from Ned, and now keeps a bar-room in California, while his wife once more hails as a widow.

It was extremely hard for Tarbell to part with Emily, but he at length gave his consent, and went as far as Boston light in a steamer to see them off, and waved his handkerchief, when he did not require it to blow his nose, until they were out of sight, and eighteen months passed away before the vessel was telegraphed as coming up Boston harbor. As she came alongside the wharf, Tarbell was the first to grasp Norris by the hand and welcome him on his return.

"You will find Emily in the cabin, well and handsomer than ever," said Ned, in answer to the old man's enquiries.

"And how is the boy?" Tarbell asked.

"What boy?"

"Why the boy?"

"You know I didn't take any boy with me," replied Ned, astonished at the old man's inquiries.

"And do you pretend to tell me," thundered the old gentleman, "that I haven't got a grandson yet, hey?"

"I am afraid, father, such is the case,—but there is no knowing what may happen shortly."

"The men are not what they were in my young days," muttered Tarbell, as he entered the cabin and gave Emily a warm greeting.

Ned did not make another voyage, but soon after his return went into partnership with Splurge & Co., and now lives in the city with his pretty wife. The old captain resides with them, and on warm, pleasant days, he can be seen on State street, between the hours of twelve and two, inquiring the price of stocks and the news from California.

The gallant Lieutenant De Hopefull is still in the navy, and we recently saw his name reported among the list of officers attached to a sloop-of-war, in the Pacific. He is not married yet, but undoubtedly will be when he returns home, if he can find a lady to suit his fastidious taste.

Poor Redman's wife was well taken care of by the captain, upon his return after the shipwreck. In two or three years time, she married again, but took a landsman for her second choice. He now lives at East Boston, with a large family of young children.

The story we have related is not fiction, but reality. Many an old salt will recollect Captain Tarbell, who sailed out of Boston for so many years; and the lawyers will easily recognize the portrait of a man who paid them so liberally upon his first going to sea as captain.

Good. A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied, "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day I must do that the very first thing, and in an hour. After it was done, I was allowed to play, and I could play with much more pleasure than if the thought of an unfinished task obtruded upon my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in time, and it soon became perfectly easy for me to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy read this go and do likewise.

The time was when our republic was divided into two great political parties—the conservative and radical,—which under the names of Federal and Republican, and subsequently of Whig and Democratic, alternately obtained power and carried out measures in accordance with their respective principles. But these are matters of the past, and history has enrolled upon her records the peculiarities of each;—Now there is no such thing as a party which truly represents either the conservative or the radical element. All is agitation and confusion. People are driven hither and thither, seeking any clique or faction which may promise to accord to the greatest extent with their predilections.

In this search most people are likely to be disappointed. The principles of the Know Nothings, the dominant party of Massachusetts, are as yet undefined. Abroad, it is supposed they will ignore the element of free soil which enters so largely into the composition of their ranks. This we deem impossible, although we are not surprised at anything which may take place in politics. But of this we are certain, that if their accessions from the free soilers are driven from the party, they will be reduced to a minority, notwithstanding the overwhelming vote which they polled at the late Gubernatorial canvass.

On the other hand, if they retain and cater to the free soil proclivities of many of their adherents, they will diminish the chance of success for their Presidential candidate in 1856. Already the local representatives of the new party, with this fact in view, have given Free Soil the go-by in their public efforts, and some of the party in our Commonwealth acquiesce. But the Free Soil feeling in Massachusetts is yet much too strong to permit our next Legislature to be silent upon the subject. They must either follow the example of Mr. Banks in reference to it, or declare their views upon the matter. Such declaration can hardly be avoided when the Legislature shall proceed to the choice of an United States Senator, which they must do, at an early period of the session.

Whatever Know Nothingism may do in a national point of view, the party in Massachusetts cannot afford to surrender their views in favor of human freedom. And whether the party, as such, could afford it, one half at least of its members will not, and therefore the ignoring process is wholly impracticable. Upon this point our Know Nothing friends must be extremely wary. If they surrender American principles for the gratification of politicians who have enrolled themselves in their ranks, they will find their recent brilliant achievements entirely eclipsed by the total darkness which will succeed.

We know that the leading distinctive feature of the Know Nothings is opposition to what they fancy the secular influence exerted by the Roman Catholic Church. But the new party has much else to do than the development of this dogma. It will be obliged to enact laws and carry out measures in behalf of human liberty, the rights of the masses; the protection of human labor, the succor of poverty and the thousand other subjects which become the material of State legislation. It will be difficult, with inexperienced legislators, to do justice to many of these matters, but the people will excuse short comings only when the heart is discovered to be right and the head to execute to the best of its ability.

The Know Nothings have as fine an opportunity as ever presented itself, for ensuring permanence to their party. This, however, can only be done by a thorough devotion to the right, according to the highest intellectual standard of the age through which we are passing. Compromises have justly grown into disfavor, and no party is now obliged to make any compromises whatever. All have been repealed by the passage of the Nebraska Bill, and the field is now fair for the adoption of a grand, independent, correct course, which shall stand the severest logic of moral criticism.

Have the new party the moral courage to attempt this? Have they men of sufficient stamina to carry it out? These are the questions which are attracting the attention of everybody. The progressives of the age are looking with alternate hope and fear to the first movements of our next Legislature. They hope the right will be the pole star which will rise upon the Know Nothings at their advent, and guide them through their legislative career. They fear that unprincipled politicians may seduce them into measures of what they call political expediency, and thus ensure their ultimate, if not speedy destruction. Let the fate of all previous aberrations from the right admonish them in time, and let them beware how they trifle with truth, justice or humanity.

A CHILD'S PRAYER. On New Year's night, writes a correspondent, I chanced to hear a little girl, scarcely old enough to lip the words, say her evening prayer. It was after the manner: Now I lay me down—"Does Santa Klaus come every night, mother?"—"to sleep, I pray—"Did Auntie give me the red doll or the black one?"—"The Lord, my soul to keep. And if I—"Mother, don't you think Santa Klaus was very good to me so many presents?"—"die, before I wake, I pray the Lord—"Mother, does Santa Klaus come down the chimney?"—"my soul to take."

Education and Instruction.

Most of the community use the two leading words of the caption to this article as synonyms. This is entirely erroneous. Education is the evolving of the natural powers, and thereby fitting the individual to act wisely and well upon every emergency. Instruction is the communication of facts, theories or events to an individual. One, therefore, may be instructed without being educated—but educated without instruction he cannot be, for in the evolution of his natural powers he necessarily works upon external facts and objects, and simultaneously with his mental expansion derives instruction.

The same mistake occurs when we confound the terms, learned men and educated men. We have hosts of the former, but very few of the latter. Half the community are crammed under our common school system and its sequence, the lecture room, with all kinds of facts and theories. But not one in ten can use any of these facts or theories with any practical effect. The reason is plain. They are learned—that is they have been taught a multitude of things, and perhaps the relations between them, but their minds have never been drawn out, *educati*, educated. They know enough as to the material world and its objects, but they do not know how to apply what they know to the purposes of life. When they are placed in emergencies which demand prompt and vigorous action, they fail—they are simply learned fools.

This kind of fools is much too common, and the fact that they really know a little is an insuperable barrier to their education. They mistake the end and aim of life. When they have instruction, at great cost of time, expense and exertion, they enter the arena of active life. They meet an opponent, who, compared with them, has had no instruction, and they are vanquished at once. They forget or cannot comprehend that while they have been instructed by others, their opponent has been educating himself. While they have been gathering facts and framing theories thereon, half of which are useless, and nine-tenths inapplicable to their condition and needs in life, their antagonist has been busying himself in verifying a few rules of action which have given him an irresistible power.

These considerations should lead us to pay some attention to the prospects of the young. We send children to school for instruction. They get it. It would be better to educate them. The community is not sufficiently advanced for this. To instruct a child is to cram him with the elements of knowledge, to be used well or ill as his organization proclivities may afterwards dictate. To educate him is to lead him to do the best thing at the right time, and in the easiest manner. No amount of instruction will do this, for we can never be certain that the boy will know how to use aright the elemental knowledge he has acquired, and without knowing how to use this, he is not educated.

We have plenty of instructors in the community, but few educators. Almost anybody can communicate to another what he knows; but very few can prepare the recipient to make the best use of that which is communicated. Educators, the community want; of instructors there is a superabundance. If those who have the care of children could read their peculiar organizations and tendencies, and supply that aliment and that only which would carry out the designs of nature, we should have more educated people. But there is nobody to do this. The parents cannot, for nineteen twentieths of them have no conception that their child possesses an organization peculiarly his own; and those parents who have an inkling of this, do not know what course to pursue in order that the natural aptitude of their child may be developed and expanded. The school teacher cannot do it, for he, in common with the parent, thinks that all children should be subjected to the same course of instruction, and the school committee men endorse this idea. What marvel then, that children are like parrots, repeating what has been taught them, but without any comprehension as to the uses to which their instruction is to be applied.

We wish we could point to a single school among us where children are educated, as well as instructed—that is—where the constitutional proclivities of the child are first consulted, and then instruction given to develop his nature in the best manner. Some few parents do this with their children at home. In a crowded school it cannot be done, for no teacher can do justice to an hundred or more pupils where he must consult the natural development of each. Therefore the school is not the place to acquire an education. Instruction may there be gathered, but the young man must emerge into practical life, and there, by collision with his fellows, receive a demonstration of the uselessness of half he has learned to the purposes of life, and be led to evolve from within that stamina of character which years of instruction had never reached, and which the teacher had never suspected the existence of. Then the young man becomes educated, and ascertains the defects of our mode of instruction.

IN A VERY BAD WAY. "Why, you seem quite wretched, Frank." "Wretched, my boy! Ah, you may imagine, how wretched I am, when I tell you I don't even care how my trousers are made."

Second Assembly of the Almacks.

Beacon Hill, Tremont street, Summer street, and in fact all Japonica dom in this region were gathered together at Union Hall, on Thursday evening last, on the occasion of the Second Almack Assembly for the season. The night was dark and moist and rather warm, resembling very much that on which the initial ball for the season was given by the magnates of fashion.

The assemblage was, notwithstanding, still larger than the first—still more brilliant. The music by the Germania Serenade Band, assisted by several members of the Orchestral Union, making twenty-four in all, was quite equal to that on the first night of the Almacks. The balconies, chandeliers, mirrors, &c., were garlanded with evergreens and camellias, in the most tasteful manner, by Hovey & Co., as before. Two enormous flower stands, between the principal mirrors, were used for the display of some of the finest camellias we have yet seen this season, raised by Mr. Hovey expressly for the occasion. A new and very pleasing feature of the decorations was a basket of rare and beautiful flowers, suspended beneath each of the brackets on the walls, which support the side gas burners. These richly freighted baskets formed the most charming ornaments that could be devised.

It is in general, a dangerous experiment to bring female beauty in competition with flowers, as women of no more than ordinary attractions are liable to suffer in the comparison, but the Almacks with a charming audacity array their beautiful daughters in proximity to the most beautiful flowers. Their temerity was entirely justifiable on Thursday evening. Nothing can detract from the beauty of flowers, but we can safely aver that a host of ladies were present who did not suffer in the comparison with the rarest products of the florist.

The following is the order of dances printed on a folio card bound with satin ribbon:—

1 March,	Aurora,	Josef Gungl.
2 Quadrille,	Orpheus,	Strauss.
3 Quadrille,	Militair,	Strauss.
4 Redowa Polka,	Sumner,	Bergmann.
5 Quadrille,	Martha,	Strauss.
6 Waltz,	Romanitiker,	Launer.
7 Quadrille,	La Favorita,	Schulze.
8 Polka,	Hyacinthen,	Josef Gungl.
9 Quadrille,	Le Dr. Isambart,	Musard.
10 Waltz,	Helenen,	Strauss.
11 Quadrille,	Newport Season,	Zerahn.
12 Redowa Polka,	Lotie,	Bergmann.
13 Quadrille,	Jubel,	Strauss.
14 Schottisch,	Kleddradatsch,	Bergmann.
15 Quadrille,	Mode,	Strauss.
16 Waltz,	Sohen,	Labitzky.
17 Quadrille,	Charivari,	Strauss.

GERMAN COTILLON.

We have never witnessed a more brilliant spectacle than the Hall presented when the poetry of motion began under the inspiring influences of the music of the splendid orchestra. If a second Orpheus had arisen and by his magic power charmed a whole garden of exotic flowers into motion and they were tripping delightful measures in that gay saloon, the sight would hardly have been more pleasing.

At first, however, we were sad and did not enjoy the scene with half the zeal of the previous evening. The managers were more attentive than ever, and many of the beautiful ladies paid our report of the first assembly the most flattering compliments, exerting themselves to please us in the most gratifying manner, but all was of no avail to dispel the dejection which had oppressed us from the first. The blandishments of some of the fairest belles had no effect. Neither the music nor the "elastic laughter sweet" of the angelic creatures, could not charm away this demon that oppressed us. There is a skeleton in every house, there is a skeleton every where else—our skeleton that evening was a little mendicant boy who assailed us as we were about to enter the Hall, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, besought us to buy a tooth-pick. Upon asking the cause of his distress he burst into a flood of brine, and replied that he was crying "because he could not sell out." We did not know whether the little wretch was a bogus beggar or not, but purchased his tooth-picks and rushed into the Almack's, almost overturning Mr. Peck, the affable doorkeeper, in our progress. Whether the boy was trained by cruel parents to counterfeit distress or not, his case was a pitiful one, and the practical illustration of "fashion and famine" a wakeful unpleasant thought.

We had a great mind to show the tooth-picks to Mrs. —, who had two thousand dollars worth of diamonds on her head and neck, and tell her the story. But reflecting a moment that she was not to blame for being rich nor yet for the miserable child's poverty, we jingled the tooth-picks and thought about the supper.

The floor of the hall had been waxed on the previous day—and was rather slippery. Some of the ladies called for chalk to give them a foothold. What a sensation it gave us to hear those divinities asking for chalk for their slippers! We could have hardly been more startled by hearing a real angel call for some goose oil to grease his wings. The dancing went on with the greatest animation until supper was announced. And such a supper as Bailey had provided, cooked by the indefatigable Gori! No person who participated in that banquet scene could have been frightened by the ghost of Hard Times for some hours at least.

The tables were arranged somewhat different from the former occasion, in the form of two crescents. Upon the outer ends were immense vases containing immense bouquets furnished by Curtis & Lincoln, Horticulturists. In the centre, between the tables, was a flower stand, loaded with the rarest and most beautiful flowers, reaching to the ceiling of the hall. We must confess that the supper and its exhilarating accompaniments drove the beggar boy out of our head, and we hob-nobbed with the belles as gaily as if famine had never pinched the cheek of mortal man.

The dancing was resumed after supper, and kept up with spirit until nearly four o'clock, when the company separated highly pleased with this magnificent festival.

A small number of the choice spirits among the gentlemen remained, however, when the lights were fled the garlands dead, &c., and at their earnest solicitation we joined them, and made a night of it. To confess the truth, we might have been heard at eight o'clock, A. M., singing "We won't go home till morning."

We would renew our acknowledgments to the gentlemanly managers of the Almacks, to whose politeness we have been indebted for a few of the most pleasant moments of our existence.

The proper times of day for religious worship.

As the summer is approaching, it may be as well, in season, to say a few words as to the time of day appropriated, on Sundays, for divine worship in our churches. Most of our churches are open for religious services on Sunday, twice, and some of them three times. It may be well enough to have two services in the same church on the Lord's day, but there is hardly a conceivable case where three services should be tolerated.

And when there are services twice a day, one of those, especially in the summer time, should never be held in the afternoon. Services at 11 A. M., and 7-12 P. M. are quite sufficient, and these are the best hours for the purpose. When there is a 3 P. M. service it is never attended by a wide awake audience, and it is imposing a great hardship upon children to make them attend afternoon service, particularly if they have been obliged to go to Sunday School as part of their Sunday routine.

Our neighbors all around us are much wiser than ourselves in this respect. Afternoon meetings have been growing into disuse for the last dozen years; and none of our sister cities of any magnitude now think of having anything like a general turnout on Sunday afternoons. And in our own churches on a hot afternoon in summer, the *tout ensemble* is frequently worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth. You can perceive solemn countenances, surmounted by closed eyes and a vibrating forehead, in almost every pew—unless so restless that they plague the lives out of their mothers—parents who can keep awake fretting themselves because of the drowsiness of a mate or the uneasiness of a child—all, of every age and condition, demonstrating that home is a much more fitting place for them than the meeting house.

We know that there are some who attend church three times on Sundays, and who probably would attend nine times were there so many services. But such people, as a general rule, gain nothing by their frequent attendances. Without the ability to digest one sermon a week, three upon a Sunday completely stupify them. They have been to meeting, they say, and thus they conclude their religious duties have been discharged. And so they have, if the quantity of words which have been spoken in their presence is the criterion of religious worship. But if what they have inwardly digested and made a part of their lives is the rule, then these continual church goers are the least religious persons who frequent our sanctuaries.

We took occasion last summer to admonish upon the practice pursued by fond, weak, foolish or ostentatious mothers in bringing their children of three years of age and less, Sunday after Sunday, and frequently in the afternoons of that day, to church. Such children would keep their mothers in a continual fidget during the whole of the services, disturb every body in their vicinity who had any desire to profit by the religious exercises, and annoy every body who was in the same pew with them.

A mother is pardonable for carrying a young child with her to church upon a Sunday afternoon, *once*. But after such a result as we have portrayed she is unpardonable, if she carries it a second time. It would be much better if she would attend church herself in the forenoon, and devote the afternoon to teaching her infantile offspring at home. At any rate, she has no right to disturb a whole congregation on Sunday afternoons, time after time, under pretence of caring for the religious development of her child. The child cannot be improved by that which is irksome to it, and the practice only demonstrates the folly of the mother.

Those who desire to attend upon the sanctuary three times on a Sunday had better adopt the following mode:—Let the parents attend the forenoon services, leaving the younger children at home. Let the afternoon, at church, be devoted to Sunday school exercises, which all the children could attend with as many of their parents as might choose. At these afternoon exercises in summer let the sun be excluded from the meeting house and the air be freely admitted through venetian blinds. Let there be no such rigid constraints as to silence and fixedness of position in these afternoon exercises as are necessary in the regular church services; and let the pastor or some of the Sunday school teachers, as part of the afternoon performance; address, extemporaneously, the parents and pupils.

Then, at 7 in the evening, when the weather has become comparatively cool, let those who desire it, attend the second regular church service of the day. By this last named hour, if they had become drowsy from a too hearty dinner they will have had time to get awake; and then the labors of the clergyman can be performed with much more satisfaction than though he were preaching to a sleepy afternoon audience.

We believe the plan we propose will provide for all classes, much better than at present, viz.: by regular services at 11 A. M. and 7-12 P. M., and by an afternoon meeting at 3, for Sunday school exercises for the young, and an extemporaneous address

for the pupils and such adults as might choose to attend. And the evening service might also be profitably dispensed with if those who attend the morning services would give proper attention to those services and devote the evening at home to colloquial exercises upon the themes presented. We believe that the most devout of our readers will coincide with our suggestions, upon reflection, and as to the sinners, we do not suppose that anything, which might be said, would get them to church, even once upon a Sunday.

MRS. WOOD'S BENEFIT. The charming comedienne and vocalist, Mrs. Wood, was complimented last evening by a \$1450 audience, and a diamond bracelet and ring valued at \$400. The audience was very enthusiastic, and the performances went off with great eclat. At the end of the statue scene from the Invisible Prince, which is, by the way the most perfect tableau of the kind we ever witnessed, Mrs. Wood was called before the curtain and was attended by Mr. Barry, who said:—

Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to solicit your attention a few moments, while I execute a commission entrusted to me by a few proprietors of this theatre. [Great applause.]

Mr. Barry then turned to Mrs. Wood, and said:

Madam:—Accept from a few of the stockholders of this theatre this beautiful bracelet and this ring, set with diamonds and other precious jewels, [cheers] as a testimonial of their appreciation of your character both as an actress and a woman. [Applause.] You have won the gift nobly, and you may wear it proudly, as a proof that female virtue, when crowned with modesty and talent, will always be rewarded by the approbation of the patrons of this brilliant establishment.—I beg leave to tender it to you with my best wishes for your personal happiness and prosperity. [Rapturous applause.]

Mrs. Wood responded thus:

Ladies and gentlemen—How can I express to you my grateful thanks for this crowning tribute of your approbation? [Applause.] Words, with me, are ineffectual to-night, and I cannot express the gratitude I feel. [Applause.] Since I have been in your city, I have been treated with the most bountiful hospitality. I have ceased to be a stranger, and feel this to be my home. [Applause.] You will please to believe that all that a grateful heart can feel on such an occasion as this, I feel, and if I fail to express the emotions which animate me now, attribute that failure to the tongue only.

Thus saying, she bowed gracefully and retired amid a shower of bouquets, flower crowns and other devices.

The bracelet is a magnificent affair. In the centre is a large opal, surrounded by rows of diamonds; and the ring also is a magnificent article of jewelry. We give below the letter to manager Barry, requesting him to make the presentation:

Boston, Feb. 25, 1855.
Thomas Barry, Esq., Dear Sir:—A few of the stockholders of the Boston Theatre are unwilling that the occasion of Mrs. John Wood's benefit should pass without some testimonial on their part of the high appreciation of her merits. She appeared on your stage a stranger, unheralded and unsupported by any transatlantic fame. Her uniform and successful efforts to please, make her one of the bright particular stars in your brilliant constellation. Be kind enough to present to her, on our behalf, the accompanying Diamond Bracelet and Ring, with our best wishes for her future happiness and prosperity, and the sincere hope that she may long continue with us.

Accept, dear sir, our best wishes for your own success and the continued prosperity of your beautiful theatre.

We remain, dear sir, truly your friends.
Mrs. Wood was serenaded at the Winthrop House after the performances at the theatre were over.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE. English papers mention the suicide of a Mr. Roystone, who, ten years ago, was worth 150,000 pounds sterling, which he has since squandered in the gratification of his appetite. He had agents in China, Mexico, Canada, and other places to supply him with the rarest delicacies—and a single dish, sometimes, cost him fifty pounds. At length, on the 15th of last April, nothing was left him but a solitary guinea, a shirt and a battered hat. He bought a woodcock with the guinea, which he had served up in the highest style of the culinary art. He gave himself two hours for an easy digestion, and then jumped into the Thames, from Westminster bridge.

The Few.

I care not for the "coming man,"
Nor fear the coming woman!
The one who does the best he can,
He is the great—the true man,
They are but few.

No "lower crust," no "upper ten"—
No "upper tennant" know they—
No rank at all but rank of men,
Just 'neath the angels show they—
The lofty few.

Condemned unheard, misunderstood,
They glide along the valley,
Few know the good they do—or would—
Around whom angels rally;
The unknown few.

How still they move! the noisy world
Goes round as if without them;
From fortune's wheel they're often whirled
With scarce a shroud about them;
The suffering few.

Some drag diseases length'ning chains
Some chafe with vain endeavor,
And some live down a life long pain
Triumphant late—forever!
Victorious few.

I care not for mighty man;
I worship not the many,
Contented with the lowly span
That gains me love of any;
The loving few.

THE OLD QUEEN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

In a small but magnificent cabinet of Hampton Court, sat Elizabeth, the stern old monarch of England. Upon her forehead—darkening the furrows of age—a frown lowered ominously. Her eyes were vivid in their expression, and her thin lips clung together with the tenacity of stern and long endured passion—the iron passion of age, in which there is so much pain.

Around her was everything beautiful and costly enough to gratify even her queenly pride and fastidious taste; hangings of rare old tapestry—cushions glowing with crimson and gold—ebony tables carved to a network and woven over with gold, supporting vases and caskets of the same precious metal, in which the royal jewels were occasionally flung—birds of paradise, preserved in all the brilliancy of their flowing plumage—and many a rare curiosity from the East filled the royal cabinet. A Persian carpet, gorgeous with arabesque and flowers, covered a small portion of the floor, and upon this stood the great ebony chair, cushioned with purple velvet, in which the old queen was seated. The light from a large crystal window fell upon her wrinkled brow, shaded, not by the cold and wintry gray of age, but with false ringlets of sunny gold, surmounted by a small crown. Over her bowed but still majestic figure a robe of glowing crimson fell, wave after wave, till it lay a mass of mingled velvet, ermine and jewels, over the cushion on which her foot was pressed. Her withered neck, and the small pale hand, that rested on the arm of her chair, were one blaze of jewels that only kindled up the ravages of time they were intended to conceal. Before her stood a small cabinet of silver, encrusted with a mosaic of precious stones, whereupon lay a jewelled pen and a roll of vellum that seemed to have been freshly written upon.

Everything in the palace seemed moving on with the slow and regular magnificence that always surrounded the Queen. Through an open door which led to the ante-chamber of her withdrawing-room, several pages and yeomen of the guard, in their crimson vestments and golden roses, were moving about with the listless and indifferent air of persons on easy duties. Beyond, might be seen the maids of honor and ladies in attendance, gliding through the gorgeous apartments with that hushed and reverential manner which always bespoke their close neighborhood to royalty. But now even more than usual silence prevailed among the high-born beauties. Many a wistful glance was cast through the open door, and the color paled on each fair cheek, as the old Queen sat with that stern frown upon her features, gazing upon the roll of parchment that her minister Cecil, had just brought for her signature. She reached forth her hand, took up the parchment and slowly unrolling it, began to read. The light lay broad upon her face—and those who gazed upon it, saw that a slight change fell upon her features. Some memory seemed busy with her heart—and, heaving a deep sigh, she laid the parchment down upon the cabinet; and while her hand rested on the edge, allowed it to roll together again, while she fell into a deep thought.

All at once Elizabeth seemed to remember that she was not entirely alone. The form that had been gradually bowed as with oppressing thought, was straightway uplifted. She turned her eagle eyes upon the door, and rising, swept across the room, and closed it with her own hand. And now her aged features were sorely troubled; alternate flashes of fierce passion, and tenderness that seemed almost as wild, shot from her eyes. Great emotion swept aside the infirmities of age for a moment, and she paced the floor of her cabinet with a quick and imperious tread that had been so conspicuous in her first queenly days.

"Why is he thus stubborn?" she muttered, clasping her hands, and then dashing them apart, as if ashamed of the feminine act. "He has the ring!—he has the ring, and yet sends it

not! To save his own life, will he not bend that stubborn will—and to his Queen, his loving, too loving mistress?" These words seemed to overwhelm the haughty woman with recollections of the past; a tear started to her eye, and with something of lofty pride, she added—"But if the loss of our love and favor bowed him not, what can be hoped from the fear of death? Is that stronger than—than—" Elizabeth did not finish the sentence, but sinking into her chair, pressed one hand over her eyes, and tears gushed through the jewels that burned upon it.

And Elizabeth gave free course to the tears, that she might indulge in secret without detriment to her queenly pride; for that moment she was all the woman—a weak, trembling disappointed old woman—in whose wrung heart tenderness had conquered pride. Essex, the petted favorite—the lover of her age—it was his death-warrant that her counsellors had laid before

her. The pen was ready; the deathly black ink welled to the top of her golden standish; the vellum was before her, and lacked nothing but the royal signature. She arose, and while her hands and face were wet with tears, snatched up the scroll with a burst of passionate feeling, and trampled it under her foot.

"May thy Queen perish with thee, Essex—my best, last beloved—if her hand touches this death-paper!" she cried, in a voice that reached the ante-room. "What if thy proud stomach does refuse to send the token—Elizabeth can forgive the pride her favor has fostered. The lowest man may take life, but mercy is a royal prerogative. Let them gibe, if they dare, and say that the Queen could not shed the blood of him she loved. Ha! what intrusion is this?" she added, crushing the vellum beneath her foot, and dashing aside the tear that hung on her cheek. "Who dares thus force themselves on our privacy?"

As she spoke, Elizabeth drew herself up with more than legal majesty, and awaited the approach of two females dressed in deep mourning, who came tremblingly toward her; one, a tall and beautiful woman, in the full bloom and summer of life, but pale from emotion, and trembling like an aspen leaf, in every delicate limb, seemed to grow desperate as she met the eagle eyes of the Queen; clasping her hands with a sort of wild and timid grace, she sprang forward and fell at Elizabeth's feet.

"My Lady of Essex, here—here in our very presence!—and you also, Lady Blunt—or Leicester—or Essex—for of your many husbands, dame, we are puzzled to know whose name be- seems you. Have you not both received our command not to approach the court?"

"We did receive it, most gracious Lady—most august Queen," cried the elder female, kneeling by her young and beautiful daughter-in-law, and speaking with that subdued and touching pathos that seems born of the troubled waters in a heart that has been long in breaking. "We did receive it; but despair has made us bold. God, in His mercy, touch your heart in our behalf—for we have no hope save in this disobedience!"

The thin lips of Elizabeth Tudor curled with a cruel and haughty smile. Her rivals—the two rivals of her youth and of her age—were at her feet. The widow of Leicester, her first favorite—the wife of Essex, her last. Ah, how cruelly her heart exulted in the triumph of that moment! how hard and stern it grew with thought of revenge! An oath broke from her, and she replied, with bitter violence:

"Then in this disobedience let hope perish!"

"Oh, say not so, great Queen—say not so!" cried the Countess of Essex, lifting her beautiful face from the floor, where it had fallen, in the bitter anguish of her first repulse. "He has been rash—headstrong; but there is not in all England a heart more loyal, nor one that loves your august person so truly."

"Ay," replied Elizabeth, with a bitter sneer, "he proved it by wedding with thy baby face!" "That he had never seen it!" cried the beautiful woman, in a passion of bitter anguish, and burying the reviled features in her hands—for she saw that their very loneliness pleaded against her. "God help me!—I know not how to plead his cause! Will nothing save him?—Great Queen, will nothing save him?"

Again that face was lifted from the clasped hands, and the mass of golden ringlets in which it had been for a moment buried. Oh, how piteous, how full of sorrow, were those deep blue eyes, those tender and tremulous lips!

The old Queen shook off the passionate grasp which the wretched woman had fixed upon her garments, and drawing back, bent her keen and disdainful eyes on the poor suppliant, but she made no answer; and Lady Essex read her fate too truly in those stern features. Her hands dropped, and her head sunk forward on her bosom, from which the last gleam of hope had gone forth.

And now the widow of Leicester—the mother of Essex—grew desperate in her anguish. As Elizabeth turned from the lovely form of her last rival to the faded beauty of Essex's mother, a shade of more gentle feeling stole over her face. In those sad and withered features there was nothing to excite envy, or outrage her own self-love. If Elizabeth was old, the suppliant at her feet had also outlived all the bloom and brightness of youth, and a bitter sorrow added its pallor to the marks that time had left.

"And you," said Elizabeth, "methought years ago the Countess of Leicester was informed that her presence would at all times be unwelcome to Elizabeth Tudor."

"I have come," said the Countess, in a voice of meek humility, pathetic with sorrow, but how unlike the passionate grief of Lady Essex! "I have come, knowing that my presence must always be hateful to your Highness."

"And why hateful, pray?" cried the Queen, with a haughty sneer.

"Alas, I know not; for I have ever been an humble and loving subject,—a—a—"

The poor lady paused, for there was something in the Queen's eye that warned her not to tread upon the ground of difference that existed between them. She bent her forehead till it almost touched Elizabeth's feet, and her demeanor was full of humility.

"I know, your Highness, I know that with this bent form and aching heart I am no longer deemed worthy of that displeasure which sent the most faithful and loyal subject that ever Queen had, to his grave, and now threatens all that is left to me—my last husband and noble son—with a darker death. Oh, that I could but die to save them! How willingly would I be stricken down here at your Majesty's feet!"

There was something in this speech that seemed to move the old Queen. The angry expression of her mouth relaxed a little, and turning her eyes away, she seemed to meditate.

"Oh, Lady, look on me! Am I not sufficiently bereaved?" cried the mother of Essex, sweeping back the raven hair from her temples, where many a silver thread was woven. "My youth was clouded by your displeasure. Must its blight press me to the grave? If so, let me perish, but save my son!"

Still the Queen seemed to ponder; she evidently heard nothing that her rival was saying.

"I was his mother," continued the unhappy woman, "and loved him as only a mother can love. Yet, when he found favor with your Highness—when I saw that his heart was lured by your generous condescension, till even his own mother was as nought, compared to the worship which he lavished upon his Queen, I rejoiced in the sacrifice, and surrendered him willingly—but to death, oh, not to death! Great Queen, say that he is not rendered up to that! It were a cruel return for such love."

Elizabeth was now greatly disturbed; she withdrew her garments gently from the suppliant's grasp, and sat down. Once more the woman grew strong against the Queen.

"Your son was a traitor," she said, "taken with arms in his hands—he has had a fair trial, and death is but justice!"

"He loved you, lady, and your continued displeasure drove him mad!" pleaded the mother, searching eagerly for some shadow of hope in the dim eyes of Elizabeth. "When you condemn him, I can but answer—he was guilty, but he loved you beyond all earthly things."

"Beyond all earthly things!" cried the Queen, turning her eyes upon the Countess of Essex, who still knelt upon the carpet, pale and hopeless.

The wretched young Countess lifted her eyes at these words, and a mournful smile crossed her lips.

"Spare but his life," she said, "and I will never see him more—I can give him up—but not to the block—oh God—not to the block!" and, shuddering from head to foot, she sank to her old position again.

The Queen glanced at her with a sort of impatient motion of the head, and then turning to her cabinet, took up a slip of parchment, and wrote upon it. "Take this," she said, reaching it toward the elder Countess; "it is an order for your admission to the Tower. Go and see your son."

The Countess of Essex almost sprang to her feet, but sunk down again as she met the stern eyes of Elizabeth, who, remarking the eager joy that sparkled over her face, coldly added: "Go and see your son—but go alone, and when you leave the Tower, come back hither, and then our answer to your prayer shall be given!"

The Dowager Countess took the order, and cast a supplicating glance from the face of the tortured young wife—which was pale and wild with sudden emotions—to that of the Queen.

"The Lady Essex will remain here," she said, with cruel deliberation, and a grim smile crept over her mouth as she marked the air of keen disappointment with which the poor creature watched her mother-in-law as she rose to depart.

"Oh, for sweet mercy's sake, let me go with her," cried the agonized wife, as her companion in misery moved toward the door. Mother—mother—plead for me."

"Go!" said the Queen, sternly, waving her hand. "The Countess of Essex will await you here."

Still upon her knees, the unhappy wife of Essex watched her mother-in-law as she opened the door and disappeared. Her lips were parted, and her eyes grew wild and eager like those of a newly-prisoned bird, when he seeks to dart through the wires of his cage. The Queen watched her narrowly, and that cold smile deepened around her lips. She found inhuman satisfaction in the torture which she was inflicting on the young and suffering wife whom Essex had dared to marry against her own imperious will. The humble position which the suppliant dared not change, unbidden, even if weakness had not chained her to the floor—the look of keen disappointment that settled on her eloquent face, were all sources of cruel pleasure to the iron-hearted Elizabeth. Her revenge on the

youth and beauty that had won the love of Essex from herself, seemed almost perfect. Notwithstanding his contumacy and his pride, she could have pardoned him then, but for the thought that her clemency must re-unite him to that beautiful young wife.

For some considerable time, Elizabeth sat fostering her revengeful jealousy in silence. Lady Essex had almost fallen upon the floor, and cowered, rather than knelt, at her enemy's feet. She seemed withered to the heart by the cruel scorn with which her petition for mercy had been received.

At last the Queen arose, and entered her bed-chamber, into which the cabinet opened. With her, all struggle was ended; she had resolved how to act, and left the room with a slow but imperious tread, leaving the poor wife faint and heart-sick with suspense.

Half an hour after, the Queen was in her audience chamber, receiving some foreign ambassadors with more than her usual elaborate courtesy; but the reception soon became wearisome, and her heart grew heavy beneath its weight of jewels. She had offered Essex a last chance for life. Would his pride yield? Would he take advantage of his mother's visit to forward the ring that she had given him years before, as a pledge, that, in any extremity, she would be merciful to him? She began to fear that he might still hold out—that his haughty pride would bend only beneath the keen edge of the axe. Then another doubt entered her heart and fired it with fierce passions again. What if Essex no longer possessed the ring? What if he had parted with her gift as a love-token to some other woman? This doubt became insupportable; and, as she stood there in all the pomp of her regal state, it fastened on her like a bird of prey; she could not shake it off; and when Elizabeth retired to her closet hours after, she was almost as much an object of compassion as the wretched woman whom she had forgotten there.

The Countess of Essex had been long in that gorgeous little room all the time that Elizabeth was occupied with her court. The torturing suspense of each miserable hour as it crept by, no pen can describe. She had neither strength nor courage to go away, and seating herself upon one of the crimson chairs, remained motionless and heart-sick, waiting for her destiny.

It came at last, for the old Queen entered her cabinet, having dismissed her ladies in waiting, at the door. She too was suffering the stern torture of suspense, and had come there for rest and solitude. The unhappy Countess arose as she saw the Queen. Her clasped hands dropped meekly downwards, and her lips grew pallid, as she was preparing herself for some cruel taunt, some bitter sneer, from the royal lips.

But if Elizabeth could have found it in her heart to increase the affliction that oppressed the poor suppliant, she had no time for such cruelty. Scarcely had she reached her chair, when an aged gentlewoman of the bed-chamber opened the door, and announced—"The Lady Blunt, Countess Dowager of Leicester." This lady seemed completely exhausted with the terrible sorrows of that weary day. She approached the Queen, tottering in her walk, and knelt at her feet.

"Well," said Elizabeth sharply, for she was anxious almost as the suppliant at her feet, "our order admitted you doubtless—and your son: felt he a proper sense of our clemency in granting the visit?"

"He was grateful, and upon his bended knees besought many a blessing upon the mistress who could thus send comfort to an offending servant. He—"

"But the ring—the ring! Why talk of lesser things, woman? If Essex is in truth a penitent, he has sent the ring given with our own hand, under a solemn pledge of mercy, even though his crime were deserving death. If he has sent the ring, render it up at once. It should plead his cause against our council—nay, against all England!"

"Alas, alas!" said the Countess, "he gave me no ring!"

"Nor mentioned one?" said the Queen, still in a sharp, anxious voice.

"Nor mentioned one," was the faint and heart-broken reply.

"Then God have mercy upon him, for I will have none!"

Elizabeth stooped as she spoke, and took up the roll of parchment, which still lay where she had trampled it on the carpet. She laid it upon the silver cabinet, slowly smoothing it out with her hands; very pale those hands were, and so was her face, but every feature seemed animated with fierce resolution: she was calm and as death.

When the parchment was smoothed, Elizabeth took a pen from the standish before her, and, without a tremor or the pause of a moment, wrote her signature. A cry of terrible anguish came from the two women as they saw her take the pen, and they cast themselves at her feet, clinging wildly to her robe.

Elizabeth took no heed, but appended the usual bold flourishes to her signature, and touched a little bell that stood upon the cabinet.

"Take this to the Lord Chancellor, and see that the great seal is affixed," she said to the person who entered—"then conduct these ladies from the palace, and see that they enter it no more."

"That parchment!" cried the Countess of Essex, following the man, as he went forth, with her wild eyes—"Great Queen, in mercy say it is not—it is not—"

The wretched wife could not finish the question that she had begun; her lips seemed turned to ice, and her breath choked her.

"It is the Earl of Essex' death-warrant," said Elizabeth, rising sternly up. "Go!"

She lifted her withered finger, and pointed toward the door.

The young wife knelt motionless, frozen as it were with the horrid truth that had been told her; but the mother of Essex stood up; her lips were ashen, her eyes had a terrible light in them.

"Elizabeth of England! the Great God of Heaven will call you to judgment for this act!"

Before the Queen had rallied from the awe with which these words had filled even her undaunted spirit, Lady Blunt had raised her daughter-in-law from the floor.

"My daughter, let us go. Henceforth we must only trust to the God who will avenge us."

A moment after, and the old Queen was alone.

CHAPTER II.

It was done; the axe had fallen. The Queen's dignity was saved, and her heart broken. She was at her harpsichord when they brought her tidings of Essex' execution. Her face was turned from the light, and no one saw the spasm of pain that convulsed its stern lineaments. She did not pause even for an instant, but her hand was dashed violently on the instrument, sending forth a harsh, sharp note, that was almost a wail, and then the soft music gushed forth again, sweetly, as if nothing had happened.—Alas, how slight are sometimes the indications which a proud heart allows the world to see of those struggles that pass through the soul like an earthquake! That moment had left the haughtiest woman, and the most imperious queen that trod the soil of England, utterly desolate.

"What ho! what ho! Who claims admittance to the palace at this late hour?" cried the yeoman of the guard, as he arose an hour after midnight, to answer an abrupt summons at the great portal which opened to the Thames. A few words from without, of explanation and entreaty, soon prevailed upon the guard to admit the untimely visitor, who paused by the entrance, and, taking the yeoman on one side, spoke to him earnestly for some moments.

"What! the old Countess of Nottingham dying, and would have speech with her grace?" exclaimed the royal door-keeper. "Why, think you the Queen would arise from her couch at this hour of the night, and risk her sacred person on the water at the behest of fifty dying countesses?"

"I tell you," rejoined the man, whose face was pale with excitement, "I tell you this message of my dying mistress must be brought to her majesty; there is that in it which the boldest man in England dare not keep from Elizabeth an instant. As you value your life, friend, do nothing to hinder me in deliverance of my mission. The soul of my poor mistress will wrestle sorely with the body till I bring back tidings to the death-bed. I must see the Queen!"

"Be it so, then, as your business is so momentous," cried the yeoman; "I will lead you to the ante-room, and arouse some of the ladies—but remember, if evil comes of this I will not hold myself responsible. The man should be bold, and the business weighty, that disturbs Elizabeth from her chamber at this hour."

"The business is weighty, and the scene that I have witnessed this night is enough to make a man brave any earthly peril without shrinking. What is it to ask an audience here, when my poor mistress is summoned before the King of Kings!"

"Have you a letter, or bring you only a message by word of mouth?" said the yeoman, still hesitating, though the agitation of his untimely visitor had made a strong impression upon him.

"Here is the letter!" cried the man, taking a large square missive from his bosom, sealed with the Nottingham arms in black. "Hasten, good friend—hasten, I beseech you, and give it the Queen. Heaven only knows what torture my wretched mistress will know till the errand is done!"

The guard seemed greatly relieved by this tangible and imposing excuse for disturbing the slumbers of his mistress. He took the letter, and passing through many a state-chamber and richly decorated gallery, paused in an ante-room, where half a dozen pages lay upon their couches asleep, some disrobed, and others muffled in mantles of azure velvet, and pillowed upon their own perfumed ringlets.

"What ho!" cried the guard, shaking one of these pages by the arm, and half lifting him from the couch. "Arouse yourself, good master George, and rub open those blue eyes, without loss of time. Here is a letter, which you must give to one of the Queen's bed-chamber women this very instant. Say that it is a case of life and death. Do you hear, jackanapes?"

"Do I hear?" cried the lad, rubbing his eyes with a little hand, white as a lady's and sparkling with rings—"I should be deaf if it were otherwise. Why, man, your voice is like a trumpet. Do you guess what hour of the night it is? coming after this fashion to the very door of her majesty's chamber. This will make you a head shorter, some fine day, master yeoman!"

"Take the letter, and leave me to the care of my own head," replied the yeoman sharply.—"Give it to the first Lady of the Bed-chamber—and say that a messenger from the Countess of Nottingham awaits her majesty's pleasure here."

The lad took the letter, held it to the light of a large silver lamp that swung overhead, examined the seal minutely, and then turned his eyes with equal assurance upon the messenger, whose anxiety became each moment more apparent.

"It must be a pressing business, and if one may judge by the white face of our friend there, full of peril! No matter it shall not be said that the beloved of—the fairest and sweetest lady above the court—mind, master yeoman, I mention no name—ever allowed the peril of an enterprise to count anything with him. Rest content, good friend," he added, turning to the messenger, "I will find a lady, who, for my sake, would take upon herself greater danger than that of arousing the Queen at midnight; fortunately, you have chanced upon the only courtier who could have managed the matter for you."

"Well, jackanapes, get about the errand after your own fashion!" cried the yeoman, with an impatient laugh.

"Nay, you would not have me present myself before her without some preparation," said the youth, shaking the scented and glossy ringlets, with which his head was adorned, over his shoulders, and arranging the folds of his cloak with an air of the most perfect self-conceit. "Tell me, master yeoman—for, lacking a mirror, I must even take counsel of your ignorance—think you not this garment falls a trifle too much over the right shoulder? Let me step beneath the lamp that you may judge."

"Tush, boy! this is no time for such foppery. Begone upon thy errand, or I will find it in my heart to knock a portion of the conceit from that little body. Go—go! See you not our friend here is fast losing patience?"

This allusion to the messenger from Nottingham house was well authorized by the appearance of the man. Once or twice, as if heretofore all patience by the boy's foppish air, he advanced a pace to take the letter from his hand, half determined to enter the Queen's chamber, and at all peril present it himself. His cheek grew more and more pale, and his eyes burned with anxiety that nothing could restrain, as the page turned his head superciliously over one shoulder to look at him after the yeoman's remark, still holding the letter carelessly between his thumb and finger. His impatience broke all bounds. He strode forward, and grasping the youth by the arm, gave him a slight shake—"You trifle with a message from the dying," he said sternly. "No more of this folly! Begone!"

The boy shook himself free, and with a petulant lift of the shoulder, muttered something about his cloak being forced awry; but there was something in the deep passion with which he had been addressed, that completely quelled his frivolous spirit, and without attempting any further excuse for delay, he left the chamber.

The Queen had been ill in health, and becoming daily more infirm, it was necessary that some one of her ladies should remain in attendance at night, ready at a moment's warning to answer her summons. Thus it was that the page, on entering the small ante-room, or rather boudoir, which led to the royal bed-chamber, found a lovely woman in full dress, but with a rich brocade dressing-gown thrown over her shoulders, sound asleep in a large easy-chair heaped with crimson cushions, upon which her fair head had fallen, crushing a mass of beautiful hair, that had cost an artist much labor that morning, beneath the warm roses of her cheek.

"Lady Arabella," whispered the page, stealing toward the fair slumberer, and sinking upon his knees while he touched the little hand that fell over an arm of the chair, timidly with his—"Lady Arabella."

His voice was very low—for the boy could hardly breathe, his agitation was so great. With all his audacious vanity he was timid as a child in the presence of purity and high-born loveliness like that. "Lady Arabella, I have a letter—I would speak with you!"

The lady started up in her chair, passed a hand over her eyes, as if to be quite sure that

Amersham

7th 1842

of Essex and

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July 5th 1842

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studding sail

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they were not deceiving her, and then bent them, full of sleepy wonder, upon the youth.

"Why, George, how is this? Here, and after midnight!" she said, gently, but with evident surprise, and some displeasure.

"Lady, I have brought this for her majesty," said the boy, holding up the letter with its broad black seal: "a messenger has just arrived from Nottingham house. He says the Countess is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella.

"Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, will have speech with the Queen—that this letter must be given to her majesty even now!"

"It cannot be," said the Lady Arabella, putting back the letter with her hand—"our royal mistress is ill at ease, since—since his death, she gets but little sleep. I dare not disturb her!"

"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet if the poor Countess is in such a strait—if she is in truth dying!" said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake—

"Who speaks of dying?—what is it? Who speaks of dying?" cried a sharp voice from the royal bed-chamber. "Arabella—Arabella!"

"Hush! it is the Queen. Give me the letter!" whispered the lady, and she entered an adjoining chamber.

Elizabeth had half risen, and leaned upon her elbow in the midst of her huge bed—her face looked haggard in the crimson shadows cast downward from the cumbrous hangings, and her head shook with an almost imperceptible tremor, that portended both of the infirmities of age, and of the terror that sometimes follows unpleasant dreams. Locks of gray hair streamed down from her night-coif, and she clutched the damask counterpane with a hand that shook like an aspen as it crushed the glowing folds together.

"Did I dream?—I did dream of the dead!" she exclaimed, bending her keen eyes upon the lady, as she entered, and sinking slowly back to her pillow. "Of the dead—the dying!—The Countess of Nottingham—who told me the Countess of Nottingham was dying?"

"Your highness must have been disturbed by the messenger that just came up from Nottingham house with this letter," said the Lady Arabella, kneeling by the royal couch. "The hour was so untimely, that I was about to send him back again."

"Give me the letter," cried Elizabeth, starting up, and seizing the folded parchment fiercely, as a bird of prey clutches its spoil—"I tell you, Arabella, I have dreamed things to-night that make the sundering of this seal terrible!" and with shaking hands, the Queen burst the black seal and tore it apart.

She cast her keen eyes over its contents, and dashing the letter aside, sprang to the floor—"Yon' garments, Arabella; bring yon' garments, and robe me," she cried in a voice that was low, but fearfully concentrated. "Quick, quick!—No ruff—no farthingale, but a cloak and hood—one for yourself, too. Who waits in the ante-chamber?"

"The page, young George Pagot, one of your highness' yeomen, and the messenger from Nottingham house."

"It is enough! Let the boy go with us—the boy and yourself—that will be sufficient escort for Elizabeth on an errand like this."

"Shall I tell George to give orders that the royal barge be prepared?" said the Lady Arabella.

"No—send hither the messenger."

"Hither?" questioned Arabella, mindful of the disarray which the royal person still exhibited.

"Yes—here, and thus!" replied Elizabeth, and a bitter smile swept over her face as she interpreted the look of her attendant.

Filled with wonder that almost amounted to consternation, Arabella went forth to summons the messenger. Elizabeth received him at the door of her chamber. She had folded a cloak around her person, but the hood was thrown back, and with nothing but her gray hair veiling the aged brow that had never been presented to the gaze of mortal man before, without the disguise of art and a blaze of jewels, she had put a few brief questions to him:

"Come you to the palace by water?"

"By water, may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And your barge is here?"

"It is now in waiting, and the tide serves." "Lead on!" said the Queen. "Arabella, follow us with the boy: and you," she added, turning to the guard, "go attend us to the water, and then stir not from the gate till our return," and the Queen walked on with a degree of strength and energy which startled those who had witnessed the feebleness that had marked the few last months of her life.

As they went forth into the open air, Arabella moved close to her royal mistress. "Let me draw the hood somewhat over your majesty's

head," she pleaded, for the wind was trifling with those snowy tresses, and it pained the young girl to see how careless the proud old Queen seemed of an exposure to which she had always been so sensitive.

"Nay—the cool wind does me good," replied Elizabeth, and with a firm step she descended to the barge, and took a seat upon one of the cushions.

Midnight darkness lay upon the river; clouds, heavy and black, were heaped over the sky; and the shores, save here and there a solitary light from some residence, lay in profound night. Amid this wilderness of gloom, the barge swept rapidly downward with the tide. The flow of the waters, heavy and monotonous, was all the sound to be heard; no word was spoken, save

when the old Queen bade the rowers make more speed.

At last the barge drew up by a flight of steps that led to a spacious garden half surrounded by the wings of a fine old mansion-house. Through one of the tall windows a light streamed forth upon the blackness, faint and dim, as if some lamp placed there were just expiring.

"Go on to the sick room," said the Queen, as her conductor would have taken her to another apartment, that her presence might be announced. "Stay you below, Arabella; we will see this dying countess alone," and, with a firm step, Elizabeth mounted the stairs, and found herself in the chamber of death.

A huge bed, canopied with masses of purple velvet, so deep tinted that it seemed black in the gloom, stood at an extremity of the chamber; and upon it lay the pale form of a woman struggling in her death-agony. A group of persons stood around the bed, silent and awe-stricken. Toward this group Elizabeth moved slow, upright, and majestic.

"It is the Queen!" cried the dying countess, lifting her thin hand. "God has had mercy! It is the Queen—and I can now die!"

"Leave us," said Elizabeth, waving her hand. The next moment she stood alone with the dying.

"Countess of Nottingham you have sent for the Queen—and she is here. What have you to say of Essex? In what can your death-bed confessions concern one whose fate is now sealed?"

The Countess of Nottingham clasped her pale hands, and held them imploringly toward the Queen. Those hands were almost transparent, and, as the light fell upon them, upon one of the fingers it revealed a ruby, glowing like a spark of fire upon it. Elizabeth's eyes fell upon the gem, and instantly she became pale as the woman who lay prostrate before her, pleading, with mute eloquence, for mercy.

"Woman," she said, grasping the pale hand of the dying countess, and bending her eyes close to the ruby, whose light made the heart tremble in her bosom: "Woman! how came you possessed of this ring?"

The Countess of Nottingham closed her eyes, to shut out the terrible anger that convulsed the aged face bending over her death-pillow; her lips moved again and again, before they could utter a word. At length she spoke, but feebly and very low. The Queen bent her head close to those pale lips, that her thirsty ear might drink in every syllable of the confession they were whispering. She held her breath—and a wild, fierce expression, like that of a wounded eagle, came to her eyes. When all was told—when the dying woman opened her eyes, and, with a look of most touching entreaty, besought mercy for the fraud which had brought the noble head of Essex to the block—then the volcano which her words had lighted in the old Queen's heart, blazed forth. Elizabeth stood upright: the infirmities of age were swallowed up in her mighty wrath: her lips grew livid—her eyes burned as with fire—and every nerve in her body seemed hardening into iron.

"Mercy!" she cried, in a voice shrill with anguish and wrath; "Woman! God may forgive you, but I never will!"

The wretched countess, terrified even in her death-throes, cowered down and groveled in her bed. "Oh, God! wilt thou too withhold mercy?" broke from her shivering lips.

"Mercy!" whispered the old Queen—for wrath made her voice very low, and she spoke between her locked teeth—"Mercy!" and, mad with anguish, she seized the dying woman and shook her, till the huge couch, with its gloomy masses of velvet and its dusky plumes, trembled in every joint.

When the old Monarch withdrew her hands from this unqueenly act, they dropped helplessly by her side, for she saw that her violence had done sacrilege to the dead.

Ten minutes—no more, during which Elizabeth stood over the death-couch; then she turned away, and passing from the chamber, descended the stairs, waving a hand for her young attendants to follow. When Elizabeth entered the dwelling, she wore no jewel of any kind; but, as the light fell upon her hand in going forth, Arabella saw that a ruby blazed upon one of the fingers.

It was night when the Queen of England entered her own palace again—night upon the earth, and night in her own heart. She could scarcely walk while passing through the palace grounds, and leaned heavily upon the arm of Lady Arabella all the way to her own chamber. Within the solitude of her room she sat till morning—her face pale and rigid, her limbs bowed as with a heavy weight—gazing intently upon the ring, which burned like a blood-spot on her finger—a blood-spot—and so it was.—That ring she had given to Essex, when highest in her favor, with a promise that, let his fault be what it might, forgiveness should follow its presentation to her. He had sent the ring a few days before his execution, by the wretched Countess of Nottingham, who withheld it in fraud—and, by this treachery, Elizabeth became the executioner of one whom she loved better than life.

And now that he was dead, the ring had reached her from the hand of death. Was it strange that the old Queen never smiled again—that henceforth she called for a staff to support her as she walked about the palace—or that, in a few weeks she lay upon the cushions heaped in her chamber, weary, heart-sick—afraid to die, and yet dying?

COURTING IN CHURCH.

An eccentric rector remarked a gentleman at church who was not a parishoner, but who, Sunday after Sunday, placed himself in a pew adjoining that of a young widow. On the first occasion, he detected him slyly drawing the lady's glove from off the back of the pew where she was accustomed to place it; (her hand and arm were delicately fair.) By-and-by, the lady's prayer-book fell—of course, accidentally—from the edge of her pew into the gentleman's. He picked it up—found a leaf turned down—and scanned a passage which evidently caused a smile of complacency. Our minister saw all their movements, and continued to watch them with a scrutinizing eye for two successive Sundays. On the third, as soon as the collects were read, and while the beadle yet obsequiously waited to attend him to the chancel, our eccentric pastor, in a strong and distinct voice, said:—

"I publish the bands of marriage between M—and H, (deliberately pronouncing the names of the parties.) If any of you know any just cause," &c.

The eyes of the whole congregation were turned on the widow and the gay Lothario; the lady suffused with blushes, and the gentleman crimsoned with anger; she fanning herself with vehemence, and he opening and shutting the pew-door with rage and violence. The minister, meanwhile, proceeded through his accustomed duties, with the same decorum and ease as if perfectly innocent of the agitation he had excited. The sermon was preached and the service ended, away to the vestry rush the parties at the heels of the pastor.

"Who authorized you, sir, to make such a publication of bands?" demanded they both in a breath.

"Authorized me?" said he, with a stare that heightened their confusion.

"Yes, sir, who authorized you?"

"Oh!" said the minister, with a sly glance alternately at each, "if you don't approve of it, I'll forbid the bands next Sunday."

"Sir," said the lady, "you have been too officious already—nobody requested you to do any such thing; you had better mind your own business."

"Why, my pretty dear," said he, patting her on the cheek, "what I have done is all in the way of business, and if you do not like to wait for three publications, I advise you, sir, (turning to the gentleman) to procure the license, the ring, and the fee, and then the whole may be settled as soon as to-morrow."

"Well," replied the gentleman, addressing the lady, "with your permission I will get them, and we may be married in a day or two."

"Oh, you may do as you please," pettishly, yet nothing loth, replied the widow.

It was a day or two after that the license was procured. The parson received his fee, the bridegroom his bride, and the widow for the last time threw her glove over the pew, and it was afterwards said, all parties were satisfied.

COL. BENTON'S OPINION OF THE TELEGRAPH TO CALIFORNIA. Col. Benton being so strong an advocate of the Pacific railroad, is of course opposed to the project of a subterranean telegraph to California. In Congress, a few days since, he said—"These Digger Indians have long, slender sticks with a hook at the end—the object is to pursue the lizard running into a hole and bring it out with a hook. Put down your fifteen hundred or two thousand miles of telegraph, and they will dig up and cut up the wire, every inch of it, and make of it hooks to pull out lizards."

THE BEWILDERED BARBER.

The worthy Monsieur Tonson, a French barber, who, failing to find sufficient custom in his own country, was forced to emigrate to "la sauvage Amerique," and having, accordingly, established himself in one of our large cities, was quietly sitting in his shop, one morning, shortly after his arrival, when he was agreeably aroused from his meditation by the entrance of a customer.

The individual referred to was a large, brawny man, bearing upon his face a beard of apparently not less than a week's growth.

He was quickly ensconced in M. Tonson's comfortable arm-chair, and as the worthy barber was no mean proficient in the art which he professed, a few minutes found his face considerably cleaner than before.

The fee was paid, and the customer departed. It was a dull day for trade, and perhaps an hour elapsed before the entrance of another.

But what was our barber's astonishment—we had almost said dismay—when it proved to be the same man who but a little while previous had left the shop clean shaved. Now, so far as M. Tonson could perceive, the man was the same.

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biography of the Widow Billings, the Boarding House Keeper.

CHAPTER FIFTE.

Old Mr. Bumstead had been with us perhaps a fortnight, when he called me aside one morning, as we were leaving the breakfast table, and whispered in my ear,—"Madam, will you allow me a moment's private interview?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied, "let us walk into the parlor."

The old gentleman appeared singularly agitated, and, for the life of me, I could not conjecture what was coming, when he began with—

"Madam, between twelve and one o'clock last night, I heard a most extraordinary noise in my closet."

"Ah?" said I, somewhat alarmed, "what seemed to be the cause of it, sir?"

"Well, madam," (and here his voice fell into a whisper,) "if you had not told me that the house was a new one, (I think you said the plastering was hardly dry when you moved in, last fall,) I should make bold to say there were mice in the walls—yes marm, mice!"

It was with difficulty that I could control my countenance as I answered,—"Really, Mr. Bumstead, I think that must be impossible. However, I will inform the landlord—"

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Oh, how I did laugh as the old man rose, and strutted from the room! I laughed till the tears ran, and should have clapped my hands and cried "Encore!" I verily believe, had not old Mrs. Stubb's come into the parlor, just at that moment, with a lap dog and knitting work.

Mr. Bumstead remained with us but a month or two longer. He went off quite suddenly, leaving a note on the parlor table worded:—"Madame Billings, I find no fault with you personally, nor with your household arrangements, but the extraordinary noises I have heard, while staying in your otherwise comfortable mansion, compel me to look for another, and more quiet retreat."

With great respect, B. BUMSTEAD.

P. S I consider Capt. Brisk a dangerous man, and the young clerk is travelling the road

MANAGEMENT.

[A YANKEE STORY.]

I have heard folks say that the wimmin was contrary; well they is a leetle so, but if you manage 'em rite, hawl in here, and let 'em out there, you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, jest which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down to Eltron, there was a good many fust rate gals down there, but I didn't take a likin to any on 'em, till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The squire had a mighty puty darter. I sed sum of the gals was fust rate, but Nancy Cummins was fust rate, and a leetle more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander but there was sumthin jam about Nance, that they couldnt hold a candle to. If a feller seed her wunce, he couldnt look at another gal for a week. I tuk a likin to her rite off, and we got as thick as thieves. We had used to go to the same meetin, and sot in the same pew. It took me to find the sarms and him for her, and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners; and then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as though they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she cood make injun cakes, and the way I wood slick 'em over with molasses and put 'em away was nothin to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew, always gettin sumthin nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was going for it like a lokymotive. Well, things went on this way for a spell, till she thought she had me tite enough. Then she began to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew; when she'd come out she'd streake off with another chap, and leave me suckin my fingers at the door. Insted of stickin to me as she used to do, she got cuttin round with all the fellers jest as if she cared nuthin about me no more, none whatsumever. I got considerably riled and thort I mout as well cum to the end of it at wunce; so down I went to have it out with her; there was a hull grist of fellers there. They seemed mity quiet till I went in, then she got talkin all manner of nonsense, sed nothin to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it twarn't no use—I kep movin about as if I had a pin in my trowsers. I sweat as if I had bin thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I couldnt stand it, so I cleared out as quick as I cood, for I seed 'twas no use to say nothin to her. I went strate to bed, and thot the matter over a spell; thinks I that gal is jest tryin of me; taint no us of our playin possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I dont fetch her out of that high grass, use me for sassage meat. I hearn tell of a boy, wunce, that got to skewl late on Sunday mornin; master ses, you tarnel sleepin cretur, what kep you so late? Why, ses the boy, it is so everlasting slippy out, I coodnt get along no how, every step I took forrard, I went two steps backward, and I coodnt have got here at all, if I hadnt turned back to go tother way. Now, that's jest my case. I have puttin after that gal considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go tother way—she's been slitting of me, now I'll slite her—what's sass for the goose is sass for the gander. Well, I went no more to Nancy's. Next Sabbath, I slicked myself up, and I dew say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shirt tail clean off of any specimen of human nature in our parts. About meeting time, off I put to Eltham Dodge's—Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't jest like Nancy Cummins.—Ephraim Massey had used to go to see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dreadful jelus.—Well, I went to meetin with Patience, and sot right afore Nancy; I didn't set my eyes on her till after meetin; she had a feller with her who had a blazin red head, and legs like a pair of cumpasses; she had a face as long as a grace afore a thanksgivin dinner. I knowd who she was thinkin about, and 'twarnt the chap with the red head, nother. Well, I got boein Pa-

tience about a spell. Kept my eye on Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin; she didn't cut about like she did, and look'd rather solemnly, she'd g'in her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kept it up until I liked to have got into a mess about Patience. The critter thot I was goin arter her for good, and got as proud as a lame turkey.—Wou day Efe cum down to our place looking as rarchy as a malishy offiser on a trainin day; look here, ses he, Seth Stokes, as loud as a small thunder clap, I'll be darned—Hollo! ses I, what's broke? Why, ses he, I come down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge, here I've been cortin her ever since last grass a year, and she was jest as good as mine till you come a goin arter her, and now I can't touch her with a forty foot pole. Why, ses I, what on airth are you talkin about? I aint got nothin to do with your gal, but spose I had, there's nothing for you to get wolfy about. If the gal has taken a likin to me, it aint my fault; if I've taken a likin to her taint her fault; and if we've taken a likin to one another, taint your fault, as you may suppose it is; but I aint so almighty taken with her, an you may get her for me, so you hadnt ought to get savage about nothin. Well, ses he, (rather cooled down,) I am the unluckiest thing in creation.

I went tother day to a place where there was an old woman died of the bots or sum suuh disease, and they were selling out her things. Well ses he, there was a thundering big chist of drawers full of all sorts of truck, so I bot it and thot I made a spec, but when I come to look at 'em, ther want nothin in it worth a cent except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up, so I sold it for less than I give for it; well when the chap that bot it tuck it home, he heerd sumthin rattle, broke the old chist, an found lots of gold an silver in it, in a false bottom I hadnt seen. Now if I'd tuck that chist hum, I'd never found that munny, or if I did, they'd bin all counterfeit, and I'd been tuck up for passin on 'em. Well I jest told Patience about it, when she rite up and called me a darned fool. Well, ses I, Efe that is hard, but never you mind that, jest go on, you can get her, and when you dew get her, you can file the rough edges off jest as you please; that tickled him, it did, an away he went a leetle better pleased. Now, thinks I, is time to look arter Nance. Next day, down I went. Nancy was all alone. I axed her if the squire was in, she said he warnt. Cos, ses I, (makin bleev I wanted him,) our colt sprained his foot, an I cum to see if the squire wou lend me his mare to go to town. She sed she gessed he

wood, better sit down till the squire comed in, down I sot; she looked sort a strange, an my heart felt queer all round the edges. Arter a wile, ses I, air you goin down to Betsy's Mastin's quiltin? Sed she didn't know for sartin; are you a goin? Sed I reckoned I wood; ses she, I spose you'd take Patience Dodge; sed I mout and again I mout not; ses she, I hearn youre goin to get married; ses I, shooldnt wonder a bit, Patience is a nice gal, ses I. I looked at her. I seed the teers a cumin; ses I, may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid; she riz rite up, she did, her face as red as a biled beet. Seth Stokes, ses she, and she cooldnt say any more, she was so full; wont you be bridesmaid, ses I; no, ses she, and she bust rite out; well then, ses I, if you wont be bridesmaid, will you be the bride—she looked up at me—I swan to man I never seen any thing so awful puty; I tuk rite hold of her han, yes or no, ses I, rite off. Yes, ses she; that's your sort, ses I, as I gin her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, an never had cause to repent of my bargin. J. W.

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they were not deceiving her, and then bent them, full of sleepy wonder, upon the youth.

"Why, George, how is this? Here, and after midnight!" she said, gently, but with evident surprise, and some displeasure.

"Lady, I have brought this for her majesty," said the boy, holding up the letter with its broad black seal: "a messenger has just arrived from Nottingham house. He says the Countess is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the Lady Arabella.

"Aye, dying; and the messenger says the lady, in her extremity, will have speech with the Queen—that this letter must be given to her majesty even now!"

"It cannot be," said the Lady Arabella, putting back the letter with her hand—"our royal mistress is ill at ease, since—since his death, she gets but little sleep. I dare not disturb her!"

"Shall I take the letter back?" said the page, rising. "The man is waiting without."

"Yet if the poor Countess is in such a strait—if she is in truth dying!" said the gentle lady, reluctant to refuse that which she, nevertheless, had not the courage to undertake—

"Who speaks of dying?—what is it? Who speaks of dying?" cried a sharp voice from the royal bed-chamber. "Arabella—Arabella!"

"Hush! it is the Queen. Give me the letter!" whispered the lady, and she entered an adjoining chamber.

Elizabeth had half risen, and leaned upon her elbow in the midst of her huge bed—her face looked haggard in the crimson shadows cast downward from the cumbrous hangings, and her head shook with an almost imperceptible tremor, that partook both of the infirmities of age, and of the terror that sometimes follows unpleasant dreams. Locks of gray hair streamed down from her night-coif, and she clutched the damask counterpane with a hand that shook like an aspen as it crushed the glowing folds together.

"Did I dream?—I did dream of the dead!" she exclaimed, bending her keen eyes upon the lady, as she entered, and sinking slowly back to her pillow. "Of the dead—the dying!—The Countess of Nottingham—who told me the Countess of Nottingham was dying?"

"Your highness must have been disturbed by the messenger that just came up from Nottingham house with this letter," said the Lady Arabella, kneeling by the royal couch. "The hour was so untimely, that I was about to send him back again."

"Give me the letter," cried Elizabeth, starting up, and seizing the folded parchment fiercely, as a bird of prey clutches its spoil—"I tell you, Arabella, I have dreamed things to-night that make the sundering of this seal terrible!" and with shaking hands, the Queen burst the black seal and tore it apart.

She cast her keen eyes over its contents, and dashing the letter aside, sprang to the floor.

"Yon' garments, Arabella; bring yon' garments, and robe me," she cried in a voice that was low, but fearfully concentrated. "Quick, quick!"

No ruff—no farthingale, but a cloak and hood—one for yourself, too. Who waits in the ante-chamber?"

"The page, young George Pagot, one of your highness' yeomen, and the messenger from Nottingham house."

"It is enough! Let the boy go with us—the boy and yourself—that will be sufficient escort for Elizabeth on an errand like this."

"Shall I tell George to give orders that the royal barge be prepared?" said the Lady Arabella.

"No—send hither the messenger."

"Hither?" questioned Arabella, mindful of the disarray which the royal person still exhibited.

"Yes—here, and thus!" replied Elizabeth, and a bitter smile swept over her face as she interpreted the look of her attendant.

Filled with wonder that almost amounted to consternation, Arabella went forth to summons the messenger. Elizabeth received him at the door of her chamber. She had folded a cloak around her person, but the hood was thrown back, and with nothing but her gray hair veiling the aged brow that had never been presented to the gaze of mortal man before, without the disguise of art and a blaze of jewels, she had put a few brief questions to him:

"Come you to the palace by water?"

"By water, may it please your highness," replied the man.

"And your barge is here?"

"It is now in waiting, and the tide serves."

"Lead on!" said the Queen. "Arabella, follow us with the boy: and you," she added, turning to the guard, "go attend us to the water, and then stir not from the gate till our return;" and the Queen walked on with a degree of strength and energy which startled those who had witnessed the feebleness that had marked the few last months of her life.

As they went forth into the open air, Arabella moved close to her royal mistress. "Let me draw the hood somewhat over your majesty's

head," she pleaded, for the wind was trifling with those snowy tresses, and it pained the young girl to see how careless the proud old Queen seemed of an exposure to which she had always been so sensitive.

"Nay—the cool wind does me good," replied Elizabeth, and with a firm step she descended to the barge, and took a seat upon one of the cushions.

Midnight darkness lay upon the river; clouds, heavy and black, were heaped over the sky; and the shores, save here and there a solitary light from some residence, lay in profound night. Amid this wilderness of gloom, the barge swept rapidly downward with the tide. The flow of the waters, heavy and monotonous, was all the sound to be heard; no word was spoken, save

when the old Queen bade the rowers make more speed.

At last the barge drew up by a flight of steps that led to a spacious garden half surrounded by the wings of a fine old mansion-house. Through one of the tall windows a light streamed forth upon the blackness, faint and dim, as if some lamp placed there were just expiring.

"Go on to the sick room," said the Queen.

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"M wrath between with a shook masses of her and her dusky plumes, trembled in every joint.

When the old Monarch withdrew her hands from this unqueenly act, they dropped helplessly by her side, for she saw that her violence had done sacrilege to the dead.

Ten minutes, not by, during which Elizabeth stood over the death-couch; then she turned away, and passing from the chamber, descended the stairs, waving a hand for her young attendants to follow. When Elizabeth entered the dwelling, she wore no jewel of any kind; but, as the light fell upon her hand in going forth, Arabella saw that a ruby blazed upon one of the fingers.

It was night when the Queen of England entered her own palace again—night upon the earth, and night in her own heart. She could scarcely walk while passing through the palace grounds, and leaned heavily upon the arm of Lady Arabella all the way to her own chamber. Within the solitude of her room she sat till morning—her face pale and rigid, her limbs bowed as with a heavy weight—gazing intently upon the ring, which burned like a blood-spot on her finger—a blood-spot—and so it was. That ring she had given to Essex, when highest in her favor, with a promise that, let his fault be what it might, forgiveness should follow its presentation to her. He had sent the ring a few days before his execution, by the wretched Countess of Nottingham, who withheld it in fraud—and, by this treachery, Elizabeth became the executioner of one whom she loved better than life.

And now that he was dead, the ring had reached her from the hand of death. Was it strange that the old Queen never smiled again—that henceforth she called for a staff to support her as she walked about the palace—or that, in a few weeks she lay upon the cushions heaped in

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gentleman at but who, Sun-in a pew ad-in the first oc- ing the lady's w where she hand and arm y, the lady's dentally—from tleman's. He ed down—and caused a smile saw all their tch them with ssive Sundays. ts were read, uiously wait- l, our eccen- voice, said:— riage between eing the names know any just

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nan, addressing I will get them, or two." se," pettishly, w.

the license was procured. The person received his fee, the bridegroom his bride, and the widow for the last time threw her glove over the pew, and it was afterwards said, all parties were satisfied.

COL. BENTON'S OPINION OF THE TELEGRAPH TO CALIFORNIA. Col. Benton being so strong an advocate of the Pacific railroad, is of course opposed to the project of a subterranean telegraph to California. In Congress, a few days since, he said—"These Digger Indians have long, slender sticks with a hook at the end—the object is to pursue the lizard running into a hole and bring it out with a hook. Put down your fifteen hundred or two thousand miles of telegraph, and they will dig up and cut up the wire, every inch of it, and make of it hooks to pull out lizards."

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THE BEWILDERED BARBER.

The worthy Monsieur Tonson, a French barber, who, failing to find sufficient custom in his own country, was forced to emigrate to "la sauvage Amerique," and having, accordingly, established himself in one of our large cities, was quietly sitting in his shop, one morning, shortly after his arrival, when he was agreeably aroused from his meditation by the entrance of a customer.

The individual referred to was a large, brawny man, bearing upon his face a beard of apparently not less than a week's growth.

He was quickly ensconced in M. Tonson's comfortable arm-chair, and as the worthy barber was no mean proficient in the art which he professed, a few minutes found his face considerably cleaner than before.

The fee was paid, and the customer departed. It was a dull day for trade, and perhaps an hour elapsed before the entrance of another.

But what was our barber's astonishment—we had almost said dismay—when it proved to be the same man who but a little while previous had left the shop clean shaved. Now, so far as M. Tonson could perceive, his face was quite as thickly settled as before.

"Quelle miracle!" ejaculated the amazed Frenchman, as he mechanically made preparations for shaving him once more. "This must be a wonderful country, surely, if in one little hour a beard so long grow."

Notwithstanding his wonder, however, he performed the operation with as much fidelity as before, and once more the customer emerged from M. Tonson's shop with a clean chin. The worthy barber would like to have questioned him, but his customer appeared taciturn, and did not encourage any conversation, save what was necessary.

M. Tonson sat down, and began to reflect on the strangeness of this phenomenon. He had been but a week in America, and had not had time to observe for himself. It was, accordingly, with a thrill of horror that he began to fear that the climate might produce a similar effect upon him.

"What a brute! what a monster would it make of me!" murmured the poor Frenchman. "But no, it cannot be. He must be some person supernatural—perhaps"—and the Frenchman's brain rose in terror at the mere thought. "Perhaps he be devil—de old Harry himself."

His reflections were broken in upon by the entrance of a customer—and, good Heavens!—the same that the poor Frenchman had already twice shaved during the morning.

"I wish to be shaved," said he, coolly sinking into the chair.

"No—sacre—mon dieu!—no!" said the excited Frenchman. I shave you once—I shave you twice—I shave you no more. You be de devil!"

"Is the man mad?" inquired his visitor. "I have never been in your shop before."

"I have shaved you twice, already, this morning," was the inflexible reply.

"Oh," said the customer, at length seeing through the barber's bewilderment, and at the same time laughing heartily; "I see—my two brothers have been here before me. They are as much like me as two peas, and I don't wonder at your mistake."

It is needless to say that M. Tonson's apprehensions were dissipated, and he did not scruple to exercise his art upon the no longer mysterious customer.—*Yankee Blade.*

PLEASANT.—Mr. Smith—"Well, Mrs. Mahony, I want my coat and vest to-day, as I am going out to dine."

Mrs. Mahony—"Indade, Mr. Smith, I'd be afther accommodatin' yez, but didn't I let my boy Mike wear 'em to Tim Slyn's wedding, and he won't be home the night; but depend upon it, yer honor shall have 'em by to-morrow noon."

Mr. Smith endeavors to be calm while he expresses his views of such a proceeding.

During the "Dorr war" in Rhode Island, a bill was brought in to "organize the army." This aroused from sleep an old man in one corner, who represented a town in the west of the State.

"Mr. Speaker," said he, "I tell you I am decidedly opposed to 'organizing' the army, as you call it. Our forefathers fit through the Revolution with nothin' but a drum and fife, and come off fust-best, too! I go ag'in 'organs.' They'll be dreadful onhandy things in battle, now I tell you!"

This was irresistible, and old "Aunt Rhody's army," we are informed, remains unorganized to this day.

obiography of the Widow Billings,
the Boarding House Keeper.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

Old Mr. Bumstead had been with us perhaps a fortnight, when he called me aside one morning, as we were leaving the breakfast table, and whispered in my ear,—"Madam, will you allow me a moment's private interview?"

"Certainly, sir," I replied, "let us walk into the parlor."

The old gentleman appeared singularly agitated, and, for the life of me, I could not conjecture what was coming, when he began with—

"Madam, between twelve and one o'clock last night, I heard a most extraordinary noise in my closet."

"Ah?" said I, somewhat alarmed, "what seemed to be the cause of it, sir?"

"Well, madam," (and here his voice fell into a whisper,) "if you had not told me that the house was a new one, (I think you said the plastering was hardly dry when you moved in, last fall,) I should make bold to say there were mice in the walls—yes marm, mice!"

It was with difficulty that I could control my countenance as I answered,—"Really, Mr. Bumstead, I think that must be impossible. However, I will inform the landlord."

"Impossible, marm? by no means!" exclaimed Mr. Bumstead, "I once heard of a man who distinctly saw a rat in his cellar—a large, full-grown rat, marm,—ere the house had been completed a month. Other cases, too, I have been told of—some of them, still more alarming."

Why, madam, these vermin, when beset with hunger, become perfectly ferocious. You can set no bounds to their depredations. They make no more of going through a thick brick wall, than you or I would make of jumping over an ordinary rail fence."

"Well sir," I remarked, "I will make a point of seeing the landlord this very forenoon on the subject."

"Do marm, I beg of you," said he, "for if I thought for one moment that my collars and shirt, (excuse me, marm!) were to be nibbled by mice, or my nose gnawed off, perchance, by rats, some night when I was asleep, I should most assuredly seek elsewhere for lodgings. Good morning, marm!"

A short time afterwards, Mr. Bumstead again called me aside, saying,—"A moment's private conversation, if you please, madam!"

I had an important engagement to meet that morning, I remember, and it was therefore with rather an ill grace, I suspect, that I sat down with the old man in the parlor.

But civility—politeness, even, (forced though it may be,)—must be extended to the boarder "who pays," under any and all circumstances. That was a lesson I learned, long ere my career as a boarding-house keeper had reached its first quarter.

"Madam," said Mr. Bumstead, "I have a private, and, in my view, an exceedingly important question to put to you, upon this occasion. Permit me first, however, to shut the door." He rose accordingly, and, after looking into the hall to see, apparently, if there were eaves-droppers there, he carefully closed the door.

The proceeding, (will the reader pardon me the confession?) somewhat disconcerted me,—my widowhood was yet green, and Mr. Bumstead was known to be what is termed "a rich old bachelor."

"Madam," he continued, as he resumed his seat, "the question I wish to ask will give you no offence, I trust?"

"I presume not," I answered; modestly casting my eyes upon the floor.

"Well then, marm, pray tell me if Captain Brisk, whose chamber is directly over my bed-room, ever comes home at night a little tipsy—'slightly elevated,' as the young fellows call it?"

"Never sir, to my knowledge," I replied.—"Why, sir, do you make the enquiry?"

"Why, marm, last night, after I had been sleeping soundly for more than four hours, (as near as I could judge,) I was startled by a most extraordinary noise immediately over my head."

At first, I thought the roof was coming through, and, with that impression in mind, I leaped from the bed without nothing on my person but my *robe de nuit*, [excuse me marm!] with a view of dashing through the window.

But the noise suddenly ceased, and I speedily recovered my self-possession, and crept cautiously back to bed. Hardly, however, had I again cuddled between the sheets, when I heard a tremendous shout from Captain Brisk, [I am quite positive, marm, it was he,—there's no mistaking his voice,]—"I won't go home till morning! I won't go home till morning!—not till daylight doth appear!"

You may be assured I was seriously alarmed. I sat up in bed to see what was coming next. Presently, I heard another voice, (I think it came from that young Washington street clerk, who sleeps on the other side of the entry,) breaking out with,—"Get out the way, old Dan Tucker! Get out the way!"

Now, madam, if you can account for such an extraordinary tumult on any other hypothesis than that the captain, and the young clerk too, (as for that matter,) were in a state of inebriation at that time, you have a perfect right to do so. My mind, however, is made up on the subject, and no argument that you may advance, however plausible at the first blush, will have a pin's weight with me. Good morning, madam!"

Oh, how I did laugh as the old man rose, and strutted from the room! I laughed till the tears ran, and should have clapped my hands and cried "Encore!" I verily believe, had not old Mrs. Stubb's come into the parlor, just at that moment, with a lap dog and knitting work.

Mr. Bumstead remained with us but a month or two longer. He went off quite suddenly, leaving a note on the parlor table worded:—

"Madame Billings, I find no fault with you personally, nor with your household arrangements, but the extraordinary noises I have heard, while staying in your otherwise comfortable mansion, compel me to look for another, and more quiet retreat."

With great respect, B. BUMSTEAD.

P. S. I consider Capt. Brisk a dangerous man, and the young clerk is travelling the road

MANAGEMENT.

[A YANKEE STORY.]

I have hearn folks say that the wimmin was contrary; well they is a leetle so, but if you manage 'em rite, hawl in here, and let 'em out there, you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, jest which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down to Eltron, there was a good many fust rate gals down there, but I didn't take a likin to any on 'em, till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The squire had a mighty puty darter. I sed sum of the gals was fust rate, but Nancy Cummins was fust rate, and a leetle more. There was many dressed finer and looked grander but there was sumthin jam about Nance, that they could'nt hold a candle to. If a feller seed her wunce, he could'nt look at another gal for a week. I tuk a likin to her rite off, and we got as thick as thieves. We had used to go to the same meetin, nnd sot in the same pew. It took me to find the sarms and hims for her, and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners; and then we'd mosey hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as though they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper, and the way she cood make injun cakes, and the way I wood slick 'em over with molasses and put 'em away was nothin to nobody. She was dreadful civil tew, always gettin sumthin nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was going for it like a lokymotive. Well, things went on this way for a spell, till she thought she had me tite enough. Then she began to show off kinder independent like. When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew; when she'd come out she'd streak off with another chap, and leave me suckin my fingers at the door. Insted of stickin to me as she used to do, she got cuttin round with all the fellers jest as if she cared nuthin about me no more, none whatsumever. I got considerably riled and thort I mout as well cum to the end of it at wunce; so down I went to have it out with her; there was a hull grist of fellers there. They seemed mity quiet till I went in, then she got talkin all manner of nonsense, sed nothin to me, and darned little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it twarn't no use—I kep movin about as if I had a pin in my trousers. I sweat as if I had bin thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry. I could'nt stand it, so I cleared out as quick as I cood, for I sed 'twas no use to say nothin to her. I went strate to bed, and thot the matter over a spell; thinks I that gal is jest tryin of me; taint no us of our playin possum; I'll take the kink out of her; if I don't fetch her out of that high grass, use me for sassage meat. I hearn tell of a boy, wunce, that got to skewl late on Sunday mornin; master ses, you tarnel sleepin cretur, what kep you so late? Why, ses the boy, it is so everlasting slippy out, I cood'nt get along no how, every step I took forrard, I went two steps backward, and I cood'nt have got here at all, if I had'nt turned back to go tother way. Now, that's jest my case. I have puttin after that gal considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go tother way—she's been slitting of me, now I'll slite her—what's sass for the goose is sass for the gander. Well, I went no more to Nancy's. Next Sabbady, I slicked myself up, and I dew say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shirt tail clean off of any specimen of human nature in our parts. About meeting time, off I put to Eltham Dodge's—Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd see twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't jest like Nancy Cummins.—Ephraim Massey had used to go to see her; he was a clevver feller, but he was dreadful jelus.—Well, I went to meetin with Patience, and sot right afore Nancy; I didn't set my eyes on her till after meetin; she had a feller with her who had a blazin red head, and legs like a pair of cumpasses; she had a face as long as a grace afore a thanksgivin dinner. I knowd who she was thinkin about, and 'twarnt the chap with the red head, nother. Well, I got boein Pa-

tience about a spell. Kept my eye on Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin; she did'nt cut about like she did, and look'd rather solemnly, she'd g'in her tew eyes to kiss and make up. I kept it up until I liked to have got in to a mess about Patience. The critter thot I was goin arter her for good, and got as proud as a lame turkey.—Won day Efe cum down to our place looking as rarchy as a malishy offiser on a trainin day; look here, ses he, Seth Stokes, as loud as a small thunder clap, I'll be darned.—Hallo! ses I, what's broke? Why, ses he, I come down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge, here I've been cortin her ever since last grass a year, and she was jest as good as mine till you come a goin arter her, and now I can't touch her with a forty foot pole. Why, ses I, what on airth are you talkin about? I aint got nothin to do with your gal, but spose I had, there's nothing for you to get wolffy about. If the gal has taken a likin to me, it aint my fault; if I've taken a likin to her taint her fault; and if we've taken a likin to one another, taint your fault, as you may suppose it is; but I aint so almighty taken with her, an you may get her for me, so you had'nt ought to get savage about nothin. Well, ses he, (rather cooled down,) I am the unluckiest thing in creation.

I went tother day to a place where there was an old woman died of the bots or sum suuh disease, and they were selling out her things. Wel! ses he, there was a thundering big chist of drawers full of all sorts of truck, so I bot it and thot I made a spec, but when I come to look at 'em, ther want nothin in it worth a cent except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up, so I sold it for less than I give for it; well when the chap that bot it tuck it home, he heerd sumthin rattle, broke the old chist, an found lots of gold an silver in it, in a false bottom I had'nt seen. Now if I'd tuck that chist hum, I'd never found that munny, or if I did, they'd bin all counterfeit, and I'd been tuck up for passin on 'em. Well I jest told Patience about it, when she rite up and called me a darned fool. Well, ses I, Efe that is hard, but never you mind that, jest go on, you can get her, and when you dew get her, you can file the rough edges off jest as you please; that tickled him, it did, an away he went a leetle better plesed. Now, thinks I, is time to look arter Nance. Next day, down I went. Nancy was all alone. I axed her if the squire was in, she said he warnt. Cos, ses I, (makin bleev I wanted him,) our colt sprained his foot, an I cum to see if the squire wont lend me his mare to go to town. She sed she gessed he

wood, better sit down till the squire comed in, down I sot; she looked sort a strange, an my heart felt queer all round the edges. Arter a wile, ses I, air you goin down to Betsy's Mastin's quiltn? Sed she did'nt know for sartin; are you a goin? Sed I reckoned I wood; ses she, I spose you'd take Patience Dodge; sed I mout and again I mout not; ses she, I hearn youre goin to get married; ses I, shoold'nt wonder a bit, Patience is a nice gal, ses I. I looked at her. I seed the teers a cumin; ses I, may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid; she riz rite up, she did, her face as red as a biled beet. Seth Stokes, ses she, and she coold'nt say any more, she was so full; wont you be bridesmaid, ses I; no, ses she, and she bust rite out; well then, ses I, if you wont be bridesmaid, will you be the bride—she looked up at me—I swan to man I never seen any thing so awful puty; I tuk rite hold of her han, yes or no, ses I, rite off. Yes, ses she; that's your sort, ses I, as I gin her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, an never had cause to repent of my bargin. J. W.

Lat. 49 29

The Selfish and the Unselfish Boy.

BY MARY IRVING.

"Please, brother Phil!" Thus implored a little boy, who was standing behind the chair of a larger one on a freezing evening of November.

"I can't please now, and I won't please! So there, do you hear?" exclaimed the older, surly turning around in the great arm-chair in which he had seated himself to read the weekly newspaper. "Get off my rocker, there, or look out for your toes! I wish little boys wouldn't be always bothering one when one's busy!"

George, the "little boy" at whom this outburst of vexation was aimed, slunk away, looking sadly disappointed. He was a slender little fellow, about seven years old, with pale blue eyes, and light brown curls arching over a high white forehead. The big veins of his throat swelled as he tried to swallow his tribulation, and his eye-lids winked fiercely over two gathering hot drops, which Philip had taught him to consider a disgrace to his little manliness.

"I think Phil might be a bit clever! He knows how bad I want my sled," he said to himself; and suddenly one of the tear-drops, that had swelled too round for his eye to contain, fell down on the white ruffle of his checked blue apron. He brushed it away very quickly, and, with a glance at his dreaded brother, sidled back into the shade of the newspaper.

His little cousin, Henrietta, just then came skipping into the room, and turned the tide of his thoughts.

"Oh, Georgie, only see what I've got!" She held over her head a fried nut-cake, cut into something intended for the image of a hand, while she went on dancing, first on one foot, and then the other.

"Shut the door, young ones!" growled Master Philip, scowling from behind his paper. "I should like to know what sent you romping in here. Clear out, can't you? and let me have a moment's peace of my life!"

The little girl tripped out, and Georgie followed her, asking—

"Oh, Etta, who gave you that hand-cake?"

"Sally to be sure. She is frying, down in the kitchen, and she has a whole pan full, let's go and coax her to give you one!"

Down they went into the kitchen, where they found the frying-pan hissing over a red-hot stove, filling all the air with a sort of savory fog. The cook-maid, with her great ladle, was bending over the bubbling fat, watching the diving and browning nuts. She lifted her scorched face, as she heard the children's feet on the stairs.

"Didn't I tell you to let alone troubling me, Miss Etta? What are you diving down here for, to grease your pink gown agen the kettles?"

"Georgie wants you to fry a hand for him, just like mine," she exclaimed, dodging out of the way of the spluttering fat-drops, while the girl was lifting the kettle off the stove.

"Well, well, you must keep out of this hole, then. Kitchens isn't boys' place. I shan't give you but one; so be off!"

She tossed a hot cake into Georgie's hands. George caught it, and ran up stairs with it, shifting it from one hand to the other as he went, as he found it uncomfortably warm. Etta accompanied him into the play-room, where he laid his cake on the window-sill to cool, and proceeded to tell her his various difficulties.

"Etta," said he, "it seems to me I trouble everybody to day. Father said so this morning, when I asked him for a sled-rop; mother said so when I carried her my red mitten, with a hole in the thumb; Phil keeps saying so; and now Sally! I wonder what makes me such a trouble!"

Etta laughed. "It's funny, Georgie! You don't trouble me, though!"

"I wish Phil would n't be so troubled to-night, because he *did* promise to paint an eagle on my sled, and put on the irons, so that I could have it to-morrow afternoon. It's going to be rare sliding down the big hill, I tell you! Don't you hear the wind roar? See my poor sled! Isn't it too bad?"

"May be Phil will fix it by and by."

"I'm so afraid he won't," sighed George, anxiously. "It's getting dark, and he said he couldn't do it by candle-light."

"How cold I am!" said Etta shivering. "Let's go back into the sitting-room."

George took up his cake, and went in. Philip, who had just finished the "whale story" which had caught his eye in the paper, laid it down, and sauntered lazily to the window.

"What's that?" he asked. "Give us a bite!"

And without waiting for permission, he seized his brother's cake, and broke off half of it for his own eating.

"Oh, now, Phil," complained the small boy, "you've spoiled my hand!"

"Cry, baby, for a dough-nut; there's your brave boy," sneered Philip.

"I say you are a thief and a mean boy," exclaimed the courageous Etta, roused to a retaliation. "You haven't any right to eat Georgie's cake, when you won't help him make his sled, for all you promised to!"

"Hold your tongue till your opinion is asked, Miss Flittergibbet," answered her ungentelemanly cousin, very haughtily.

He looked out of the window for about five minutes, and then turning, said, in rather a cross way—

"Well, youngster, bring along your old sled! 'Eagle' you expect to call it, do you? Humph!"

It was really rather a rickety piece of mechanism which George dragged forward. It had been nailed together by the little boy himself, and was made out of various odds and ends of boards, fastened to the runners of a cast-off sled, which Philip in a fit of good humor, had whittled into shape. It was the very best the persevering little fellow could accomplish, however; and many a pounded finger he had most heroically borne for its sake.

"A sled and a half, I should think," said Philip, scornfully. "Here, bring me that chair! Now go long up stairs, and bring down my oil paints. Not *that* paint-box, you numb-chance! Don't you know the difference between water-colors and oil-colors? Go down to the kitchen and fetch me a drink of water; and bring me up another cake, while you are about it."

"Sally won't let me, I'm afraid," answered the little boy, who had been obeying all his brother's gruff commands with great alacrity.

"What business is it of Sally's? She is nothing but a cook. Tell her I sent you."

"I'd rather you would go and ask," said George hesitating.

"I should think you might be a little obliging, when I am working for you," said Philip. "You may do your own jobs, if you can't do my errands!"

George timidly stole down into the forbidden kitchen, very fearful of Sally's displeasure.

Just then a "Halloo" without caught Philip's ear. He looked up, and saw a party of his comrades of the "High School," with skates in hand, walking in the direction of the "meadows," as a piece of overflowed land was styled. Without a thought for any one but himself, he dropped the brush with which he had just begun to paint the yellow top of the eagle's wing, and, seizing his cap, comforter, and skates, was off before George came back.

"Oh, I had to take it, I can tell you!" exclaimed George, opening the door, with a cake and dipper in his hands. "Here, Phil; where is Phil?"

"He has gone out," answered Etta, who was gazing earnestly out of the window. "I do believe—there—yes! Isn't it too bad, now? He is going off with those great boys!"

George looked after him for about three minutes, until he had turned a corner and disappeared. Then he glanced back at his unfinished sled, and his heart swelled high under the checked apron.

"Too—," he faltered; but one word was too much for him. His lips quivered; and with a sob, he ran out of the room.

"Never mind! you can eat his cake, now!" called Etta after him.

He did not stop, but hurried up into his chamber, and hiding his face in the cold pillow, cried for ten minutes.

The next day was Saturday. The afternoon was cold, though the sun shone brightly on the dazzling ice and snow. Every skater and slider of the primary and high schools, besides some who could neither skate nor slide, was on "the meadows," or on the hill sloping towards them. George having fastened a worn trunk-strap to his still unpainted sled, was trying his best to steer it straight down the sliding track. But it needed *shoeing*, and would not work very well. Moreover, the other boys laughed at him, as they whizzed by him on their red and yellow craft.

"Huzza, Bob!" called one to another, let's try a race with the "Snail." What'll you bet on your racer, George?"

George never could bear to be laughed at, any more than a little girl; and he had hard work again to keep back the tears. Perhaps he would not have been so tender-hearted a child if he had always been knocked about in the school-world. But, until within a year, he had lived a very peaceful life at home, alone. His mother, a good-humored lady, had indulged him in every thing that did not incommode herself; and his father, without taking any particular pains to provide him with anything which cost money, had left him to "tinker away," as he called it, to his heart's content.

Seven months before, his brother Philip had returned from the house of an uncle in a neighboring city, where he had been spending two years in attending school, clerking a little, &c. His uncle had kept him as "errand boy," and when he broke up housekeeping, in consequence of the death of his wife, he sent Philip to his home again, and little Etta with him. Philip was an active, ingenious boy, and had profited well by his opportunities of seeing what is done in the world. His uncle had made him many

presents in the line of painting and designing, so that he felt very vain of his acquirements, and made quite a "flourish" about them to his little brother, after his return home.

George had longed to welcome Philip home. "It would be so nice to have a big brother," he had said. His little heart had gone out in love and admiration towards him. Philip had seemed kind and brotherly for a few weeks. But as soon as the novelty of things had worn away, and he had found other and older associates, he had grown careless of his little brother's feelings. Each passing week had seemed to roll him more closely in his selfishness.

We left George standing at the top of the hill, twirling one of the balls of his blue comforter, and watching the descent of a beautiful orange-colored sled, with almost a feeling of covetousness. All at once, a piercing shriek ran over the play-ground. He jumped on his sled at once, and pushed it to the bottom of the hill, where the smaller boys had assembled. They saw the skaters from all direction hurrying towards one spot.

"To the meadows!" was the cry of a dozen, as again, and yet again that cry rang out, strong and shrill, over their heads. Somebody is drowning!"

The sleds were dropped, and all rushed to the shore. George was foremost.

The meadows were partially covered with woods, and beyond the range of these woods, the boys had been forbidden to go, as to skate there was considered dangerous. They soon discovered, nevertheless, that the sounds proceeded from that direction; and, slipping their smooth boots along the ice, they reached the wood. Here the larger boys had already clustered, and were standing with pale, fearful faces, or anxiously trying the strength of the ice as they attempted to advance.

Dimly above the white ice, at a little distance, could be seen the head of a boy. Crash! and down broke another, who had pushed out to save him. The boys gave a cry of terror.

"Never mind me! Never fear!" shouted the last, throwing his arms across the edges of the ice. "I can hold on a good while yet; and I don't believe it is deep enough here to drown me. Go and help Philip; he will drown in a little while if you don't get to him. You large boys can't come—it won't bear you. Send one of the little fellows, and get that long pole."

"Come, Bob!" exclaimed an older boy, seizing the smallest boy near him by the shoulder.

"Oh, no!" screamed the little fellow, trembling with terror; "I shall get in! Mother wouldn't let me."

"But you *must*—one of you," insisted the larger boy.

"It is Philip! I'll go—let me!" exclaimed George, coming forward. He was very pale, and his large eyes were strained to the utmost.

"Well keep steady about it, and don't be a coward! Here, take off your boots—take this pole—slide out as far as you can, and when the ice gets thin and begins to crack, lie down, flat, and work yourself along. When you get close to the hole, push along the stick, and hold on to this end of it while he lifts himself out. Hold strong! Mind you don't go too near!"

Half a dozen boys at once were giving these directions to the bewildered boy.

"Yes; I will," he answered, dreamily, and slid away, scarcely conscious whether on his feet or head.

"We'll push a board after you!" shouted the boys.

"Help! help!" came more faintly Philip's cry. It seemed to George to come from under the ice. He looked down, and his blood ran chill. The water looked cold, deep, and black, underneath.

Just then a crackling sound alarmed him, as he came upon a track of whitish ice. He cautiously lowered himself to his hands and knees, and wound himself along until he could plainly see the hole by raising his head. He scarcely knew what to do next.

"Philip!" he called, tremulously.

"Oh, help, for God's sake! I can't hold on much longer—I'm dying of cold!" groaned the boy.

"Where are you, Phil?"

"Down here—can't you see me?"

"Are you under the ice?" George asked, for the head had disappeared from his sight.

"Most down! I'm trying to hold on to a tree, but my fingers are numb. Oh, dear, dear—won't somebody help me?"

"Can't you catch this pole, Phil?" George stretched it across the chasm.

"You can't hold it strong enough—I dare not let go of the tree. Oh, dear I shall drown!"

"Do take hold, Phil—do! I'll hold on with all my might."

The sinking boy stretched up one half-frozen hand, and caught the stick. He partly raised himself by it, but sank again.

"Take the other hand, Phil," shouted his little brother. "I can hold it—I know I can."

Thus encouraged, the drowning boy let go the twig which had supported him, and firmly grasped the pole. He lifted himself by it, George pressed firmly upon the other end, straining every nerve. At one moment it seemed to him that he must give way, and himself be drawn into the abyss; then the ice all seemed cracking, and his ears rang. But the next moment Phil was out of the water, lying on the edge of the ice.

"There—there—Phil, I told you so. Now only crawl off a little—be just as careful as ever you can."

"Oh, I can't move," murmured the boy, nearly stupefied by the intense cold. "My hands!"

George crept as near to him as he dared, and pulling off his own red mittens, stretched them over his brother's blue, icy hands. Then he took his comforter, and tying it around Philip's arms, succeeded in pulling him a little way from the hole. The boys shouted applause behind him. Some of the more adventurous were already creeping along with a flat board, which they pushed to the two. George, by renewed exertions, dragged his heavy brother upon this board, and drew it a short distance, until he could be safely joined by others. He did not once think of himself, though wet to the skin, and destitute of cap, comforter, and mittens.

Philip revived after reaching the shore and being rubbed a few minutes by his mates. Two of them supported him up the hill towards his home, escorted by the remainder. They sent George forward to announce their coming, and order a warm bed to be prepared for the rescued boy.

George met his mother at the gate. She bare-headed and deathly pale, was rushing toward the play-ground. She had just heard that a boy had broken in the ice, and too truly forboded that it was one of her own boys. George caught her arm, laughing aloud in nervous excitement, and screamed—"Oh mother, he's out! He's coming. He—I—." Here came a sudden reaction; his head reeled, he tottered, and fell fainting on the snow.

The doctor who was summoned to Philip, had another patient. The older boy was soon himself again, having been but slightly injured by the chill of his cold bath. But pale delicate Georgie, with the terror and wetting, had nearly worked himself into convulsions. He was in danger of brain fever, and was kept by the doctor's order in a dark room for four days as quiet as possible. His mother sat by him, holding his hand or stroking his hot head whenever he started from his short sleep, screaming that "Phil was drowning, and the boys wouldn't go to him!" She would kiss him then, and call him her noble, her darling boy. He did not "trouble" her any longer, though he needed all her attention.

And what thought Philip after coming to himself and learning the whole story? Oh, were not burning regret and shame mingled with his thankfulness for rescue? When he walked on the next day about the house, hushed for his little brother's sake—when he heard Etta sob, as she threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, won't Georgie ever get well?"—more than all, when his eye lighted on the sled daubed with a square inch of paint, which the boys had brought in for George, his heart smote him as it never had done before.

He turned away and went miserably to his own chamber. He thought of all of his unkind acts to that little brother. He went to bed at night, but could not sleep. He tried to pray for George, and in making the attempt he fell to crying. Then he prayed for himself, too, and fell asleep.

In a few days, by God's blessing, George was once more able to sit up against pillows, and to see his brother and cousin. Etta jumped upon his bed-side in glee, throwing her little arms around him. Philip stood quietly for a moment, until George extended his hand to him, then his lip quivered, and, bending low, he kissed him.

"I have something to show you, Georgie," said he. Stepping aside, he lifted up—the sled! No! Was it the same? George did not recognize it. It was, however, no other than the same once clumsy sled, perfectly polished, and painted in gray green and orange, by the skillful hands of Philip! A new rope dangled from its front, and altogether it was one of the finest specimens of a sled that ever graced a country sliding hill.

George almost screamed out his surprise and thanks. "Oh, what a beauty! dear Phil! how good it was of you."

"Don't say anything, Georgie," replied Philip, with an attempt to conceal his emotion; "you—saved my life!"

"Oh, if you had drowned, Phil!" the little pale boy shut his eyes and shuddered.

"There, that is long enough for you to stay with him to-day," said his father, who had just come in. "He must not be excited."

George opened his eyes, and looked up to his brother with a smile of trust and love.

George recovered, though weeks passed before he was able to steer his new sled down the cold hill. But many a happy slide it has given him since!

Do you think that Philip forgot the lesson he had learned? Do you think that he disobeyed again by going to slide on forbidden ice? Do you think that he abused the love of that precious brother as he had done before?—*Friend of Youth.*

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.

Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the advanced age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed, and calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed:—

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your bearers?"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man, "it is well thought of, and I will do it now."

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sunk back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light, and he rallied once more.

"My son, read me that list. Is the name of Mr. Wiggins there?"

"It is, my father."

"Then strike it off!" said he, emphatically, "for he was never punctual—was never any where in season, and he might hinder the procession a whole hour!"

THE MILKMAN.

Jinks, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water the milk. In the hall of the first customer in his round, the omission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side; no eye was upon him, and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up her jugs. Jinks served her and went on. While he was bellowing down the next arena, his first customer's footman beckoned to him from the door. Jinks returned, and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk.

"Jinks!" said his lordship.

"My lord!" replied Jinks.

"Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."

"Well, my lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while—"

"No," interrupted the nobleman. "The fact is that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of sea-water, Jinks."

ON ONE CONDITION.

Some years ago, when the Legislature of one of the Middle States were framing a constitution, the discussion of its various provisions was warm and obstinate. Many days had been spent in fiery debate, and the vote was at length about to be taken. Just at this moment, a country member, who had been absent for some days previously, entered and took his seat. Another member, who was in favor of the amended constitution, went to him and endeavored to make a convert of him.

"You must vote for the constitution, by all means," said he.

"I'll think of it," said the country member.

"But you must make up your mind at once, man, for the vote is about to be taken."

The country member scratched his head and seemed puzzled.

"Come, why do you hesitate? Will you promise me to vote for the constitution? I am sure it will give general satisfaction."

"I'll vote for it on one condition," said the country member.

"What is that?"

"And on no other, by gracious!"

"But what condition is it?"

"Why, that they let it run by my farm."

The Autobiography of the Widow Billings, the Boarding House Keeper.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

Old Mr. Bumstead was my "fidgety boarder." "Madam," he enquired, as the preliminary arrangement as to room, price of board, etc. were being made, "I think you said the apartments which I have been looking at, front on the South?"

"They do, sir," was my answer, "and the sun lies in them most delightfully, of a winter's day."

"Ah, madam, that may be, but how about the hot weather, in summer? As I came in, I observed there were no blinds on the house. Well, now although the sun is very agreeable in the winter months, I have no intention of being broiled alive by its heat in mid summer." And old Mr. Bumstead laughed at the idea, most heartily.

"As to the blinds, sir," I said, rather tiring of the conversation, "they are now in the hands of the painter, but my landlord assures me they shall be re-hung early in the spring. And besides, sir, if you will step to the window a moment, you will see yonder row of elms which, although destitute of foliage now, afford, in their season, an ample protection against the heat of the sun."

"Humph!" said Mr. Bumstead, rising, and approaching the window, "and I don't not they afford, too, a grand retreat for the mosquitoes under cover of which they can recruit their energies, after each successive onslaught on their victims?"

I began to feel heart sick of the man. I must say, and although exceedingly anxious to let the rooms he had applied for, and knowing well that he was what is called, in vulgar parlance, "good pay," I heartily wished he would seek for accommodations elsewhere.

But it was not so to be,—the following day saw old Mr. Bumstead fully installed in his apartments in the Widow Billings's boarding house.

As his bureau, wardrobe, secretary, etc., were being passed up the stair-way by the furniture men, I could but smile, as I sat in the parlor, to hear the exclamations made by the old gentleman.

"Take care there!" he cried, "take care! say! you'll knock off the handles of that top bureau drawer, turning round that corner!" "Hold on! you young rascal! don't toss that table about the side-walk as though it was made of iron!" "You careless scoundrel! what under the sun are you about? Do you want to ruin that rocking chair? Don't you see you are rubbing all the veneering off against the banisters?" "Stop! stop! I tell you! one of the legs of the secretary is loose,—so have a care there! you blockhead in the baize jacket!"

"Zounds!" muttered the old man to himself, as he stood panting and puffing on the door step, "zounds! I told Franklin hadn't the right on't, when he declared that 'half a dozen moves were equal to a fire!'"

I was amused, as I have said, at all this,—still, at the same time, a fearful foreboding of what might be in store for me, while Mr. Bumstead counted one among my boarders, considerably disturbed my equanimity.

I forgot the precise number of days it took my new boarder "to put his rooms to rights," as he called it, but I am positive it required all of a week. Old Mrs. Stubbs, "the nervous boarder," whose apartments were immediately beneath those occupied by Mr. Bumstead, declared that "that crazy old man," (as she invariably designated him,) "kept up such an everlasting driving of nails that she not only lost her afternoon nap, but, bless her! she was awakened, in the morning, long before sunrise!"

There was, in truth, an almost incessant hammering going on in the old gentleman's rooms for some days, in consequence, mainly, of a difference of opinion that arose between him and the "carpet woman."

"Marm," said Mr. Bumstead, to the "carpet woman," as he came in after the carpets on both of his rooms were tacked down, "your idea of angles and corners are singularly incorrect, not to say absurd. See that unnecessary fulness in the carpet, in the corner by the closet door! And here, in front of the fire place, what a piece of blotch work have we here!—the most conspicuous place there is in the room! Under the bureau, or bedsteads indeed, your bungling might be overlooked, but as to having it staring me right in the face, marm, I neither can nor will. You will therefore withdraw every nail—every nail, marm!—and make another attempt to put the carpets down properly."

The poor woman was frightened half out of her wits at this stern rebuke thus unexpectedly, and, as she conceived, most undeservedly, administered her. "Madam," she said to me, as the tears gathered in her eyes, "it is the first time my work has not given satisfaction, and were it not for the little mouths at home, I would leave the carpets as they are, and would scorn to receive a cent from him for what I have already done."

With all my heart I pitied the poor creature, and, as odious and irksome as the task was, could not help but proffer her my assistance, which she most gladly and gratefully accepted.

The putting up of Mr. Bumstead's clock like the putting down of his carpets, was no insignificant affair. Three times was it nailed up before the right place for it was found,—a proceeding, by the way, that sorely troubled my landlord when, some time afterwards, he discovered the gimlet holes through the paper.

First—The clock was hung over the fire place; but, the next morning, Mr. Bumstead found that its face was not visible from the bed, unless he sat bolt upright, which he had no mind of doing until the exact hour he appointed for rising had arrived.

The services of the clock maker, were, therefore, again called into requisition, and the time piece was fastened, this time, within a few feet of the bed—But, alas! its ticking so annoyed Mr. Bumstead, that following night, that he was blessed with scarcely a wink of sleep. And down it came again, and was then finally hung in the parlor, instead of the bedroom.

In a succeeding chapter I will recount a few more of the incidents that occurred during the time that old Mr. Bumstead remained beneath my roof.

LONGEVITY. A correspondent informs us that in Sharon, Mass., there are four brothers and sisters, whose united ages are 350 years. Joseph Morse is 86 years of age; he has always lived in Sharon, and has lived in one house 68 years; he never either smoked, chewed, or used tobacco in any way whatever, nor played a game of cards. Lewis Morse is 83 years of age; has always lived on the farm where he was born. Charlotte Johnson is aged 91 years. Abigail Belcher is 90 years of age. There are sisters of the two first named, and all are in good health.

MY UNCLE JOSEPH. being somewhat "indisposed" yesterday, stepped into a restaurant and called for a glass of brandy and water,—having drunk which, he laid a fourpenny piece on the counter, and turned to leave the place.

"Ten cents, my dear sir," said the bar-tender, "we take nothing less than ten cents for a glass of brandy, in these times."

"Nothing less?" quoth my uncle, "well, as this fourpence is all the change I have with me, you will pardon me for stepping out in your debt for a glass of very inferior spirit."

And my uncle took up the fourpence, and walked off "as calm as a summer's morning." X.

Family Marketing.

It is an undoubted fact that Boston is the most expensive place in the country, and the most difficult for men of small means to live in. The cost of living has been increasing every year, and notwithstanding the seeming abundance every where around us, there is no prospect of any amelioration in the city provision market. Of one thing we are certain, if this state of things continues much longer, it will materially retard the growth and prosperity of this metropolis. The bone and sinew of community, they whose industry and skill and ingenuity contribute so much to the general prosperity cannot live here.

It has long been observed that Boston is no place for her young men: and that as soon as they reach their majority most of them start for other and more promising places. They plant their stakes in the broad and generous West, and become the leading men there; they furnish the Atlantic cities with many of the best merchants in their borders, and find an appreciation abroad for their capabilities and energy, which they failed to secure at home. Our artisans and laboring men will be forced to follow the examples of our young men, and seek in other places that support which is denied them here without the most unremitting toil. We shall thus lose, if we are not careful, the two principle elements of the strength of a community:—the active, ambitious, thinking young man—the stalwart arm and muscle of the laborer, the skill and industry of the mechanic.

What shall be done to prevent this disastrous result? We say, at once, abolish our market laws and frame new ones. Bring the producer and the consumer together, and drive away that pest to both—that miserable go-between, the forestaller—who wears two faces, one to the man who produces, another to him who consumes and cheats them both.

We want to give the producer an opportunity to retail his produce. The city government, by its action, has established and protects a monopoly. Quincy Hall Market, which was established for the accommodation of the citizens, has been rapidly losing its character. It is a vast store house for wholesale dealers, and does not afford the man who purchases simply for his family any more facilities, if so many, than the provision stores do. Boylston Market is nothing but a pendant to Quincy Market, with the difference that, being a mile farther into the city, the dealers think they must have a considerable per centage more than Quincy Market dealers dare to ask.

We ask the City Government to relieve the citizens who have no retail market for their daily supplies. Give us new ordinances on this subject, conceived in wisdom, that will enable producers and consumers to meet each other face to face.

To show that what we have stated about the enormous prices which rule in our market, is correct, let us quote from the retail prices of a few articles of farm produce in Washington Market, as reported in the New York Herald: Sirloin Steaks, 12 a 14 cents per pound. In Boston, a "Round Steak," cut nearly down to the shin bone at that, is 16 a 17 cents per pound, while rump and sirloin steaks cannot be bought for less than 18 a 20 cents. Potatoes are quoted at \$1 50 per bbl, and 9 a 12 cents per half peck. Here they are held at \$2 50 a 3 25 per bbl, and 12 a 22 cents per half peck.

But the most striking difference observable is in the price of tomatoes. They are quoted in New York at 62 a 75 cents per bushel; 10 a 12 cents per half peck. In our market, dealers won't begin to talk to you about tomatoes by the bushel, or even by the peck; but if you ask the price, they will answer promptly, as a dealer did at Boylston Market on Saturday evening—"fourteen cents a quart!" which is at the very modest rate of four dollars and forty-eight cents a bushel!! carrying with it a profit of at least three dollars and twenty-five cents for retailing thirty-two quarts!!! The tomato may well be called *pomme d'amour* if its admirers are willing to be so scandalously swindled for the sake of a few badly grown and imperfect specimens of it.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY. Michael Maloy, a native of Ireland, died in this city last week, at the remarkable age of one hundred and eight years. He left the land of his birth about thirty years ago, and lived in New Brunswick until 1839, when he came to this city, where he has since continued to reside. His son, John Maloy, has lived in this city more than thirty years, and is well known to the people in the third ward. A daughter, in whose family he died, also has her home here. An older son lives in Michigan. His age appears to be well authenticated, and the family say is a matter of record in the parish register "at home." Many of the Maloy's have attained to a great age in Ireland. An uncle of him, who has just died, lived until he was one hundred and twenty, and is well remembered by his grand-nephew, John, spoken of above. —*Providence Journal.*

A SLIGHT PARTIALITY. A young beauty beheld one evening, horses running off at locomotive speed with a light wagon. As they approached she was horrified at recognizing in the vehicle two gentlemen of her acquaintance. "Boys," she screamed in terror, "jump out! quick! jump out!"—"specially George!" It is needless to say that her sentiments as to "George" were from that time forth no secret.

THE WIFE.

BY FLORENCE MACDONALD.

"I am hopeless!" said a young man, in a voice that was painfully desponding. "Utterly hopeless! Heaven knows I have tried hard to get employment! But no one has need of my service. The pittance doled out by your father, and which comes with a sense of humiliation that is absolutely heart-crushing, is scarcely sufficient to provide this miserable abode, and keep hunger from our door. But for your sake, I would not touch a shilling of his money, if I starved."

"Hush, dear Edward!" returned the gentle girl, who had left father, mother, and a pleasant home, to share the lot of him she loved; and she laid a finger on his lips, while she drew her arm around him.

"Agnes," said the young man, "I cannot endure this life much longer. The native independence of my character revolts at our present condition. Months have elapsed, and yet the ability I possess finds no employment. In this country, every avenue is crowded."

The room in which they were overlooked the sea.

"But there is another land, where, if what we hear be true, ability finds employment and talent a sure reward." And as Agnes said this, in a voice of encouragement she pointed from the window towards the expanse of waters that stretched far away towards the south and west.

"America!" The word was uttered in a quick earnest voice.

"Yes."

"Agnes, I thank you for this suggestion!—Return to the pleasant home you left for one who cannot procure for you even the plainest comforts of life, and I will cross the ocean to seek a better fortune in that land of promise. The separation, painful to both, will not, I trust, be long."

"Edward," replied the young wife with enthusiasm, as she drew her arm more tightly about his neck, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee! Where thou goest I will go, and where thou liest I will lie. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

"Would you forsake all," said Edward, in surprise, "and go far away with me into a strange land?"

"It will be no stranger to me than it will be to you, Edward."

"No, no, Agnes! I will not think of that," said Edward Marvel, in a positive voice. "If I go to that land of promise, it must first be alone?"

"Alone?" A shadow fell across the face of Agnes. "Alone! It cannot—must not be."

"But think, Agnes. If I go alone, it will cost me but a small sum to live until I find some business, which may not be for weeks, or even months, after I arrive in the New World."

"What if you were to be sick?" The frame of Agnes slightly quivered as she made this suggestion.

"We will not think of that."

"I cannot help thinking of it, Edward. Therefore entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee. Where thou goest, I will go."

Marvel's countenance became more serious.

"Agnes," said the young man, after he had reflected for some time, "let us think no more about this. I cannot take you far away to this strange country. We will go back to London. Perhaps another trial there may be more successful."

After a feeble opposition on the part of Agnes, it was finally agreed that Edward should go once more to London, while she made a brief visit to her parents. If he found employment, she was to join him immediately; if not successful, they were then to talk further of the journey to America.

With painful reluctance, Agnes went back to her father's house, the door of which ever stood open to receive her; and she went back alone. The pride of her husband would not permit him to cross the threshold of a dwelling where his presence was not a welcome one. In eager suspense, she waited for a whole week ere a letter came from Edward. The tone of his letter was as cheerful and as hopeful as it was possible for the young man to write. But, as yet he had found no employment. A week elapsed before another came. It opened with these words:—

"MY DEAR, DEAR AGNES! Hopeless of doing anything here, I have turned my thoughts once more to the land of promise; and, when you receive this, I will be on my journey thitherward. Brief, very brief, I trust will be our separation. The moment I obtain employment, I will send for you, and then our reunion will take place with a fullness of delight such as we have not yet experienced."

Long, tender, and hopeful was the letter; but it brought a burden of grief and heart-sickness to the tender young creature, who felt almost as if she had been deserted by the one who was dear to her as her own life.

Only a few days had Edward Marvel been at sea, when he became seriously indisposed, and, for the remaining part of the voyage, was so ill as to be unable to rise from his berth. He had embarked in a packet ship from Liverpool bound for New York, where he arrived at the expiration of five weeks. There he was removed to the sick wards of the hospital on Staten Island, and it was the opinion of the physicians there that he would die.

"Have you any friends in this country?" inquired a nurse who was attending the young man. This question was asked on the day after he had become an inmate of the hospital.

"None," was the feebly uttered reply.

"You are very ill," said the nurse.

The sick man looked anxiously into the face of his attendant.

"You have friends in England?"

"Yes."

"Have you any communication to make to them?"

Marvel closed his eyes, and remained for some time silent.

"If you will get me a pen and some paper, I will write a few lines," said he, at length.

"I am afraid you are too weak for the effort," replied the nurse.

"Let me try," was briefly answered.

The attendant left the room.

"Is there any one in your part of the house named Marvel?" asked the physician, meeting the nurse soon after she had left the sick man's room. "There's a young woman down in the office inquiring for a person of that name."

"Marvel—Marvel?" The nurse shook her head.

"Are you certain?" remarked the physician.

"I'm certain there is no one by that name for whom any here would make inquiries. There's a young Englishman who came over in the last packet, whose name is something like that you mention. But he has no friends in this country."

The physician passed on without further remark.

Soon after, the nurse returned to Marvel with the writing materials for which he had asked. She drew a table to the side of the bed, and supported him as he leaned over, and tried, with an unsteady hand to write.

"Have you a wife at home?" asked the nurse; her eyes had rested on the first word he wrote.

"Yes," sighed the young man, as the pen dropped from his fingers, and he leaned back heavily, exhausted by even the slight effort he had made.

"Your name is Marvel?"

"Yes."

"A young woman was here just now inquiring if we had a patient by that name."

"By that name?" There was a slight indication of surprise.

"Yes."

Marvel closed his eyes, and did not speak for some moments.

"Did you see her?" he asked at length evincing some interest.

"Yes."

"Did she find the one whom she was seeking?" "There is no person here, except yourself, whose name came near to the one she mentioned. As you said you had no friends in this country, we did not suppose you were meant."

"No, no." And the sick man shook his head slowly. "There is no one to ask for me. Did you say it was a young woman?" he inquired, soon after. His mind dwelt on the occurrence.

"Yes. A young woman with a fair complexion and deep blue eyes."

Marvel looked up quickly into the face of the attendant, while a flush came into his cheeks.

"She was a slender, young girl, with light hair, and her face was pale, as from trouble."

"Agnes! Agnes!" exclaimed Marvel, rising up. "But no, no," he added mournfully, sinking back again upon the bed; "that cannot be. I left her far away over the wide ocean."

"Will you write?" said the nurse after some moments.

The invalid, without unclosing his eyes, slowly shook his head. A little while the attendant lingered in his room and then retired.

"Dear, dear, Agnes!" murmured Edward Marvel, closing his eyes, and letting his thoughts go, swift-winged, across the billowy sea. "Shall I never look on your sweet face again? Never feel your light arms about my neck, or your breath warm on my cheek? Oh, that I had never left you! Heaven give thee strength to bear the trouble in store!"

For many minutes he lay, thus alone, with his eyes closed, in self-communion. Then he heard the door open and close softly; but he did not look up. His thoughts were far, far away. Light feet approached quickly; but he scarcely heeded them. A form bent over him; but his eyes remained shut, nor did he open them until warm lips were pressed against his

own, and a voice thrilling through his whole being, said—

"Edward."

"Agnes!" was his quick response, while his arms were thrown eagerly around the neck of his wife. "Agnes! Agnes! Have I awakened from a fearful dream?"

Yes, it was indeed her of whom he had been thinking. The moment she had received his letter, informing her that he had left for the United States, she resolved to follow him in the next steamer that sailed. This purpose she immediately avowed to her parents. At first they would not listen to her; but finding that she would probably elude their vigilance, and get away in spite of all efforts to prevent her, they deemed it more wise and prudent to provide her with everything necessary for the voyage, and to place her in the care of the captain of the steamship in which she was to go. In New York they had friends, to whom they gave her letters fully explanatory of her mission, and earnestly commending her to their care and protection.

Two weeks before the ship in which Edward Marvel sailed reached her destination, Agnes was in New York. Before her departure, she had sought, but in vain, to discover the name of the vessel in which her husband had embarked. On arriving in the New World, she was therefore uncertain, whether he had preceded her in a steamer, or was still lingering on the way.

The friends to whom Agnes brought letters received her with great kindness, and gave her all the advice and assistance needed under the circumstances. But two weeks went by without a word of intelligence on the one subject that absorbed her thoughts. Sadly was her health beginning to suffer. Sunken eyes and pale cheeks attested the weight of suffering that was on her.

One day it was announced that a Liverpool packet had arrived with the ship fever on board, and that several of the passengers had been removed to the hospital.

A thrill of fear went through the heart of the anxious wife. It was soon ascertained that Marvel had been a passenger on board of this vessel: but from some cause, nothing in regard to him beyond this fact could she learn. Against all persuasions, she started for the hospital, her heart oppressed with a fearful presentiment that he was either dead or struggling in the grasp of a fatal malady. On making inquiry at the hospital, she was told the one she sought was not there, and she was about returning to the city when the truth reached her ears.

"Is he very ill?" she asked, struggling to compose herself.

"Yes, he is extremely ill," was the reply. "And it might not be well for you, under the circumstances, to see him at present."

"Not well for his wife to see him?" returned Agnes. Tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of not being permitted to come near in his extremity. "Do not say that. Oh, take me to him! I will save his life."

"You must be very calm," said the nurse; for it was with her she was talking. "The least excitement may be fatal."

"Oh, I will be calm and prudent." Yet, even while she spoke, her frame quivered with excitement.

But she controlled herself when the moment of meeting came, and though her unexpected appearance produced a shock, it was salutary rather than injurious.

"My dear, dear Agnes!" said Edward Marvel, a month from this time, as they sat alone in the chamber of a pleasant house in New York, "I owe you my life. But for your prompt resolution to follow me across the sea, I would in all probability, now be sleeping the sleep of death. Oh, what would I not suffer for your sake!"

As Marvel uttered the last sentence, a troubled expression flitted over his countenance. Agnes gazed tenderly into his face, and asked—

"Why this look of doubt and anxiety?"

"Need I answer the question?" returned the young man. "It is thus far, no better with me than when we left our home. Though health is coming back through every fibre, and my heart is filled with an eager desire to relieve these kind friends of the burden of our support, yet no prospect opens."

No cloud came stealing darkly over the face of the young wife. The sunshine, so far from being dimmed, was brighter.

"Let not your heart be troubled," said she with a beautiful smile. "All will come out right."

"Right, Agnes? It is not right for me thus to depend on strangers."

"You need depend but a little while longer. I have already made warm friends here, and through them, secured for you employment. A good place awaits you so soon as strength to fill it comes back to your weakened frame."

"Angel!" exclaimed the young man, overcome with emotion at so unexpected a declaration.

"No, not an angel," calmly replied Agnes, "only a wife. And now, dear Edward," she

Sitting in the corner,
On a Sunday eve,
With a taper flaring
Resting on your sleeve;
Starlight eyes are casting
On your face their light;
Bless me! this is pleasant—
Seeking Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping
Gainst your Sunday vest—
How wickedly 'tis working
On this day of rest;
Hours seem but minutes
As they take their flight;
Bless me! ain't it pleasant—
Sparkling Sunday night?

Dad and Mam are sleeping
On their peaceful bed,
Dreaming of the things
The folks in meeting said—
"Love ye one another!"
Ministers recite:
Bless me! don't we do it—
Sparkling Sunday night?

One arm with gentle pressure,
Lingers round her waist,
You squeeze her dimpled hand
Her pouting lips you taste,
She freely signs your face,
But more in love than spite;
Oh! thunder!—ain't it pleasant
Sparkling Sunday night?

But hark! the clock is striking—
It is two o'clock, I trow!
As sure as I'm a sinner,
The time to go has come;
You shall see my official accents,
If "that old clock is right,"
And wonder if it ever
Sparkled on a Sunday night!

One, two, three, sweet kisses,
Four, five, six, you look—
But, thinking that you rob her,
Give back those you took;
Then, as forth you hurry,
From the fair one's sight,
Don't you wish each day was
Only Sunday night!

—Manchester Mirror.

Lat. 41° 03'
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Unfortunate Women.

We use the term "unfortunate" in reference to a class of women, which, to the disgrace of humanity and because of the errors of our social organization is increasing in our midst. In speaking of these unfortunates, we are aware we must treat the subject tenderly. Our teachers of morality and virtue will not, themselves, offend polite ears by referring to it; nor will they tolerate those who, while penetrating behind the veil which hides corruption and moral deformity from view, seek to save and restore those who are lost. They who stand upon the watch towers as sentinels to give the alarm when dangers approach, know that society cherishes in its bosom a blighting curse, and they know, too, that, because the subject is a forbidden one in public discussions, it is growing in secret and extending its ravages. There is no wisdom manifest in this meek delicacy. It operates as an encouragement to depraved and imbruted minds; is, in fact, a free license to the unprincipled.

But it is high time that good men, lovers of purity and virtue, awake from their lethargy, and, with a stern resolve, armed with the sword of truth, the balance of justice and the tenderness of mercy, set themselves about the work of purification;—with truth that the people may open their eyes to the dangers which threaten them; with justice that the despoilers of hapless innocence may not escape the hand of the avenger; with mercy that some drops of consolation may yet reach the heart of a wronged and outraged, yet sinning daughter of sorrow, may yet awaken hope in her despairing bosom, and carry to her heart the consolation and assurance that there is yet "a balm in Gilead and a Physician there."

Insidiously this great horror is spreading its branches, increasing its power, and adding to its victims. No man's roof tree is safe. The destroyer stops not to inquire whether the victim selected for sacrifice is the daughter of a legislator, a magistrate, a divine, or a philanthropist; nor asks the question whether a rich man or a poor man is the father of the devoted innocent. Unbridled passion overleaps all barriers and strikes down all obstacles; while from the criminal negligence of the parents and the apathy of society, the doomed one walks abroad in her innocence, unconscious of evil and fearing none.

Say, ye patterns of propriety, ye paragons of delicacy, who will not hiss a word of warning in the ears of your innocent offspring, would you let her start upon a journey where the road is filled with pit-falls and precipices without warning her of the dangers that beset her path, and giving her the most minute directions how to avoid them? How much rather, then, should you prepare her for the great journey of life, when, freed from parental control and the sweet influences of a mother's love and unceasing care, and separated from the restraints of home, she steps forth from her father's house to battle with the world. Oh! what a fearful weight or responsibility rests upon those mistaken parents, who, aware of threatening dangers, permit their offspring to meet them unwarned. What a heritage of woe will they have brought upon themselves when they see the pride of their hearts return a violated thing to die.

While we would not gloss over the errors and crimes of women who have fallen from virtue, neither would we indiscriminately condemn them. There are innumerable instances where the mantle of extenuation should be thrown over the erring and fallen one, while the hand of gentle pity should be extended to raise her from her deep sense of degradation. While many, alas! too many, have entered upon a life of infamy because they found it a congenial one, how many others have been driven to it by poverty and by the systematic arts of designing men.

We know not, we never shall know, through how much tribulation, temptation, want and despair a woman passes before she yields herself, or what a wealth of love she has given and unbounded confidence to one upon whom hang all her hopes in this world; and for whose answering love she would almost peril her hopes in a hereafter. Some may smile cynically and coldly on this view of the case, and say with a sneer, "it is but the phrenzy of passion which meets a ready response in lustful desires." They who can reason thus may never, perhaps, overstep the bounds of outward propriety; neither can they ever appreciate virtue, love, devotion, a spirit of self-sacrifice, and an abnegation of self. These are they who have hearts of stone. Others may look on with a tear of pity for the sufferings and degradation of a betrayed one, but cannot forgive the fault, yet at the same time can receive again into their family circle the guilty and polluted betrayer, whose sin is "salvationless, almost." This class, and more especially if they be of the female sex, have great need to urge for their morning and their evening prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"

It is a sad reflection that hapless women receive more indignities from their own sex than from the other. Every door to repentance and reformation is shut against them, and for one false step, which plunged a forlorn creature in the abyss of woe, she finds the heel of society upon her neck to keep her there.

It can it be wondered at, that, in her despair and anguish, the light of hope is extinguished in her bosom, and that she passes recklessly into a whirl of dissipation to find rest only in an early and dishonored grave.

We would introduce a better feeling into society, especially among women. We would try to save and not destroy. We would lift up the fallen one—speak peace to her distracted soul; lead her upward to the path from which she has strayed; and whisper to her the pardoning words addressed to the repentant Magdalen: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." If we could penetrate into the hours of solitude of many of these unhappy women, and look into the recesses of their hearts, we should start back, appalled at the blank despair and remorse which have left their burning impress there, and would leave no effort untried to restore lost women to themselves, to virtue, and to "that repentance which needs not to be repented of."

The Gilmanton Snake Story—The Other Side.

MR. EDITOR:—The article taken from the N. H. Statesman and published in your paper of Saturday, pronouncing the whole affair in regard to the snake and child a humbug, is unfair and cruelly unjust to Mr. Hill and his family, who are now laboring under this sore affliction. Any one who knows them can but be aware of the utter absurdity of such a statement, and it was unquestionably set up by some of the many disappointed applicants who had impudently tried to consent to an engagement for public exhibitions. Many gentlemen in Gilmanton, whose veracity is undoubted, fully confirm the truth of all that has been printed in regard to this strange circumstance, and the view which Dr. Wright took of the case has been sustained by other eminent physicians. So far from Mr. Hill having trained the snake, he cannot and does not handle it.

I called, with several other gentlemen, at the rooms of the family, on Friday last, and we there saw enough to convince any one that there is a chain of sympathy existing between the child and snake which seems inseparable. When we entered the room, the child, who is a bright little girl of six or seven years of age, was sleeping upon the bed. The snake, which was in a box in another part of the room, had thrown itself into a coil, and was also fast asleep. During the slumbers of the child, she was observed to be gradually, and yet unconsciously, of course, working herself into a position like that of the snake, bringing her head in contact with her knees in such a way as to strain the muscles of her neck, and making it necessary to straighten her body every half hour or thereabouts. When any attempt was made to rouse the child, the snake, which was some twenty feet from the child, would at the same time be disturbed. This was repeated several times with the same effect. When one is awake and active, it is so with the other, the snake exhibiting every mark of fondness and affection for the child. The same may be seen by any one who desires to visit them.

Mr. Hill feels injured by the reports which have been circulated that he is imposing upon the public—and as I know him and many of his neighbors who testify to the truth of the story, I have thought it not improper to say this much in his favor. He has no intention, he says, of travelling for the purpose of public exhibitions. The family, aside from their present misfortune, are very poor, and need the sympathies of the community.

Yours, &c.

We copy the above from the Telegraph of last evening, in justice to Mr. Hill. The public will have an opportunity to day and to-morrow of visiting the family at Cochituate Hall, and judging for themselves. Crowds were in attendance yesterday and came away satisfied that there was no deception.

COULDN'T "SMILE. Bill W., the well known auctioneer, resides about twelve miles out from the city. He is immensely fond of a joke, but he got "sold" once by his brother George. There was to be a military ball at the C— House, and Bill, who was a member of the W. M. P. (a crack corps, by the way), intended to be present. George knew this, and on the morning preceding the ball he called upon the landlord, Mr. P., and asked him if he was acquainted with William W.—. The landlord replied that he was. "Well," said George, he intends to be present at the ball this evening, and I call this gentleman who is with me to witness that I forbid you letting him have one drop of liquor. Just as sure as you do, I will haul you up for selling. Evening came, as did also Bill W., to the ball. After dancing until he was very dry, he in company with a friend, went down to the bar and called for brandy and water. "You can't have it," said the bar-keeper. "Why not?" said Bill, "every one else is drinking." "I can't help that," replied the bar-keeper, "we are forbidden letting you have any." "The d—!" said Bill, as the truth flashed across his mind; but it was of no use coaxing the landlord, for visions of "ten dollars and costs," crossed his brain, and Bill went without his drinks. The worst of it for Bill was, that he was continually bored by being asked to "step down to the bar and imbibe."

A TEMPERANCE LECTURER, descending on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked, as a knock-down argument, that "when the world became so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing else with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a wag, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the airth."

PRETTY GOOD. An exquisite compliment was paid, the other evening, to a lady in our presence. She had just swallowed a petite glass of wine, as a gentleman in the company asked for a taste. "It is all gone," said she, laughing, "unless you will take some of it from my lips." "I should be most happy," he replied, "but I never take sugar with my wine!"

A YOUNG LADY says—"When I go to a theatre I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are to attentive too the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves." A pretty home-thrust—wonder how many that cap fits

ZEKIEL HOMESPUN AND THE BUFFALO

AS RELATED BY MR. HOMESPUN.

"You must know, Squire, that daddy and I (you know daddy, don't ye,) live up to Westboro', thirty miles away from Bostown, just opposite Deacon Blood, the butcher's. Playguys nice gals, them darters of Deacon Blood's, as ever you seed, I guess. Cheeks like apples, O my! and lips as sweet as 'lasses candy. Well, as I was sayin', it was about the middle of December, and the sled-din was good, and Deacon Blood, (his church-house, a powerful smart man,) steps over to our house, and he pulls out a piece of paper; and he says, aays he, 'Elder Joram Homespun, you're behind hand for pew taxes all of eighteen months, and I'll trouble you to foot this bill and shell out \$5.62.' If feyther warnt in an awful funk, I don't know. He hadnt so much money, and didn't know how to get it, any how he could fix it. 'Well,' says he, 'if that air don't beat all natur! Now, Deacon, couldnt you take part of it out in trade, Deacon?' 'Couldnt by no manner of means,' says he. 'Then, I guess you'll have to wait till next day arter to-morrow night, Deacon,' says my sire. 'It's a pesky sight of money, and not to be raised short of three days.' 'Well,' says Deacon Blood, 'seem' its you, I suppose I must; but if the money don't come then, I shall have to be down on your goods and chattels;' and so off he goes, singin' old hundred.

Soon as he was gone, says daddy to me, says he, 'Zeke you must yoke up old Buck and Star and be off to Bostown to-morrow mornin' by daylight with a load of warnut. I've heern tell it brings an all-fired good price—as much as ten dollars a cord.' I says nothin' to nobody, but I kept a devil of a thinkin'; for I'd never been at Bostown, and would ha' gin my skin to go; but daddy, consarn him, never would let me. He said there was too many bad gals there for a handsome young feller like me, and go I shouldnt, till I was old enough to take care of myself, and, sure enuff, I'm only thirty.

Next mornin' who was up bright and airy like Zeke! Homespun? I yoked my stags and piled on the wood, and tied on a good warm comforter round my neck, and took fodder for the yoxen and cut a new pin for Buck's yoke, and filled my pockets with doughnuts and bread, and a hunk of cheese, and off I started. My gracious! if the world ain't wide! I thought I'd never have got to Bostown, and when I did, it was eenamost dark, and I didn't know where to go. But there was a man with another load of wood jist before me, and I thought I'd foller him, cause he must know he rights of the place. So he stops at a place called Brimstun Corner, cause there's a minister retails brimstun, in a meetin' us close by, every Sabbaday. What queer notions them Bostown folks has—I guess if our minister was to offer to sell brimstun in church, or anything else, we'd send him off with a flea in his ear. When I'd tethered my cattle, I went off to a tavern and staid all night—it cost me a quarter of a dollar, though! Bostown's an awful expensive place.

Afore day, I was up agin and off to Brimstun Corner. I know well enough there's nothin' to be done without tryin', and when I see that nobody took no notice of me, I went up to every man that come along, and says I, 'you, sir, I guess you don't know nobody that don't want to buy no wood, do you?' But they only laughed at me, and called me a country hawbuck, and axed me if my mother knowed I was out—jist as if she didn't. So all my screechin' and hollerin' went for nothin', till about ten o'clock, and then there came along a little, dark complected, pleasant spoken gentleman, almost as black as a nigger, and with hair eenamost as curly, and he axed the price of the load. 'Ten dollars,' says I. 'I'll take it,' says he, without tryin' to beat me down at all. I thought that was amazin'. So he takes me and my team to a place in Washington street,

where he printed a noospaper called the Star, and a precious little star it was, too. Then he axed me if I'd any objection to saw the wood and pile it away in the cellar, and I told him none in the world. He gets me a saw and a horse, and I saw'd the wood and piled it away, for I won't turn my back to nobody at wood-sawin', or choppin' ither, and all the while he talked so pleasant that you'd thought butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He said he was Jack's son, or Dick's son, or somebody's son; I disremember whose, and a great buffalo singer, and played on moosic. However, he reckoned he was editor of the Star, and no small fool; at least in his own consait. I took him for one of the s'lect men, or a dry goods clerk, at least.

I spect it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I got done and axed him for my wages and the money for my wood. He looked rather streaked at that, and begun to ransack all his pockets one arter another, and then he axed me, 'wouldnt I trust?' cause he a kinder guessed he'd left his puss to home. Says I, 'Mister, I can't do that,

no way, no how, cause daddy'll lick me, and what's more, I believe you're no better than you should be, by the tarnal great squash!' 'Well, well,' says he, 'taint no matter, any how. Come along with me to my boardin' house, and I'll pay you, and treat you inter the bargain.' So I goes along with him to a street called Brattle street, where there was a playguys long row of stone houses, and he stops at the door of one on 'em and turns round. 'I 'spose,' says he, 'Mister Homespun, you've had the small pox, and neednt be afraid to come in here.' My gracious! when I herd that, I thought I should sink into the airth. My hair stuck up like a cat's back, and there was a cold sweat all over me. 'Small pox!' says I, 'what! nobody got it here, I hope?' 'O no,' says he, 'jist as easy as if he was sayin' grace.' 'There ain't no bedy got it here now.' The three that died was buried yesterday, and the other two were carried to the hospital. Come in—come in—there ain't nothin' to fear.' Gorry eye! catch me goin' in there! Catch a weasel asleep! Didnt I cut dirt! The way I run was a sin to Moses—you couldnt see my shirt tail for the dust. I'd seed enough of Bostown. I went back to my team and started for hum, and never stopped night nor day, till I got there; and what do you think? father made me curranteen, he called it, in the haymow, and mother and sis wouldnt touch me with a pair of tongs for a month.

About six months arter, I went to Bostown agin, and axed arter my friend the buffalo; but every body laughed at me. One told me to go and ax the devil for a prayer; and another said he was takin' a six-bar rest in Leverett street, and gave me the ticket. So I went to Leverett street, and he was restin' behind six bars, sure enough; and there wasn't nothin' to be got out of him. He only laughed at me through the bars like all the rest. 'Oh,' says I, 'my boy, if ever I cotch you and I don't make you laugh tother side of your mouth, my name aint Zeke Homespun that's all.'

A good while arter, I come to the literary riporium agin, as Miss Micely calls it, and she'd oughter to know; cause she's been to boardin' school, with a load of hay. I was standing at the hay scales in Merrimac street, with a card of ginger-cake in one hand, and the big claw of a lobster in the other, eatin' away for dear life, when who should come that way but the buffalo. The way I lit upon him was a caution to swindlers, I tell ye. 'O, you pesky sarprint!' says I, 'where's my money? Out with it, now, directly, or I'll give you something worse than the small pox to remember me by.' I give him a shake, and tore his bosom open, and his collar came off in my hand, cause it was only paper pinned on to his waistcoat, and he hadn't no shirt on, so I took pity on him—

Here a person came in on some urgent business, and Mr. Homespun was obliged to leave us. He promised, however, to give us the remainder of the story another time. [N. Y. Sunday Times.]

TRAVELLING.

A knowledge of the different parts of the world, for very natural and obvious reasons, appears in all ages to have been the principal and favorite pursuit of a great part of mankind.—And although a person may obtain some knowledge of the world, from books, yet it is impossible for him to acquire that correct and general knowledge which might be obtained from travelling. There is also a superlative pleasure in traversing the world, and viewing with the naked eye, countries, cities, and their inhabitants. Although travelling is often fatiguing to the body, yet the mind is fully compensated by the knowledge, ease and politeness acquired by conversing with people of different nations, customs and manners.

Travelling has a tendency to enlarge the mind, and divest it of illiberal prejudices. Many very sensible people have certain ill habits, and an awkwardness in their behaviour, which creates a disgust and dislike of their persons which cannot be removed or overcome in any other way than by a commerce and mutual interchange of sentiments with nations and people of different characters. Although I am of opinion that travelling tends in a great measure to a refined education, yet, surely a person ought to obtain, before he commences, some education—some knowledge of the world from history. Travelling, before a person has acquired some education, is too apt to make one pedantic; therefore it is highly important in order that it may be attended with its proper benefits, that a person should first acquire a respectable education, and possess a vigorous mind. With regard to the increase of politeness and ease of manners acquired by travelling, some may conceive quite unimportant; but for my own part I view them of essential benefit to persons possessed of cultivated minds, and can only be exhibited by such with any advantage or profit to mankind.

H. J. F.

Roxbury, Mass. 1840.

VIEWS OF THE RESURRECTION.

We have been requested to explain a passage which is difficult to be understood. We "do the best we can; and where we cannot see things clearly, we will wait for more light. The apostle Peter tells us, there were some things in Paul's epistles hard to be understood. He does not intimate that Paul was in a mistake; much less shall we. We ought all to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us study the Bible more and more, and the time will surely come when our knowledge shall be increased.

We will do our best to bring out the apostle's meaning, taking up the verses consecutively.

Ignorance of the Future State the Cause of Sorrow.

Ver. 13. But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as those which have no hope.

By those who were asleep, Paul meant undoubtedly, the dead, as is apparent from the following verses, in which the apostle goes on to speak of the resurrection of the dead, as a reason why the Thessalonians ought not to sorrow without hope. The dead were spoken of indiscriminately, and undoubtedly included their heatless relatives, about whom they seem to have sorrowed without hope. In father Ballou's sermon on these words, he says:

1st. Ignorance concerning those which are asleep, is the only cause of hopeless sorrow for them.

2d. The knowledge of the truth concerning those which are asleep administers hope and comfort to those who mourn for their friends.

3d. This knowledge is communicated in the Gospel, through Jesus Christ.—*Lecture Sermons*, p. 321.

Ignorance often makes us very unhappy. There is nothing revealed concerning the state of the dead that men ought not to know. The voice of Paul said, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep." Let us all study the Bible then very carefully, to see what it teaches concerning the resurrection of the dead.—Let us be honest in our researches. Let us apply no passage to the future state, which was not thus applied by the original writer. Let us receive in their full force, and in their true and proper sense, all those parts of Scripture, which unquestionably refer to a future state. Then shall we not be ignorant concerning them which are asleep, and we shall not sorrow as those who have no hope. There are men in the world, who have no hope in regard to the dead, some because they do not believe in the resurrection at all, and some because they believe that the dead are suffering anguish in the other world. A true knowledge of the word of God will dry up both these sources of grief. The Bible teaches that the grave is not the end of man; there is a bright and happy land,—an Eden,—an Elysium,—beyond the dark valley, into which all shall enter. We should think of all the dead as dwelling in that happy land,—happy now, happy forever,—for neither sin, nor sorrow, sickness nor pain, can come there. O let me say to all to whom these words shall come, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as those which have no hope." If others have no hope, you will pity them; but you will let not this fact deprive you of the consolations of Christian hope yourself.

The Resurrection of Jesus, the Pledge of the Resurrection of all Men.

Ver. 14. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them, also, which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him.

If they believed that Jesus died, and rose again, they ought not to have doubted as to others. We must always connect the death of Christ with his resurrection, if we would have the full comfort of Christian hope. Those who throw doubt upon the great fact of the resurrection of Jesus, undermine all Christian hope. If Jesus rose from the dead, he was the Messiah. He affirmed himself to be the Messiah; and if he were not so, would God have raised him from the dead? would God have contributed thus to the success of an impostor? Well, if Jesus was the Messiah, all he said was true; and if his spirit dwelt in the apostles, then all they said was true. The accounts of his miracles are true. You cannot take any part out of this chain of facts, without spoiling the whole chain. Now, "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again," then we shall believe that those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him, i. e., from the dead. He will raise them in Jesus. For Paul said on another occasion, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." 1 Cor. xv. 22. If we believe that Jesus rose from the dead, then we can believe that all who sleep, i. e., all who are dead, shall be raised in him. This is the sense which the analogy of Paul's reasoning on the resurrection requires.

The fact that some may be alive at the Resurrection, forms no barrier.

Ver. 15. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

Paul said this by the word of the Lord; i. e., by his command or instruction. How else could he have known the fact that he states? No mere man could have known it, without some communication from God. Know what? Ans. The fact, that those who are alive at the coming of the Lord, at the resurrection of the dead, shall not prevent, harm, interfere with, or go before those that are dead. Although at the time of the resurrection some shall be dead, and some few, compared with the whole, shall not have died, yet the latter who shall be alive, shall have no advantage over the former. Paul refers to the fact in another place: "Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be

changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52. There will be a race alive at the resurrection of the dead, who will not sleep or die, ["we shall not all sleep,"] but they shall be changed, not raised from the dead. Their case shall in no way interfere with the fact of the resurrection. Paul seems to have thought, as he declared the resurrection of all men, that some one would say, how can all men be raised? what will you do with those who shall be alive when the resurrection shall take place? These shall be changed [not raised from the dead]; and their case therefore forms no difficulty to the great fact of the resurrection. Whoever shall be "alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep."

This was the great fact for which Paul contended. Some supposed that he thought that he might live until the resurrection should take place; and hence he used the expression, "We which are alive," &c. Possibly, he did think so. The truth is, he did not know whether he should, or not. God never revealed to the apostles the particular times and seasons; and unless Paul was treated better than the rest of them, he could not have known at what time the resurrection should take place. Jesus expressly told them, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power." Acts i. 7. There were certain times and seasons which were hidden even from Christ himself. "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father." Mark xiii. 32. If it was not for them to know the times and seasons, how could Paul know whether he should live to the event of the resurrection, or not? We know he did not live till that time; and we know not who will. But this ignorance of Paul on this point, throws no doubt on his account of the resurrection, any more than our Lord's ignorance of the precise day and hour of his coming to destroy the Jewish nation, threw doubt upon that fact. We do religiously and undoubtedly believe in Christ's account of the destruction of Jerusalem, although he [the very Son of God,] did not know the day and hour; and so we do most fully, devoutly and gratefully believe in the resurrection of the dead, although Paul did not know the times and seasons, and could not therefore tell whether he should live until the event, or not.

The Dead shall rise first in Christ, then the Living shall be changed.

Vers. 16, 17. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so we shall ever be with the Lord.

Here are several points. Jesus shall descend from heaven. This is his final coming at the resurrection; the voice of the archangel shall shout, and the trumpet of God shall sound, and the dead shall rise first in Christ. We transcribe the words a little, in order that the reader may catch the more readily, what we are confident is the true sense. The dead shall rise first. The word first implies a second. What shall be first? The resurrection of the dead in Christ.—["Even so, in Christ shall all be made alive."] What shall be second? Ans. The changing of those who shall be alive at the time. For Paul immediately proceeds to say, "THEN," i. e., after the dead have risen in Christ, [which event was to take place first: "the dead in Christ shall rise first;" but when this is done,] "THEN those which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

All die in Adam, and all shall be made alive in Christ.

This agrees with what Paul said in his first epistle to the Corinthians. See the following:

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order:—Christ the first fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subjected unto him, that God may be all in all.—1 Cor. xv. 22—28.

All die in Adam, all shall be made alive in Christ. What is meant by dying in Adam and being made alive in Christ, is further explained in verse 49 of this chapter: "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

Every man in his own order, or every class in its order. Christ the first fruits, as Paul said, Acts xxvi. 23, "That Christ should suffer," and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead." The fruits gathered first, were the first fruits; and so Paul spoke, in this very epistle, of those who early became Christians in Achaia, as "the first fruits of Achaia." 1 Cor. xvi. 18. After the resurrection of Christ, the next in order are the rest of the dead, —they that are Christ's at his coming at the resurrection. The dead are his! The resurrection of the dead is indissolubly united to his resurrection. "If the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised." 1 Cor. xv. 16. All men are his, the dead especially. "Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living." Rom. xiv. 9. At the final coming of Christ at the resurrection, all the dead will be his. They will be raised first. "THEN [just as given in 1 Thess. iv. 17.] cometh the end."

There is no more resurrection. It is completed by Christ raising his "purchased possession" from the dead; and every Universalist child knows, that he "gave himself a ransom for all." 1 Tim. ii. 6. They are his now; and death cannot dissolve the relation, for he is "Lord of the dead and of the living." He will raise those that are his, at his coming. ["Even so, in Christ shall ALL be made alive."]

The end will not come, until the resurrection is complete, and those living at the time shall be changed. Then all rule adverse to that of Christ shall be put down. "For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death," 1 Cor. xv. 25, 26. When this is done, "when ALL THINGS shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be ALL IN ALL." "Amen, even so, come Lord Jesus."

We close with 1 Thess. iv. 18: "Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

GIFTS TO MR. AND MRS. SKINNER.

At a meeting of the Social Circle, connected with the Warren Street Church, held last week, Rev. O. A. Skinner and wife received very handsome presents from their friends, as a testimonial of the respect and esteem cherished for them. The presentation to Mr. Skinner was made by Mr. Nathaniel Adams, who accompanied it by an exceedingly neat and appropriate speech. He spoke of the pastor's long and happy connection with the Parish, and of the deep regret felt by all in having a relation so pleasant broken. The presentation to Mrs. Skinner was made by Mrs. W. H. Ireland, President of the "Circle," and accompanied by a brief yet very happy address. These presents, with some others then and since received, amounted to rising three hundred dollars. We are glad to know that there is no feeling of discouragement in the Society in Warren Street, and that it is the intention to proceed at once to procure a pastor.

Br. Skinner in reply to the addresses made, said—That he had read much within a few months in the papers respecting Surprise Parties, and that though not disposed to discredit ministers, he had had a vague, shadowy impression, that in most cases, the recipients of the favors bestowed, obtained in some way, an idea of what was to be done. He was, however, now convinced that he had been unjust, for he saw that plans could be formed and talked over for weeks, and still be kept from those most interested, a profound secret. As he was really taken by surprise, he was wholly unprepared for an appropriate reply. Besides, if he had been informed of what was to be done, his heart was so full that he was unfitted to address them. Allow me, he continued, to thank you all for this expression of your kindness and good will, and to say, that it is received with feelings of the most sincere gratitude. He regretted that the health of Mrs. Skinner was such that she could not be present; but she desired to be kindly remembered to the Ladies of the Circle and to all the friends. It is now nearly five months since she has been able more than once or twice to leave her house, except in a close carriage. For her, he thanked the Ladies of the Circle for their generosity and kindness. These testimonials, he said, of your good will to me and mine, are another proof added to the long list recorded in the heart's book of remembrance; and in our Western home, it will be pleasant to turn over the leaves of this book, and read the records which neither time nor distance will ever efface. The eye will rest with peculiar pleasure upon the entry made to-night.

He continued by saying, that notwithstanding the grateful emotions which enlivened his feelings, there was resting upon his spirit an oppressive sadness. He was sad to think that he was so soon to leave friends who had always been kind and faithful, and with whom for a long series of years he had lived in undisturbed harmony. Twenty years ago on the 1st of last January he began his labors among them. All this time, with the exception of the brief period he was absent in New York, he had been connected with them as a minister. The years had been to him the happiest of his life. They had been happy for a variety of reasons. 1. He had always had the hearty co-operation of the Society,—its business had been done promptly,—his salary had always been paid when due,—all their financial interests had been guarded and watched. The ladies had been active as well as the gentlemen. The "Circle" was a living justification of this remark. They were energetic, devoted, constant. 2. He had had the sympathy of the people; they had always entered with an earnest spirit into the services, and manifested a strong desire for the welfare of the Society. 3. They had been united; they had worked together. 4. They had been prosperous. No Society, he presumed, for so many years, ever enjoyed a greater prosperity. He was not aware that there had ever been a year when the expenses were not met. If there was a deficiency from one source, another was opened to meet it. For the last few years the income had considerably exceeded the expenses.

But notwithstanding all these pleasant circumstances, he was soon to leave them. In a few weeks his work in Boston, as a minister, would be done; he should make arrangements in the new home he had selected which would so link his interests with it, that he could not return. This was a great change. Warren Street Church had for him the charm of home; it was to him what no other church ever was. He helped lay its corner-stone; he watched its progress daily, and when completed he stood first in its desk to consecrate it to God. It was to him an endeared house, hallowed by a thousand holy memories. Every echo and reverberation

was familiar to his ear and heart, and there lingered about it a spell which it had cost him months of hard struggle to break. Indeed, it was not broken; and never could be till earthly temples were exchanged for that temple not made with hands. When the Sabbath comes, he should think of this Church, and of the Vestry where he had had so many hallowed seasons of prayer, and praise, and communion, and where his heart had been so cheered by the presence of faithful Sabbath School teachers, and bright-eyed, loving children. Dear consecrated house of God, sacred to memory and affection! as the hart panteth after the water brook, so will my soul ever pant after thee.

But not only was this sanctuary to him what no other one has ever been, but the people had a place in his heart, which made them seem like fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, children. When he came among them, he at once felt at home—as though he was among his kindred. He had had other parish- es; he had always been treated with great affection in the several places where he had labored; he never had any complaints to make of a Society; but still this one stood the nearest to his heart. Though he was to leave them, his interest in their welfare would not be diminished; he should be just as anxious as ever for their prosperity, for their union, their happiness. He should come often to Boston to should hope to preach whenever he visited the

city; he should expect to find every man, and woman, and child, now belonging to the Parish and Sabbath School, still here; and if any one had any regard for him, there was no way in which it could be so well shown, as by being true to this Society and the religion he had preached. After again thanking the friends for all their favors, and invoking on them the richest of Heaven's blessings, the large company set down to a bountiful repast, which had been provided by the Social Circle. Br. Skinner will probably leave sometime in April.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1857.

There are savages haunting New York Bay. To murder strangers that pass that way. The Quaker Garrison keeps them in pay. And they kill at least a score a day. And I am afraid, afraid, afraid. Bully Brooks is afraid.

From the New York Evening Post.

Brooks' CANADA SONG.

To Canada Brooks was taken to go. He wished to be universal. No, no, no. They might take his life on the way you know. For I am afraid, afraid, afraid. Bully Brooks is afraid.

Those dangerous railroads I can't abide. 'Tis a dangerous thing in the trains to ride. Each brakeman carries a knife by his side. They cut out my throat, and they cut out it wide. And I am afraid, afraid, afraid. Bully Brooks is afraid.

So, dearest Mr. Bunyan, I'll stay at home if I feel the same. And I'll tell the world 'twas a burning shame that we did not fight, and you're to blame. For I am afraid, afraid, afraid. Bully Brooks is afraid.

Boy and New York, in every ear. They keep a supply of feathers and hair. They snuff it on with an iron bar. And I should be employed ere I got far. And I am afraid, afraid, afraid. Bully Brooks is afraid.

Three dreadful Yankees talk through the nose. The sound is terrible, goodness knows. From the crown of my head to the tips of my toes. For I am afraid, afraid, afraid. Bully Brooks is afraid.

and and rainy

in. O. S. S. S.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

I think it high time that Cousin Sally Dillard, Captain Rice and Co. were again brought to the memory of the public. They deserve to be produced every few years. Especially will they help our friends in a good humor with themselves or at least a week after the reading.

Scene—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the Court: "May it please your worships, and you, gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault. A more willful, violent, dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed. One said that he heard the noise and did not see the fight, another that he seen the row but didn't know who struck first, and a third that he was very drunk and couldn't say much about the skrimage.

Lawyer Chops—I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long trespass upon your time and patience. Come forward Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops—Harris, we wish you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and, as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris—Adzackly (giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat.) Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately, but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go.

Chops—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness—Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear any thing about your cousin Sally Dillard and your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness—Well, I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops—Well, sir, go on.

Witness—Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go—

Chops—There it is again. Witness please to stop.

Witness—Well, sir, what do you want?

Chops—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?

Witness—To be sure I do.

Chops—Well, you go on and tell it, and nothing else.

Witness—Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

Chops—This is intolerable. May it please the Court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this Court.

Court—Witness, you are before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

Witness, (alarmed).—Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

Court, (after deliberating).—Mr. Attorney, the Court is of the opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness—Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dillard she come over to our house and axed me if my wife she mout go? I told cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dillard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dillard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log, but my wife hoisted her coats and waded through—

Chops—Heaven and earth, this is too bad; but go on.

Witness—Well, that's all I know about the fight.

Baby Shows.

The Music Hall this morning, where Barnum and Col. Wood's "specimens" are on exhibition, attracted a still larger crowd than that of yesterday. The number of babies, however, on exhibition, has not increased, materially, if we except the addition of a quarter, the children of Mrs. Foster Eddy, of Caymaville, Schuyler Co., N. Y. These children, scarcely seven weeks old, repose in a patent cradle upon the front platform, and are the feature of the exhibition to-day. Crowds are constantly hanging over their innocent faces—most pertinent and impertinent remarks and questions bandied—and the greatest interest felt in their welfare and that of the parents. These are not to enter the list for any prize, but merely introduced as a "feature." The front platform presented a slim appearance of the "dears" this morning, in comparison with yesterday, the giants from Maine occupying it principally.

Of the "specimens" on the platform in the body of the hall, we have been particularly fascinated with the most beautiful pair of twins (in our opinion) in the hall. They are the children of Mrs. H. M. Payne, of Newburyport, and respectively named Charles Henry Payne and Henry Charles Payne. They are at the left of Master Scott, and completely overshadow him by their halo of loveliness. They are the recipients of the greater part of the compliments bestowed, and stand the best chance for the prize. They will be five years old next November. In their buff dress it is difficult to distinguish "father from which," so like are they to two peas. The mother is fine looking and well behaved, showing a commendable modesty in her deportment.

A pair of twin girls, children of Mr. Pear of Roxbury, are present, and are very interesting. There are other pairs present, deserving of notice.

Two triplets are present. The first are three pretty little children of Mrs. Buckley, from New Milford, Conn. They are beauties, and won the first prize for triplets at the New York exhibition. Mrs. Y. R. Sprague, of Danbury, Conn., exhibits triplets and twins at successive births, within twenty-one months. The triplets are two pretty fair looking girls and one boy, and the twins are two boys of three years. The patriarch of the flock, Mr. Sprague, is present, surrounded by his "baby family."

The best looking boy in the hall is Henry Mason Green, of Roxbury. The visitors involuntarily linger where he stands, riveted almost to the spot by his noble appearance. Lavish praise is bestowed upon him. We understand that the Judges who awarded the prize to Zilla Mariana Stacy, yesterday, were equally divided for a time as to which of the two the prize should be awarded. Finally a majority of one decided Master Green's fate.

David Lawrence, of Lynnfield, is an interesting little fellow of sixteen months.

Joseph Paine Gibson, a fine looking boy of Boston growth. Edward S. Brady of Dorchester, 13 months, a handsome "chip." George Edward Nevins, of Boston, 4 year old, good looking and tastefully dressed.

"The fattest specimen" is Miss Adeliza Bemis, of Weston, Mass., aged 14, and weighing 141 pounds. At the age of five she was out the ordinary size of children at that age. With her are Miss Elsie Winble Wyman, of Boston, 9 years old, weighing 75 pounds, and Master James D. A'Drich, of Clarendon, Vt., 21 months old, who weighs 75.

The lady visitors bear a proportion of ten to one to the male present.

This afternoon premiums will be awarded to the six finest children up to one year.

Barnum's Colored Baby Show has been well attended. The number of children upon exhibition to-day was much larger than on yesterday. Some fifty specimens of "young Africa," comprising all colors, were present. No prizes are to be awarded until Saturday. Two striking "features" are at this exhibition—a perfectly white mother with her black child—and a black mother with a very white child. Wonderful!

[For the Journal.]

NOTHING TO WEAR.

I said to my wife, "Will you go to New York, While the weather is pleasant and fair." She said "It would make me a great deal of work, For you know I have 'nothing to wear.'"

That plaid of bright colors you bought me last May, And of which I have taken great care, It is so very common I see one each day, I can't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'"

That dab of a bonnet that I've worn for an age, Yes, a dozen odd times, I declare, Each time that I wear it I feel in a rage. I won't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'"

That two hundred dollar camel's hair shawl, Which you think so handsome and rare, Mrs. Gammon's cost three hundred in all. I shan't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'"

That brown silk of mine, that moire antique, That I wore to Mrs. Flummery's fair, For a month I have worn it, once every week, I can't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'"

My silks altogether would't number two score, And to go I am sure I don't dare, To be laughed at by Yorkers would be a great bore, I won't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'"

Then one box of gloves is all I have left, And among them not one handsome pair, And of tolerable clothing I feel quite bereft I won't go, for I've 'nothing to wear.'"

"Well, my dear wife, since you're all out of clothes, We will save the expense and the fare, Take the money and buy, God only knows What, if you have 'nothing to wear.'"

THE MULES' PREACHER. The Sermon on our February number has recalled to an Alto (Ill.) correspondent at one which was preached Tennessee by a Baptist minister. When drawing near the close, he said: "Brethering, I am a hostler, and I want to say these horses before I leave. Here is a high blooded 'piscopalian' horse; see what a head he carries, and how black his coat, and soft as silk; but he'll kick if you touch him on the Lifty or Prayers: Whoa! sir, whoa! Whoa! an old sober Methodist horse: Whoa! o! o! Just slip away his love-feasts and class meetings, and he'll kick till he falls—Whoa! you old Shouter! whoa! Ah! here is the horse that is ready to kick at all times—don't you go near his Confessional or Penance—Whoa! Mr. Pope! how beautiful his trappings are!—his surplice and mitre! Whoa, Sir, whoa!" and so he went on through the various denominations. When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered his services to conclude, which was readily accepted. He said:

"Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed two of them, I will take it upon myself to finish the work. Here is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain—you cannot trust him—he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa! mule, Whoa! See, brethren, how he kicks—whoa! you old Campbellite, whoa! Here, friends, is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me in his stall to eat from his trough—he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him—he is so hard-mouthed that Sampson used his jaw as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa! you Close-Communion Baptist, whoa!" "Do you call me an ass?" exclaimed the minister, jumping up. "Whoa!" continued his tormentor, "see him kick, whoa! Hold him, friends, whoa," and thus the old gentleman went on, the minister ranting meantime until he got out of the church. The congregation unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely "curried" before.—Knickerbocker's Editor's Table.

THE ASS AND THE LAME.

[From the Polish of Krasiche.]
"How hard is my fate!
What sorrows await!"
Said the Ass to the Sheep, "my deplorable state."

"Cold, baked, ill fed,
I sleep in a shed,
Where the snow, wind, and rain come in over my head."

All this day did I pass
In a yard without grass:
What a pity that I was created an Ass!

As for master—he sat
By the fire, with the cat,
And they both look as you do, contented and fat."

Your nice coat of wool,
So elastic and full,
Makes you much to be envied—ay, more than the bull."

"How can you pretend?"
Said her poor bleating friend,
"To complain? Let me silence to you recommend."

My sorrows are deep,"
Continued the Sheep,
And her eyes looked as if she were ready to weep."

"I expect,—'tis no fable,—
To be dragged from the stable,
And, tomorrow, perhaps, cut up for the table."

Now you—with docility,
Strength, and civility,
Will live some years longer, in all probability."

So, no envy, I beg,
For I'll bet you an egg,
You will carry the splinch to eat with my leg."

A GOOD DEFINITION.—That was a good definition, "bearing false witness against your neighbor," given by a little girl in school. She said "it was when nobody did nothing, and somebody told of it." How many there are in every community who are guilty of following this ignoble occupation!

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BENARES.



"Thou shalt do no unrighteousness in judgment."—*Ieremias* xiv. 15.
 "The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands."—*Psalms* xix. 16.
 IDLE APPRENTICE COMMITTED FOR TRIAL BY THE INDUSTRIOUS APPRENTICE, WHO HAS BECOME A MAGISTRATE OF LONDON.



HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

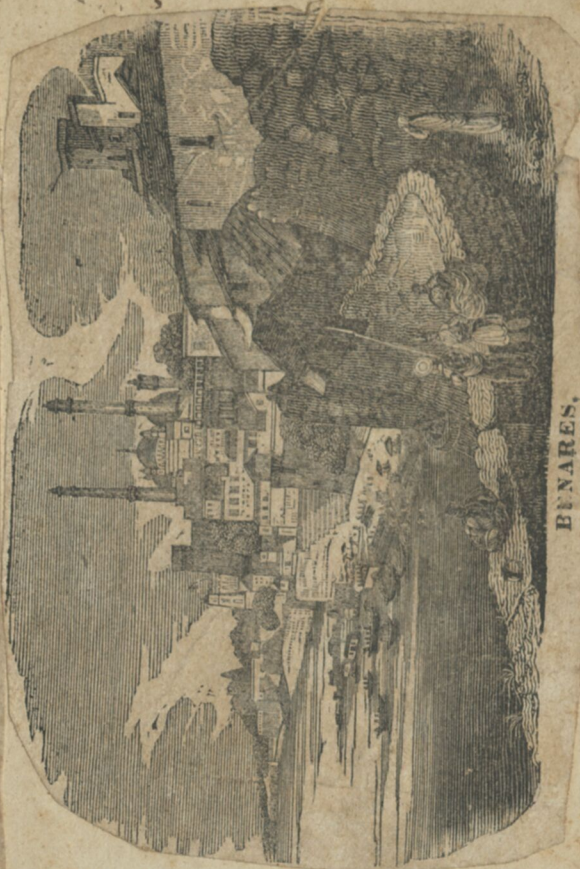
Above is presented a fine picture of the Hotel de Ville, in the Grande Place of Brussels. The sketch is taken at the moment of the arrival of the Queen of England, on her recent Belgian excursion. This is by far the most striking building in Brussels, and is one of the grandest of those municipal palaces which are found in almost every city of the Netherlands, and no where else of the same splendor. It was finished in 1442. The beautiful tower of Gothic open-work, 384 feet high, was built by Jean Van Ruysbroek, and is remarkable for not being placed in the centre of the building. It is surmounted with a copper figure of Michael, seventeen feet high, which serves as a weathercock, and turns with the wind. Our artist has sketched this fine tower, and shown scaffolding for some repairs in progress. The view from the spire extends as far as the field of Waterloo. In the grand hall of this edifice the ceremony of the abdication of Charles V. took place in 1555; and the event is depicted on tapestry still preserved here. In the market-place in front of the hotel, the Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded, by order of the cruel Alva, in 1568.



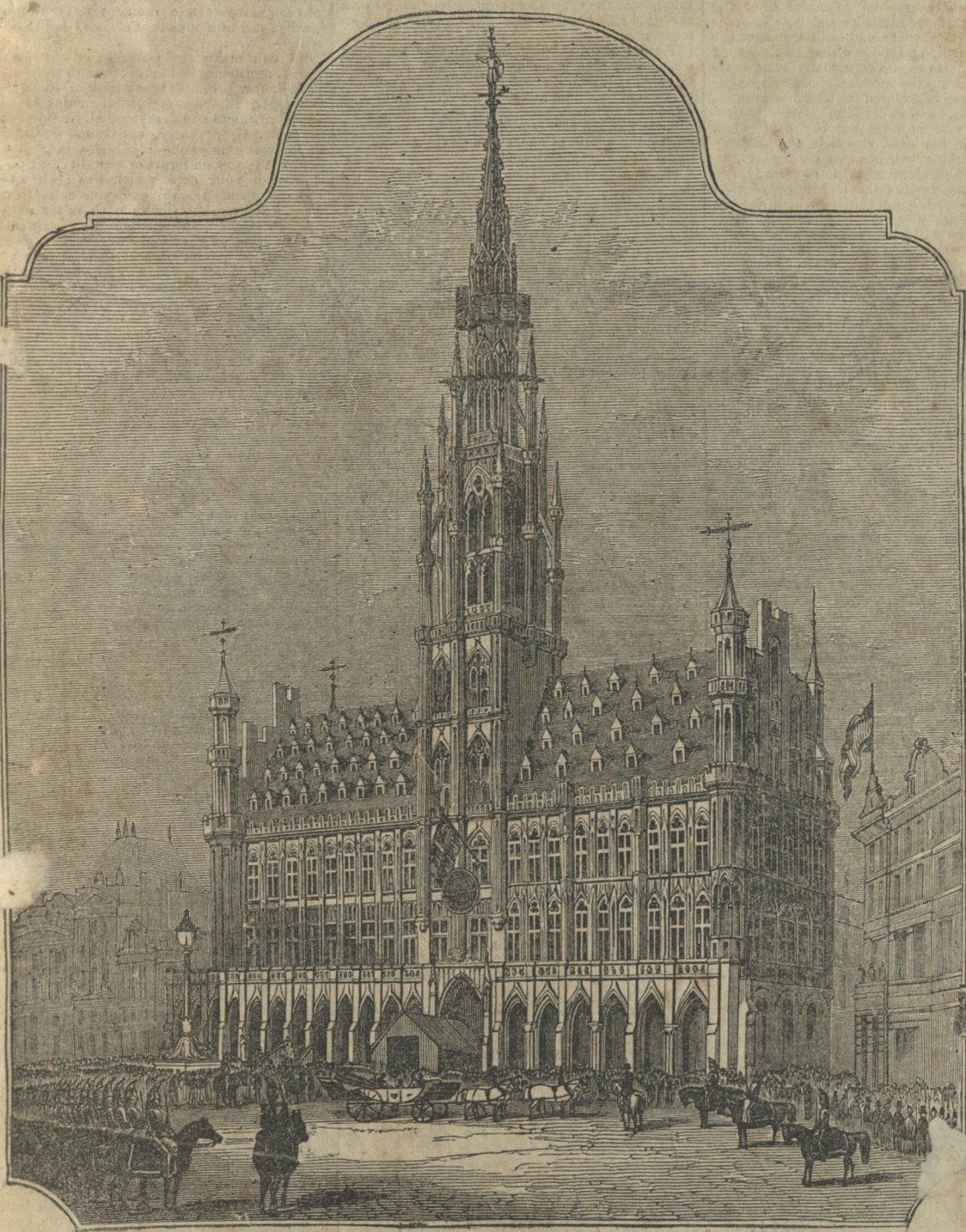
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